

CRAMMING OUR GIRLS
Is the Strain of School Life too great?

The Quiver

Sept.
1924

1/- net






Mothers

After play, see that the hands, face and bare knees of your children are antiseptically cleansed by the rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy, which combats the germs ever present in dirt.



The terrible menace of dust

Dust is not soil—not honest dirt or sun-purified sand of beaches.

Dust is the carrier of contagion—millions of invisible enemies to health.

It is this terribly dangerous dust that comes in contact with the faces and hands of your children, that is ground into their little bare knees, that is clogging the pores of their bodies and causing every tiny scratch and abrasion to become a focus of infection.

Mothers are Health Doctors

Is it any wonder that you mothers—you home health doctors—fear dirt and insist upon your children washing whenever they have been in contact with dirty things?

It is inevitable that you should recognise the need of a soap which really combats these lurking dangers of dust.

Children need greater protection than is afforded by ordinary soap. They need Lifebuoy Health Soap.

It Combats Dangerous Dirt

What is Lifebuoy Soap? Wherein does it differ from common soap? Why is it one

of the most widely used soaps in the world?

Lifebuoy, first of all, is pure—as fine and bland as any soap ever made. It is gratefully soothing to the skin. Its creamy wholesome lather comes from rich, nourishing and easy-lathering oils. There is not a trace of free alkali!

Lifebuoy is a perfect baby soap—a wonderful restorer of complexions to clear glowing health.

The protective element of Lifebuoy is indicated by the wholesome antiseptic odour.

You quickly come to like the odour which vanishes in a few seconds, leaving the skin deodorized. The protection remains.

Lifebuoy will protect

Daily regular use of Lifebuoy will protect your entire family. It will keep the skin of everyone in fine healthy condition—soft, smooth, purified and sweet.

Buy several cakes and put one wherever hands are washed.

See how quickly your husband and children come to prize Lifebuoy for its copious stimulating lather. Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight.



for
HEALTH



L25-23

Bounding Health

Firm, white limbs flashing across the yellow sands—their is the beauty of abounding health.

As health brings beauty, so beauty carries happiness and laughter in its train. Without health there can be no beauty and but little laughter.

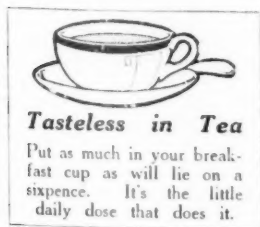
The problem that confronts each woman, soon or late, is this: how may she preserve the overflowing health of girlhood when girlhood's days are past?

It is a problem easily solved. In Kruschen Salts millions of women have found the answer—in the salutary habit of the tiny, tasteless, daily dose.

Each morning you tip into your breakfast cup of tea just enough of the Kruschen crystals to cover a sixpence. A little, simple thing to do—but it achieves so much.

Depression, "nerves," constipation, slackness, headaches—all the small ills that perplex the city dweller, troubling the beauty of women, stilling their laughter, shortening their lives, are banished magically. Each little pinch of Kruschen is a perfect blend of the six salts essential to bodily well-being. The causes of all these "minor" ailments—the impurities that collect to clog the system, and vitiate the bloodstream—are gently but surely removed.

With the organs of elimination toned up to perform their duty regularly and effectively, clear, vigorous blood pulses through every vein. The glow of health mantles the cheeks. You look as young as you feel.



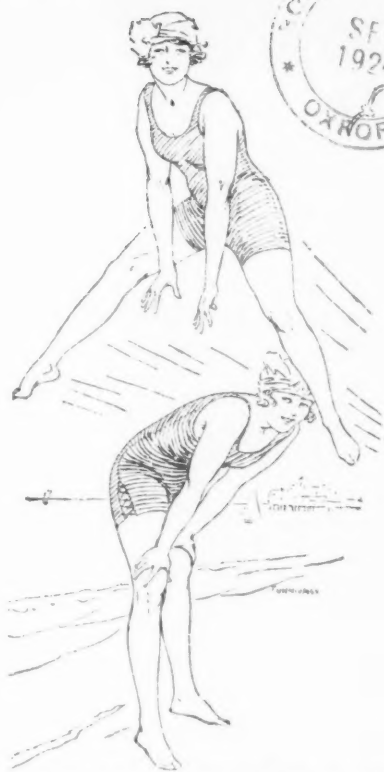
Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

The ingredients of Kruschen Salts are necessary for healthy life. Your body must of necessity obtain these ingredients from somewhere, or you could not live. Normally, your system should extract these vital salts from your food—meat, bread, fruit, vegetables, milk, eggs, and so on; but when, owing to impaired digestion, errors of diet, overwork and worry, anxiety, sedentary occupation, and many other causes, your system does not extract from your food the correct proportions of these essential life-giving salts, then

you suffer from depression, headaches, constipation, or disordered liver.

Kruschen Salts should be your safeguard. Besides cleansing the body of impurities, gently, surely, and painlessly, they possess a wonderful power of giving new life and vitality to the countless millions of cells of which every body is composed. Flesh, blood, bone, brain, and nerve are all made up of cells, and every cell requires one or more of the numerous constituents of Kruschen Salts for its healthy life.



96 doses of "that Kruschen feeling" are sold in bottles by every chemist for 1/9. (Smaller bottles, convenient for the travelling-bag, at 6d. and 1/-.) The enduring bloom of youth and health are yours for next to nothing. Buy a bottle at once and start a new life to-morrow.

The only man who used —
ANZORA!



A Delightful New Travel Booklet

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Containing illustrations with interesting particulars relating to nearly 70 resorts in England and Scotland. Artistic cover in four colours.

A copy of the above Holiday Guide will be sent post free to any reader of "The Quiver" on application to the Passenger Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2, or it can be obtained at any L. & N.E.R. Inquiry Office.

Health Fully —Restored—



MRS. ANNIE BERRY writes:—"I feel I must tell you how greatly I have benefited by taking Phosferine. I was taken very ill last June, suffering from a complete nervous collapse, and could not sleep, only being able to move my limbs with great difficulty and pain. At times the pain was almost unbearable. I was advised to try Phosferine and commenced to take it. Right from the first the pain was allayed and became less and less, and I began to mend. I continued with Phosferine, and in about a month my health was fully restored, and now I am better in health than ever before. My recovery was due entirely to Phosferine. I found Phosferine equally beneficial for my two little girls, and my eldest girl has taken the tablets, which I feel sure have benefited her, and quite stopped that Spring Lassitude and rundown condition, and as she is a big growing girl, I believe the tablets have helped to make up her strength and nerve powers."—The Lane, Creeting St. Peters, Needham Market, Suffolk.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza
Nervous Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
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Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Malaria
Rheumatism
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From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size



Before going to bed
get into the habit of taking one or two

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS
THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

You will find—no thousands of others have already found—that there is nothing so delightfully soothing before retiring to rest.

From your Confectioner, per quarter **6d.**
SAMPLE TIN POST FREE 9d.
THE W. R. FOX COMPANY, OXFORD ST., LEICESTER.



FREE GIFTS FOR OUR READERS

Several well-known manufacturers are offering this month free gifts to our readers. These offers are all made by reliable firms and well worth accepting. Please mention **THE QUIVER** when writing for these gifts.

SELECTING A CAREER.—In the announcement of the Metropolitan College of St. Albans this month, a book of 140 pages, entitled "Guide to Careers," offering assistance to men and women, and special home training in their spare time, to fit them for qualified professional posts, may be obtained by our readers for the asking. Address communications to the Metropolitan College, St. Albans.

FURNISHING AND RE-FURNISHING WITH SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.—A great number of remarkable furniture bargains are offered in the bargain booklet of Messrs. Jelks & Sons, of Holloway Road, N.7. To all readers interested in this all-important matter of furnishing and re-furnishing, Messrs. Jelks & Sons can render sound advice and service, as may be seen from their catalogue, which they now offer to send free of charge to all inquiring.

A HEADACHE REMEDY.—A safe and speedy remedy for headache and neuralgia can be obtained from Cephos Ltd., of Blackburn, who offer in their advertisement this month a free sample of their specific to all applicants.

A NEW TRAVEL BOOKLET.—With the holiday season now in full swing, transport organizers are busy providing information regarding travel facilities. There is no better example of a real holiday guide than the interesting book to be had from the L. & N. E. Rly., which contains particulars of upwards of 70 resorts in England and Scotland. The book is profusely illustrated, and copies may be had on application to the Passenger Manager, L. & N. E. Rly., Liverpool Street, E.C.2, or any of the L. & N. E. Rly. inquiry offices.

AN INTERESTING HOBBY.—In this issue readers are invited to apply for particulars of a charming and remunerative hobby, "Novlart," which is marketed by that well-known West of England manufacturing firm, Harbutt's Plasticine Ltd., of Bath. Information will be gladly sent post free to all applicants. Refer to the announcement on another page.

TABLE DELICACIES of the daintiest varieties are to be made from Cox's Gelatine, and the well-known manufacturers of this speciality offer to send all applicants through the announcement in this issue a small sample packet for trial on receipt of 3d. in stamps. Address: J. & G. Cox, Ltd., Gorgie Mills, Edinburgh.

Hercules OVERALLS

For Wash and Wear

Hercules Overalls and Frocks still excel for daily wear both of children and adults. No other fabric gives greater satisfaction or stands such constant washing without losing its attractive appearance.



Our Guarantee.

Every genuine Hercules Garment bears the "Mother and Child" ticket, and is guaranteed. Should any Hercules Garment prove unsatisfactory in wash or wear your draper will at once replace it **FREE OF CHARGE.**

Now Drapers stock "Hercules" if yours does not, please send us our pattern.

JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS, Ltd.
Spinners and Manufacturers, MANCHESTER
(Wholesale and Shipping only supplied.)

The Rising Generation



This family of sturdy young Britons

is typical of the nation's best and most precious heritage. Eight of these nine splendid children were reared on the 'Allenburys' Foods, and their parents are delighted with the results in each case. Study baby's welfare—but do not make risky experiments with regard to his feeding: use 'Allenburys' and be sure of the best results. For generations

'Allenburys'

Progressive System of Infant Feeding

has been the standard of excellence, and to-day it stands higher than ever in the estimation of those who can judge from long experience.

MILK FOOD No. 1
Birth to 3 months

MILK FOOD No. 2
3 to 6 months

MALTED FOOD No. 3
6 months and onwards

Send Coupon below for a free copy of the 'Allenburys' book on 'Infant Feeding and Management' and a sample of Food.

The 'Allenburys' Foods are prepared at Ware, Hertfordshire, from the pure milk of pedigree cows pastured in the Home Counties.

ALLEN & HANBURY Ltd., 37 Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

Mrs.

will be pleased to receive a copy of 'Infant Feeding and Management' and a sample of Food.

Her baby's age is..... This Quizer

**FREE
for the
Coupon**

**Post
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Coupon
Today**





Insure your Health

THE Summer months are here with attractive outdoor sports—don't let possible headaches, summer colds, or rheumatism spoil your pleasure.

These complaints can be safeguarded against by keeping Cephos in a handy place, both at home or in the office.

At the first sign of illness, even if it's only a slight headache or chill, take two Cephos powders or tablets and one every four hours for 24 hours, and all possibility of illness will be banished.

CEPHOS

cures headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and influenza in 24 hours—it is known as the Doctor's remedy and is infallible in its action.

Cephos

The Physicians' Remedy

This medicine was the discovery of an eminent specialist and is guaranteed to be a non-poisonous tonic preparation which brings new life and **BUOYANT HEALTH** in a wonderful way.

"Cephos" can be obtained in convenient tablet or powder form from Boots, Taylors' and all chemists everywhere at 1/3 and 3/- per box, or post free per return post from Cephos Ltd., Blackburn.

SAMPLE FREE ON APPLICATION.

Do you want an interesting,
charming and remunerative
HOBBY?

Then write to us
for particulars of

"NOVLART"

Post free

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE LTD.,
27 Bathampton, Bath.

GREY HAIR HINDES HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 the Flask, or direct, stating shade required, from
HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.



COCKROACHES

effectually cleared from all dwellings by "**Blattis**," as used in the Royal Palace. "**Blattis**" never fails to accomplish its purpose.

In tins, 1/6, 2/8, or 5/-, post free from the Sole Makers, **HOWARTHS, 473 Graukmoor, Sheffield**, or from chemists, Army & Navy Stores, and Boots branches.

A positive and permanent Cure for Corns




Whether you find your pleasures in DANCING, GOLF or WALKING, one little Corn can completely ruin your enjoyment—but you can be free of an immediate and permanent cure by using

DR. CLARE'S MAGICAL CORN SILK

A thin plaster, causes no pain, takes up no room, cannot be felt, and always removes the corn by the root.

1/3 per packet post free from **DALE END BIRMINGHAM**

Hedges (The mist)



*Price's
Night Lights
banish fear*

Like Britain's Navy—"Never wiped out."
**JOHN BOND'S
"CRYSTAL PALACE"
MARKING INK.**
MAKES ITS MARK & IS NOT AFRAID OF THE WATER
FOR USE WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING
(WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED).
ALWAYS UP TO THE MARK. NEVER WIPED OUT.
Of Stationers, Chemists & Stores. 6d. & 1s.
Used in the Royal Households.

President: H.R.H. The DUKE OF YORK
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN
HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.2,
which deals with larger numbers of children than any other
Hospital of its kind, is almost overwhelmed with applications
for admission and
URGENTLY NEEDS HELP AT ONCE
Chairman: COL. LORD WM. CREIL, C.V.O. T. GLENTON-KERR, Sec.

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WOVEN NAMES

are equally suitable for marking the finest lingerie
or the heaviest outdoor clothes. Affixed in a few
seconds, and there for the lifetime of the garment.

GLADYS COOPER

Style
No. 4.

Prices. White Ground:
12 Doz. 5/-. 6 Doz. 3/9. 3 Doz. 2/9.

Can be supplied by all Drapers and Outfitters at a few days' notice in the following colours: Red, Yellow, Green, Heli, Black, Sky, or Navy blue, on White or Black Tapes.

Samples and Full List of Styles FREE on application to
J. & J. CASH, Ltd.
(Dept. D.13).
COVENTRY.

*Send for book of uses of
CASH'S FRILLING,
which will be sent free.*



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WEAR.

(As supplied to Royalty and Society)
TAILORED TO MEASURE.

Wood Bros., Ltd., Maternity Wear Specialists, have a fascinating choice of charming coat frocks suitable for all summer wear. Their self-adjusting Regal MATERNUS Band is fitted into every waistband. Preserves graceful and normal appearance. Illustration shows the "Joanne," a simple and graceful style. Write for catalogue to Managersess. Prices: Skirts from 14/1, Coat Frocks from 25/6, Costumes from 63/4, Accouchement Suits from 14/1; Maternity Belts 12/6; Complete Layettes from 35/-. Maternity Corsets from 8/11. Full satisfaction or money refunded. Wood Bros. also supply everything for Baby from Birth.

WOOD BROS., Ltd., 17, St. Mary's Street, Manchester (Original Inventors of Maternity Wear.)



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Sells the "Mascot" Shoe*

Write to-day for Style Booklet
and name of nearest Agent.
NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.

DELICIOUS
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 "Purity in the Packet."
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**SOLD IN SEALED PACKETS
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Nicely bound, cloth gilt, with monogram on front, and printed in bold, pleasing type, these hardy volumes are worthy embodiments of the dramatic stories by the great literary architect.

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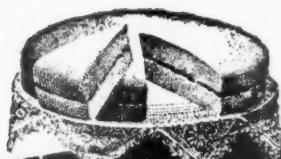
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Sponge Sandwich this week*

Just get a packet of Green's Sponge Mixture, follow the simple directions and in about ten minutes you will be proud of the beautifully light sandwich you have made.

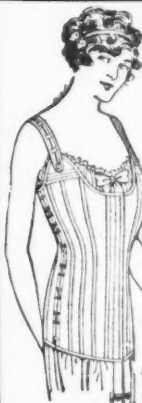
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GREEN'S THE ORIGINAL BRIGHTON SPONGE MIXTURE

5½d. per packet of all Grocers and Stores. (Chocolate or Raspberry Flavours 6d. per pkt.)

Prepared by Greens of Brighton.

Manufacturers of Green's Chocolate Mould, etc.



Healthy Women

especially Nurses and Mothers, must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

The CORSET of HEALTH
The Natural Ease Corset, Style 2.

7/11 pair POST FREE

Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

Outsizes, 31 in. to 35 in., 1/6 extra.
SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.
No bones or steel to drag, hurt, or break.
No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspenders, detachable for washing purposes. It is laced at the sides with elastic lacing to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps. It has a short (8-in.) bust in front which ensures a perfect shape & is fastened at the top & bottom with non rusting Hook & Eye.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish. These "Healthy" Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers and Actresses will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Corset of Health." They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

Cross your Postal Orders and make payable to—
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Is that CORN COMING BACK AGAIN?



Did you merely cut the top off?
And is the **ROOT STILL THERE?**
If it is, the corn will certainly come back bigger than ever. The business end of a corn is the **ROOT**, and you must get that **OUT**. The top doesn't matter.

A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come, root and all. The refined Reudel Bath Saltrates costs very little, and every chemist has it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

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The busy man of affairs will find in the size 5 Self-filling "Swan" a pen particularly suited to his needs. Its powerful gold nib, and large comfortable holder with ample ink capacity, will meet his every requirement.

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Self-Filling
"Swan"
15/-
Mottled
Vulcanite.



Runs in the family!



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SHOES THAT WILL WEAR

If you want shoes that will wear and wear—giving a comfortable close fit to the very end—rather than the showy, elaborate bits of shoddy leather that turn to pulp on their first encounter with heavy rain; if you are prepared to pay—not extortionately—but prices that give the full value of good shoes bought direct from first-class makers—then buy shoes through Norwell's simple and reliable postal system and you will get wear coupled with beauty of line and—fashion's last decree. You need not limit your choice to the two numbers shown here. Write for free illustrated catalogue.

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POST FREE.

Lady's "Lovat," Style 137.

A beautifully-made brogue, with or without overhanging tongue. Uppers of selected Black Box Calf or Brown Willow Calfskin, bottomed with specially hard-wearing soles.



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Lady's "Dunalastair."

Style G 14. A most attractive shoe, fully brogued in a new design of punching. Supplied in Brown Willow Calf, Patent Calfskin and Grey or Nigger Suede. Wide welts, 1½ in. low Cuban heel. Sizes and half sizes.

When ordering, send pencil outline of stockinged foot obtained by running pencil around foot resting lightly on paper. Perfect fit assured.

Orders from abroad receive special attention. Postage abroad extra.

Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue, mentioning "Quiver," to

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ELECTRICITY THE NATURAL REMEDY

Weak Nerves lead to all sorts of functional disorders. Without a plentiful supply of Nerve Force the power of every organ to perform its function is diminished or impaired. Lacking Nerve Force:

- The blood travels slowly in its channels.
- It is imperfectly oxygenated.
- Food is undigested and not assimilated.
- Elimination of waste matter is insufficient.
- The blood becomes tainted with poisonous matter.
- There is in-nutrition or mal-nutrition.
- The brain is incapable of great or sustained effort.
- The whole tide of life in the body is low.

This Book will be sent Free without cost or obligation. It will show you how you can pass from ill-health to health and strength.



All the functions being imperfectly performed there begins a state of anarchy in the body. The stomach rebels, and there is Indigestion. The liver "strikes," and there is a Sluggish Liver or Biliousness. The kidneys fail, and there are Uric Acid Disorders, including Rheumatism and Gout. Even the brain becomes affected, resulting in Insomnia, Brain Fag, and other Mental and Nervous Troubles.

ELECTRICITY RESTORES NERVE FORCE

It is not drugs nor medicine that can replace this deficiency of Nerve Force. These can only coerce or coax overworked and enfeebled organs into temporary functional activity. Electricity is the natural co-equivalent to human Nerve Force, and the success of the Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment is wholly due to the fact that it restores lost Nerve Force by the most scientific and successful method.

CURATIVE ELECTRICITY IN YOUR HOME

You can wear the Pulvermacher Appliance to your business daily or even while asleep. Although powerfully electrical, they give no shock to the system, but gently and steadily pour a continuous and curative flow of electricity into all the nerve centres. The whole nervous system responds quickly and sympathetically, and immediately all the functions of the body begin to be performed healthfully, easily, and with natural vigour.

Write for this "Guide to Health and Strength" to-day.

- If your nerves are weak,
- If your digestion is poor,
- If your liver is sluggish,
- If you are constipated,
- If you have Rheumatism or Gout,
- If you are easily tired and depressed,
- If you lack confidence or will-power,

or if you are in any way "below par," "run down," or ailing, you will find the secret of health in its pages. This world-famed treatment is equally beneficial to both sexes. Special booklets for ladies and gentlemen. Please specify which is required when writing, mentioning also if the treatment has been recommended by a doctor or a cured patient.

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Those who can do so are cordially invited to call, when Free Advice and Demonstration will be given.

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Just the thing for your holiday!

Wet or fine you will want a book for odd minutes. Probably you will be far from a bookseller. So take one or more of these first-rate stories with you. You will enjoy reading them, and they are well worth a permanent place on your bookshelf.

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Son of Kazan

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Is best made from MASON'S
EXTRACT OF HERBS. One
Tablespoonful of this Extract makes
a Gallon of DELICIOUS BOTANIC BEER.

Send 2 - and we will
forward you 2
bottles (pos.
free), enough to
make 16 gallons.

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GOOD!
IT'S
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DON'T LOOK OLD!

But restore your grey and faded hair to their natural colour with
LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER.

Its quality of deepening greyiness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

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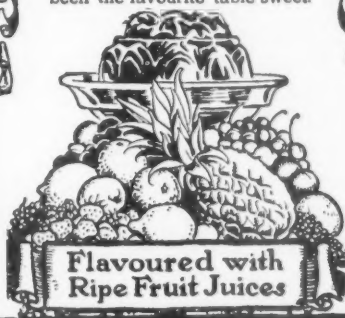
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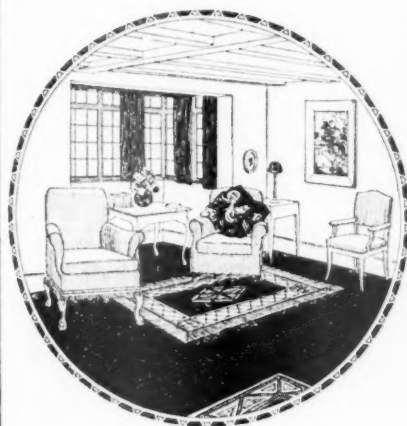
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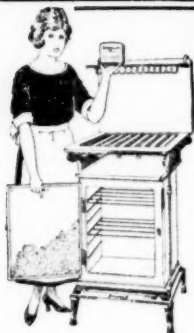
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The Editor's Announcement Page

The Prevention of Cancer

By Dr. SALEEBY

A real, definite, sure cure for cancer has yet to be found; but most people do not realize that whilst the cure of cancer is an uncertain and difficult business, the best thing for each one of us is to *prevent* it.

How this may be done is described in a most valuable article by Dr. Saleeby, to be published in my next issue.

Other important articles deal with "Husbands and Wives: The Problem of Finance," "Firesides and Fireside Furniture," and "Hints to Worrying Women."

The stories will be of a very high order.

The Editor



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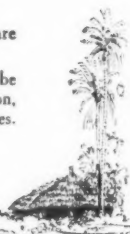
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Heroism

To live cheerfully under depressing circumstances, to face manfully the everyday life of humdrum duties when faith and hope have wellnigh fled, to preserve one's humour, honour and temper amid irritations, petty obstacles and criticisms, to keep on going on when others have lost heart and given up the struggle, to be defeated and vanquished, scorned and humiliated—and still to go on afresh: this is heroism far nobler than the spectacular thrills of newspaper heroes. Thank God for commonplace heroism.





"'Young man,' inquired a majestic voice, 'who showed you in here?'"—p. 996

Drawn by
Elizabeth Harrison

The Seats of the Mighty

by

MARY WILTSHIRE

THERE was a small buzz of excitement—more than the usual “how-d’e do” and review of the sermon—as “chapel came out.” It was dark, and it was wet, and it was cold, but the congregation lingered in little groups on the pavement notwithstanding, trying with elaborate unconcern to look as if they were discussing the lift of the potatoes, or the new houses down by the bridge, when the minister or either of the deacons passed; but returning to the subject in hand with renewed vigour directly the officials were out of ear-shot.

“I tell you, Mr. Maendrell, I think Deacon Ellis was very much to blame; when a woman does as much for our chapel as Mrs. Wellsted does, she has a right to have her feelings considered, and he knows she dislikes strangers in her seat.”

“Well, o’ course, Mrs. Sims, Mrs. Wellsted be very charitable and all that, but still, when there was only her and Miss Rachel, I do think she might have let the young man stop; he looked quite a nice young man.”

“Bit of cheek, you know, Dobson, for a youngster and a complete stranger to march into a seat like that; although I don’t know that the old girl need have kicked up quite such a fuss over it.”

“And they really are the best seats in the chapel, those middle seats where Deacon Ellis showed him afterwards. Did you see him, Mrs. Carter? I thought perhaps he’d have put him somewhere at the side.”

“One thing, Thomas, my son, I’ll warrant poor Miss Rachel ’ll have a thin time to-night for daring to say there was plenty of room, the old toad. Why, there is the young chap, I believe—wonder who he is.”

Thus the congregation of the chapel.

Meanwhile, the cause of the disturbance was hurrying back through the town to the railway station to catch the Sunday evening train back to Wooldon, in several states of mind at once—anger, contempt, amusement, admiration, a little fugitive stirring of romance, and a substantial covering of pig-

headedness. He was on the staff of the *Wooldon Clarion*, one of the local papers of the big manufacturing town; and the editor, with an eye to an increase of circulation, was publishing in the “Saturday double-size” a series of illustrated articles of the various places of worship in Wooldon and the neighbourhood, with—the *Clarion* being Liberal—special attention to Nonconformists. “Chapel” at Cowtanwick had come up in its turn, and Edward Downt had been told off for it on this particular Sunday.

He had looked forward to the expedition with some interest. Cowtanwick was an old town, with a long and honourable history, and the chapel had an odd little story of its own. It had been founded at the end of the eighteenth century by a cloth manufacturer of Wooldon, who had retired to the smaller town there to pass a comfortable old age, and, not considering he got value for his money at the parish church, built and endowed the chapel, reserving to himself the right to appoint the minister; so that, as he himself expressed it in the title deeds, “having been accustomed all his life to listen to sermons of a sound and godly doctrine, he might continue so to do, until it pleased the Lord to take him to Himself.”

Incidentally, he passed the rest of his life in a furious war with the rector over the payment of church rates.

Jonathan Hurle was gathered to his fathers, but his chapel remained. In later years it was affiliated to the Congregational body; but it maintained, through its trustees, its staunch and vigorous independence, and was noted mainly for two things—the eloquence and learning of its successive ministers and the fact that it stuck firmly to its title. Other denominations might change with the changing times; one could go to the Wesleyan Church in Cowtanwick, or to the Baptist Church; but if one went to Chapel, it was to this of Jonathan Hurle’s.

Edward Downt, known in the *Clarion*

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office as "Teddy," elicited these facts through the day in conversations with the minister and Deacon Ellis. He took snapshots of Sunday school and teachers, minister and deacons; chapel interior, chapel exterior, choir, organist, and officials of all grades. He attended the morning service as in duty bound; he took shorthand notes of a discourse on Christian courtesy which so impressed him by its breadth of outlook and its wise charity that he decided to wait for the late train and go again at night.

He arrived at 6.20, and, unnoticed by either of the deacons, walked into an empty seat which commanded an unimpeded view of the pulpit and sat down, occupying his mind for the remaining ten minutes by mentally reviewing his article and wondering why, when the congregation was a large one, the seat he was in should still remain untenanted.

He soon knew.

At 6.28 arrived an upstanding and important lady with an amount of bead fringe, silk petticoat, and gold bracelet suitable to her size and obvious status, followed by a crushed girl with a lack of fringe, petticoat, and bracelet suitable to hers. The person of importance swept up to the entrance of the pew and then pulled up short, almost upsetting the attendant girl, with a look at the intruder which plainly desired to know why this worm of earth presumed to celestial mansions.

Edward Downt, however, did not regard himself as a worm of earth; he moved up obligingly to the far end of the pew; kicked a hassock into the place where it best fitted his feet, and sat down comfortably. Whereupon looks translated themselves into words.

"Young man," inquired a majestic voice, "who showed you in here?"

"No one," replied Teddy Downt cheerfully.

The Presence, regardless of the fact that the choir were in their places and the minister was sorting his books and waiting to begin, motioned to Deacon Ellis to approach, and desired him to request this young man to move.

"Auntie," from the small girl, scarlet with discomfort, "there is really plenty of room."

"Be quiet, Rachel!" Auntie glared wrathfully. "Deacon Ellis, be good enough to find this person another seat."

"Auntie, I can go to Mrs. Mathewson's seat."

Auntie shot one look which reduced her

niece to rebellious silence. Downt rose, collected hat, overcoat, stick and gloves in a leisurely fashion, and moved down.

"I am sorry to have caused inconvenience to the lady," he said audibly in a voice which was not in the least apologetic; "but I really thought she had sufficient space." His eyes surveyed her goodly proportions expressively as he turned to fellow Deacon Ellis, while Mrs. Wellsted, purple and tingling, bounced into her place with a snort, thus missing the insolent male's further impertinence.

For he dared to pause a second by "Rachel" and say, "Thank you," in a tone suddenly respectful and kind, receiving in return a murmured "I'm very sorry" and a disturbing look from a pair of eyes that would have been pretty had they been less resentful and unhappy.

He waited on the steps outside to say good night to Deacon Ellis when the service was ended, and thus overheard Mrs. Wellsted's further instructions to that gentleman.

"As I think I have told you before, Deacon Ellis, I strongly object to anyone occupying my seat until I myself arrive. When I am there and can see whom you desire to show in and give my permission, that is a different matter; but kindly understand, I refuse to allow strangers to seat themselves there as they please, and I expect you to see that they do not do so."

Downt said his farewells, referred to the "incident of the evening," and learnt that Mrs. Wellsted was a great-granddaughter of the original founder and one of the trustees of the chapel.

"She certainly hasn't a pleasing manner," said Deacon Ellis. "In fact, without exaggeration, one might say she is overbearing and rude to a degree. On the other hand, she is very generous with money, and she does work for anything connected with the chapel, that we endure more from her than we otherwise should. I didn't see you'd gone into her seat, or I'd have told you there'd sure to be a fuss."

Downt thanked him again and went on his way, his mind in the several aforementioned states; but as the train—it was a "milk" and therefore allowed time for thought—bore him towards Wooldon, he began to meditate revenge.



The *Wooldon Clarion* (weekly edition, illustrated) was published about midday on

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

Saturday, and as several Cowtanwick housewives went to the larger town in the afternoon to do their Saturday's shopping—it was a cheap place—the paper began to circulate freely in Cowtanwick about 6 p.m. By 7 p.m. on this particular Saturday large orders were being placed at the Cowtanwick newsagents, who, foreseeing a hectic demand, telephoned for a big bundle to be forwarded on the 7.45; and the excitement was almost as great as over the late football editions of the regular evening papers.

Mrs. Wellsted took the Saturday *Clarion* regularly. It contained society notes and details of smart weddings which she considered it behooved an educated woman to know. This week she was entertaining a sedate whist party on the Saturday evening, so the *Clarion* remained unread by her, though not by her niece, until after breakfast on Sunday, when Rachel, having been dispatched to take her Sunday-school class, Mrs. Wellsted seated herself comfortably in an arm-chair to fill in the hour before chapel by perusal of her favourite literature. She did not approve of Sunday papers, but a Saturday one, read on Sunday, was a different matter. Her eyes fell on the page of photographs of Cowtanwick chapel, and she scanned them and the accompanying two columns of print with interest and approval, slightly tempered with indignation. The photographs were quite good and the article admirably written. Sunday-school organization, Bible classes, guild, all most lucidly explained; a very real appreciation of their most excellent minister, quite good, all of it; but whoever showed the reporter round and told him the details should not have done so without consulting her; she most certainly should have been informed when anything of the sort was happening. Probably Deacon Ellis was responsible—a most officious man.

Then she passed on to the next column, which began with "A correspondent sends the following," and suddenly sat bolt upright, gripping the paper so viciously that it tore; her breath came in gasps, her face was of an enraged crimson. What she read was a spicily written account of the little incident of her seat the previous Sunday week.

"When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding," the paragraph opened,

"likewise to a religious service, sit not down in the highest room, otherwise in an empty seat, conveniently placed for the pulpit."

Half-way way through came—

"I was neither verminous nor infected with smallpox; the seat held six, and the Lady of Importance, though large in more than a moral sense, would not have occupied more than two portions, so at first I failed to understand the reason of this thushness."

And right on to the close it was equally uncomplimentary.

Mrs. Wellsted sat and stared, her eyes positively bulging. There was no smallest hint in the villainous paragraph of name, place or date; it might have emanated from any place of worship at any time; but no chance had placed it next the Cowtanwick chapel page—of that Mrs. Wellsted felt sure, and a furious conviction was growing upon her as to the authorship of both columns.

The clock on the chimneypiece struck half-past ten, and it was, she knew, a little slow; she would have to hurry to be in time for chapel. For a moment she even debated with herself whether she should go, then bridled indignantly; as if she would permit herself to be so upset by the impertinence of a newspaper reporter! It was the spirit of the age—no respect for either legal right or established custom. She had to go into Wooldon next day, and unless Deacon Ellis could furnish her with a satisfactory explanation she would call and see the *Clarion* editor. It would probably do this young man good to be a little checked. With which resolution she wended her ponderous way upstairs, taking the *Clarion* with her to lock it away—that pernicious rubbish should not be left about—and arrived at chapel just on the stroke of eleven o'clock, hot and panting and burning aware that small bitten-in smiles and furtive kicks at a next-door neighbour's foot followed her down the aisle. Most of the congregation had read the *Clarion*, and most of the congregation knew that in the seat behind Mrs. Wellsted's sat, composed and attentive, the *Clarion* reporter. Some of them also knew what had passed on the steps outside a few minutes earlier.

Edward Downt, laughing at himself for a fool, had cycled out to Cowtanwick ostensibly to hear the chapel minister again, but with an unacknowledged desire to see once more a pair of dark eyes that should have been gay, but were resentful, and a mouth that was meant to be humorous and tender, but was merely repressed and cowed. Fortune favoured him; he met Rachel just emerged from Sunday school as he arrived inside the

THE QUIVER

gate, lifted a tentative hand towards his cap, and was rewarded by a smile of recognition and defiant friendliness. A small block of people in the porch, getting rid of outer wraps, kept them together on the steps for nearly two minutes. They came into chapel side by side, still keeping up a *sotto voce* conversation; and Deacon Ellis, being a man and a brother, and having also read the *Clarion*, showed him into the seat behind Her, thus completing Mrs. Wellsted's annoyance.

The lady attacked the deacon vigorously after the service was over. Why had she not been informed of the coming of a Press representative to the chapel? It was her place as senior trustee to receive him. And if that was the young man who had sat in her seat, and she supposed it was (the senior deacon swallowed a chuckle), all the more reason why she should have been told. She would have been most pleased to allow him to sit there had she known who he was. Of course, a complete stranger could not be expected to understand the custom of the chapel.

Deacon Ellis, as has been said, was a man and a brother. He was, moreover, a substantial corn merchant of recognized position in the chapel and out of it, and he was not going to give best to anybody, be they trustees or not.

"Mrs. Wellsted," he said clearly, "I understood from you that it was simply because the young man *was* a stranger you objected to him; I did not know that the fact that his visit was, in a sense, a public one would have affected you, and it was, I think, a pity, if you will allow me to say so, that you impressed upon him so clearly that it was the custom of the chapel to rebuff new-comers."

The lady replied by demanding with asperity if Rachel was going to stand gossiping with Mrs. Ellis until dinner-time. Inwardly she decided that her first resolve was right—the young man was insolent and impertinent; she had only lowered her dignity by hinting at an olive branch, and she would take steps to have him plainly shown his place.

Eleven o'clock next morning found aunt and niece at the door of the *Clarion* office (perhaps one might more truthfully say aunt, niece being of little account except to carry parcels), the lady of importance desiring to see the editor.

"I dunno if he'll be able to see you, ma'am, without an appointment."

Mrs. Wellsted swept a card out of her case. "Say, please, trustee of Cowtanwick chapel, and that I wish to see him about an article in Saturday's paper. Is there a room where the young lady can wait?"

The hypnotized attendant opened the door of a dusty little room, decorated with a county road map and a railway and motor-bus time-table and vanished into the editor's room, Mrs. Wellsted following determinedly at his heels.

To Rachel, in the dust trap adjoining, came firstly, through the wall, the sound of her aunt's booming contralto, with attempted interpolations in a man's voice ruthlessly overborne. Secondly, through the door, Edward Downt, in search of the road map, somebody in some unheard-of hamlet having committed a murder. He pulled up at sight of her, looking pleased.

"I say, this is jolly, finding you here like this. How are you? Were you waiting to see someone?"

"I'm waiting for auntie." Rachel's sombre eyes suddenly flashed fun. "Don't you hear her in the next room interviewing your editor? I think she's a little upset over the *Clarion* article."

He bit in a grin. "It was quite a good article, I thought, that one on the chapel."

"Which?" asked Rachel shrewdly. "I enjoyed them both, but then I'm not auntie. She doesn't know I've read them, by the way, and I'm not supposed to know why she's come here to-day."

He grinned openly this time. "She won't get much change out of Savage. He's starting his innings now, I think. Listen."

The duet in the next room had changed its character; the man's voice was assuming a somewhat dictatorial ascendancy, and there were sounds of movement towards the door.

"They're coming out," said Rachel hurriedly. "Would you mind not being here when she comes in for me?"

Downt looked indignant. "It's a beastly shame," he said hotly. "Look here, don't you ever come into Wooldon by yourself?"

Rachel listened in a fever of nervousness. "I've got to come in on Friday afternoon to fetch some mended china. Oh, *do* go!"

"Right!" said the young man joyously. "Tea at Hutchins' at four o'clock, mind. Bye-bye." And he had faded into the passage outside just in time. The editor's door had opened, and the duet became more audible.

"Then you entirely decline to give me the name of the correspondent?"



"Rachel was on her feet as if a galvanic shock
had struck her. 'Auntie!' she gasped"—p. 1003

Drawn by
Elizabeth Easton

THE QUIVER

"My dear madam, I can't go against the rules of the paper. But, indeed, for what purpose can you require it? The paragraph took my fancy as an amusing little skit, and as such I published it"—the great man's voice was bland in the extreme—"but it mentioned neither person, place nor date, and because it happened to coincide, as I gather from you, with some disturbance at the chapel you attend, I cannot for the life of me see why you should take it as a personal matter. I am sorry you have been annoyed; but, frankly, I think the annoyance was uncalled for. You are sure you can find your way out? Then, if you don't mind, I won't come with you; I am extremely busy. Good morning."

The door closed with firmness, and Mrs. Wellsted, fresh from the fray, stood before her niece.

"I am ready, Rachel; more than ready. I hope"—piously—"that I may never have occasion to enter a newspaper office again. It is terrible to think that the opinions of the illiterate masses of this country should be formed by men so unscrupulous and lacking in truthfulness. Who was the young man who came out of this room a minute since?" Her voice was sharp with sudden suspicion. Rachel's submissive innocence was a trifle overdone.

"I don't know, auntie. Someone belonging to the office, I suppose. He came in for a book or something and asked me if I was waiting to see someone, so I explained."

Rachel's mind stood back and surveyed her actions with amazement. The worm had turned, though with a sideways wriggle, indistinguishable as a forward movement by the onlooker; but in that moment she knew definitely that it *was* a forward movement, and that, come what might, she intended to be at Hutchins' tea-shop at four o'clock on Friday.

She was there, punctual to the minute, to find Edward Downt and a most sumptuous tea awaiting her. Conversation flowed over chocolate *éclair*s and cream buns. Downt, a born home-lover, had lately lost his mother, and despite his rising reputation and the opportunities for social intercourse that his profession gave him, he was starving for intimate feminine companionship. Rachel found, what she had never had since her childhood, a companion of her own age. She told him bits of her uninteresting life story; of her father who, at the age of twenty-two, while still artied to a

country solicitor, had married a sat-upon little nursery governess and been disowned by his family in consequence; of years of careworn poverty; of her parents' death, and her reception, at the age of twelve, into her aunt's household, very much the poor relation, whom only a gracious charity had saved from the workhouse or the orphan school; of the lonely years of unrelieved "making herself useful" which had joined twelve and twenty-three.

They sat over their tea, discussing past, present and future, till Rachel had to make a wild dash for her train, and Downt returned to the office in a mood of beatific rapture.

Arrived home, the young woman—so fatally easy is the downward path—informed Mrs. Wellsted of an impending course of cookery lectures which she had seen advertised outside the Wooldon Women's Institute. Did her aunt think she might attend them? She would like to improve her pastry.

Acquiescence followed, with a tinge of approval that Rachel should so wish to enlarge her capacity for usefulness, and the following Friday, and the Friday after that, and after that, and after that, *ad infinitum*, saw the girl journeying to Wooldon. The cookery lectures were twelve in number, six before Christmas and six after. They were succeeded by a course on dressmaking, at which Rachel desired, and was graciously permitted, attendance. She gave strict attention to the lectures; she really enjoyed them; though apart from that she was a conscientious little soul, and would have had scruples about her admission money otherwise. But the weekly lecture was followed by a weekly tea with Downt, and those meetings became the mainspring of her being.

There was a spice of terror about them. Cowtanwick inhabitants often came to Wooldon for shopping, rounding off the afternoon by tea at Hutchins'; and she lived in dread of being seen and reported to her aunt. But no fear of detection would stop her once she had started, while, as for Downt, he was fathoms deep in love before the third tea. He was a young man of fastidious taste, and fruit that hung ripe for the picking had no charm for him; but Rachel's natural shyness, the timidity and nervousness that were the result of years of repression, drew him irresistibly. He would like to have showered presents upon her, but she would accept nothing, even insisting on spending each week for her tea the shilling her aunt gave

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her for that purpose. She could not have taken gifts home without detection; but, apart from that, she wanted, not a share in Downt's material well-being, but his companionship. She would dare call it by no warmer name, and did not until the end of February, when Downt appeared at their weekly meeting with "news to tell" written all over him.

Generally they sat upstairs at a table by the window. Rachel liked to look out at the busy street; but Hutchins' had downstairs a series of small cubicles, like two settles facing each other, where tea-drinkers were more screened from the gaze of the vulgar; and to-day, "Do you mind if we take a pew, Miss Wellsted? I've things I want to talk over with you." And he led the way to a cubicle, and sat down side by side with her. Rachel noticed that there was a "Reserved" card on the table and that he was looking excited.

"First thing I've got to tell you," he said after the tea was poured, "is that I'm going to leave Wooldon."

He shot the words out like a bombshell, watching eagerly to see their effect. If she cared—and he hoped and prayed she did—then she would be sorry and quiet; if she was simply interested and excited, then—he drew breath very carefully and leant forward. Rachel had slowly whitened, stiffening her muscles as if to meet a physical blow, and turning to him tragic old-young eyes in a mask of pain.

"I hope it is a good thing for you," she collected herself to say. Desperately she told herself he must not suspect; it would be a poor return for his kindness to her, so dull and unattractive, to let him see he had hurt her like this; and that much was true, anyway. Before all other things on earth she did most earnestly desire his well-being. "When do you go?" she jerked out, "and where?"

Downt leaned closer, his eyes gleaming. "Lady Day," he replied, "and Birmingham. I've got a thundering good job as sub-editor. Savage gave me a first-rate training, and he's been more than decent, keeping me on here till something good turned up; it's all been experience. But now I've landed this, and I'm due to go in a month's time, and—and—I want to take you with me, Rachel—Rachel"—his voice was almost crooning in its tenderness. "Say you'll come, dear. I want to make up to you for all the fun and gaiety and happiness you've missed. I want you to make up to me for the

home I lost when mother died. See"—he took her hands in his, cold still from shock and nervous fright—"I thought I'd get a special licence and we'd be married when you come in for your last class a fortnight to-day. and then if Savage has got anyone to take on my job we'd go up into rooms and have a fortnight before I started work, to look about together for a house to make our home. Tell me, Rachel, what is it to be? Do you care enough to come, love?"

He watched her still, murmuring "Galatea" under his breath. The frozen whiteness was coming alive again, throbbing, burning with young hot flame. He had wondered sometimes what she would be like fully roused; now he knew.

"Oh!" she said, gripping her hands together inside his till the knuckles shone white, "to live with you, to love you *always*, with no one to come between us; to have you talk to me, and tell me things, and show me how to live." She bent her head to his coat sleeve kissing it again and again with odd little half sobs. Downt put his other hand up and caught her chin.

"Don't waste that on a coat sleeve!" he laughed unsteadily. "Sweetest, look up at me!"

Silence, while they proved conclusively that these closed-in seats were most convenient things. Then—

"You think my arrangement will do?" Downt asked.

Rachel tapped the table thoughtfully, her mind taking an earthward journey.

"I think I must tell aunt first," she said. "If you want me in a fortnight's time"—passion flowed again—"you can have me then or whenever you choose. But I don't want to start on my wedding journey feeling that I had in a way left a lie behind me. Oh, I can't explain what I mean, but you'll understand."

Downt did, and loved her the more for it, though—"She'll try and stop your marrying me," he grumbled.

"Nothing and no one will do that," said Rachel with that sudden throbbing flame, and they sought the seclusion of the settle again.

"And there's another thing," she went on, rather unhappily. "I'm very ignorant about these things, Mr. Downt."

"My friends call me Teddy," said Downt, his hand on hers.

"Teddy," she repeated obediently, and Downt hardly troubled about the end of the settle that time.

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"I'm very ignorant," Rachel went on again; "but, you see, I had nothing at all of my own, not even enough to pay for mourning when my father died. I can't even buy a new frock to be married in"—with a grieving sigh—"and she has kept me and done everything for me all these years. I can't say I've been very happy with her—I haven't; but still, I have that to thank her for, and the thing that worries me is this: can she make any sort of claim on me, or on—on—my husband afterwards if I marry without her consent? Because she won't give her consent—I'm sure of that. It's only to get straight with myself I mean to tell her"—she shivered a little in anticipation; it would not be a pleasant interview—"and I don't want you to have any bother afterwards if I can help it."

Downt reassured her; but she was still, he could see, a little worried, and he thought of another solution.

"Look here," he said, "you'll be coming in next week again? Then I'll get Savage, our editor, to meet us here; he'll tell us. He knows a lot of law; he was going to be a solicitor before he went in for journalism. I don't think your aunt has the smallest claim on you—sure she hasn't—but I'd like you to meet him, anyway. I was going to ask him and his wife to come to our wedding; you'd like some woman there." He looked at his watch and beckoned to a waitress. "Time for your train, dear. I'll come down to the station with you, and don't say anything to your aunt till after next week."

They went out together, contentedly unaware that one interested and delighted pair of eyes had followed them.

Mrs. Deacon Ellis had chosen that afternoon to shop in Wooldon, and being a gentle little person who rejoiced greatly in her friends' joys, and being also genuinely fond of, and sorry for, Rachel, "was so pleased," as she told Mrs. Wellsted, meeting her in Cowtanwick High Street a few days later, "to see that the dear girl had found a friend of her own age; such a pleasant-looking, personable young man too, and so attentive to her that it put quite matchmaking ideas into my head. Truly, I am glad," the little lady continued, "for I have sometimes thought that Rachel must find us old fogies of the chapel a little dull. There is not much young life in Cowtanwick, and that not of a kind you would care for her to mix with."

"Would you kindly explain *what* you

mean?" said Mrs. Wellsted with awful emphasis.

Mrs. Ellis looked taken aback and flustered.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Wellsted, I do hope I have not said anything—that dear Rachel—oh, I am afraid I have been indiscreet—"

"Will you be good enough to tell me when and where you have seen my niece, and with whom?" Mrs. Wellsted's manner would have done credit to a cross-examining barrister. Mrs. Ellis collapsed.

"Last week, at Hutchins'," she replied meekly. "She was having tea with a young man there, and they seemed—er—very friendly. He was *quite* a gentleman," with a last despairing effort to let Rachel down gently. "Oh, I do hope you will not be hard on her if I have told you something you did not know."

"I think," said the First Lady of the Chapel with much dignity, "that I may be allowed to judge of my own conduct."

She turned, leaving Mrs. Ellis crushed, and made her way home as speedily as her avoirdupois would allow, seething with fury. So that was the reason for Rachel's sudden desire to learn to make herself more useful in the house! That she, Mrs. Wellsted's niece by marriage, might carry on a low-class intrigue with some unrepresentable man! Probably that reporter person, decided the lady, with an unusual flash of intuition. Meeting him in tea-shops indeed! The disgrace of it! A lying, deceitful little chit. However, she would nip that sort of thing in the bud very quickly; this very morning the culprit should be brought to book, and thoroughly should she smart for her conduct.

Nearing home, however, Mrs. Wellsted slackened her steps. No, she was not quite sure that she would have it out with Rachel that morning; the deceitful little minx would only say that Mrs. Ellis had been mistaken or something of that sort. The thing would be to catch her in the act. The First Lady of the Chapel considered ways and means. Rachel went by the 1.40 train from Cowtanwick; there was another one to Wooldon at 3 o'clock. She herself would go by that; she remembered that there was a reading-room over a bookseller's shop in Wooldon, the window of which overlooked the door of Hutchins' café. The room was only intended for their library subscribers, she knew, but she would chance that, and she would sit by that window and watch until the couple she desired to meet turned into the tea-shop opposite.

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Which was how it came to pass that to a gay trio sitting down to tea in a little cubicle appeared a female Jove, exuding thunderbolts.

"So," exclaimed the apparition, "what I was told was true, though I hardly believed it."

Rachel was on her feet as if a galvanic shock had struck her. "Auntie!" she gasped.

"Yes, 'auntie,' miss, the very last person you wished to see. Oh, no doubt you thought you were being very clever with your attendance at cookery and dressmaking classes——"

"I did attend them."

"And your pretence of making yourself more useful to the woman who saved you from starvation."

"Don't you think you had better sit down quietly and have some tea?" This from Downt, as interested heads began to turn in their direction from other tables.

"I do *not*. Rachel, put on your gloves and come with me at once."

"I think you had better know," Downt put in swiftly, "that Rachel and I are going to be married this day week."

Mrs. Wellsted passed him over with a contemptuous snort. "Rachel, do as you are told," she commanded.

Rachel looked round despairingly. To have her poor little love-story dragged out into the light, not even of day but of gas, in a tea-shop; to have her first romance begin with this vulgar unpleasantness, it was very hard. The habit of obedience was strong; her knees shook under her; she wondered how she had ever been able to dream of defiance. She reached meekly for her gloves and caught the eyes of the two men, Downt's anxious and pitying, fixed on her, Savage's quizzical and amused, on her aunt.

She straightened herself, tense and determined once more. "I will come with you now, if you wish, aunt," she said quietly. "I don't want to make a disturbance in a public place; but you must clearly understand that I am going to marry Mr. Downt next Friday."

"And you will clearly understand that you will do nothing of the sort. Married indeed! I feed you, clothe you, educate you, give you a home for eleven years, when you had not the smallest shadow of a claim on me, and most people would have turned you out into the world to earn your living as best you could. I keep you in luxury and idleness——"

"A-hem!" from Downt.

"And the return I get is that you lie and deceive me in order to get out alone and carry on a vulgar, common-minded connexion with a man whom you know nothing about, and with whom you must have scraped acquaintance in a thoroughly underhanded way, more like a disreputable servant than a decently-brought-up girl. It's only what I might have expected, I suppose. Like mother, like daughter; you have evidently inherited the tastes and habits of her class——"

"Leave my mother out of it," said Rachel fiercely.

"But you will not exhibit them in my house."

"She certainly won't." Downt planted his five feet eight of compact muscle in front of the trembling girl and insisted on being heard. "You can bank on that. You've had a mighty lot to say, now you can listen for a change; do you hear? You talk a lot about what you've done for Rachel. Her clothes haven't cost you a fortune—with an expressive look at the shabby little figure—"nor her education—thirty bob a term at the Wooldon Secondary, and that only till she was fifteen; and as for giving her a home for eleven years, you know darned well if you hadn't had her you'd have had to keep another servant or a help and pay them a decent wage. Rachel would have been a jolly sight better off if she had gone out into the world, you slave-driving, screw-mongering old harridan. And as for how Rachel came to know me, we got acquainted because you happened to be a mannerless old snob."

"Hold your tongue, young man!" The lady of the chapel grew strident. Rachel was crying. "I suppose you think I shall give in and present Rachel with a settlement. Let me tell you that neither of you will ever get a penny piece of my money; so you need not reckon on dead men's shoes, nor live ones either."

"Now, come, come," interpolated a pleasant and persuasive voice—Savage, the editor, addressed the fuming importance. "I'm sure, dear lady, if you'll just sit down and discuss matters quietly you'll find them capable of adjustment; and we don't want to provide a free entertainment for Wooldon tea-drinkers"—indicating the craned necks and the interested smiles at the surrounding tables—"nor a spicy paragraph for the *Clarion* or its rival."

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"Who are you?" Mrs. Wellsted's voice was not inviting.

"Don't you remember our previous meeting, dear lady? We had a little discussion then and parted good friends, and I'm sure that we shall do so now. Come, a cup of tea."

Mrs. Wellsted dwindled at the recollection; suffered herself to be seated and provided with tea. Downt leant back with a sigh of relief; everything would be all right if Savage took charge. Rachel watched the pair breathlessly, her tears drying on her cheeks.

"Now, my dear madam, we will talk over this little affair of our young friends here. Mr. Downt, I can assure you, is quite a worthy match even for your niece, and I think you will find it much better to accept their marriage in an amicable spirit. You see, we poor newspaper men have to be always on the look-out for news, and Downt here is rather a person of importance, so I must insert some account of his wedding; and I'm sure you will agree with me that a nice friendly affair with the bride's aunt present, and everything prettily arranged, would make a more acceptable paragraph than, let us say, this meeting this afternoon and its necessary sequel of a hole-and-corner marriage."

"In other words"—auntie looked as if she had partaken lavishly of Gregory's powder—"you are blackmailing me into consenting."

"Oh, my dear lady! Indeed, no. I merely suggest an idea, and between a man and a woman of the world, as we are, that is all-sufficing. So public a character as you would naturally prefer that her actions should be well reported of in the neighbourhood; and it would be such a fitting rounding-off to all your care for your niece, a happy, suitable marriage. If you were to give her a cheque for, say, one hundred pounds, and then let her come and stay a night or two with my wife, so that she can have some help in her shopping—why, she would do you so much more credit."

"And the alternative?"

Savage shrugged helplessly. "If only I were the owner of the paper," he said mournfully, "there would be no alternative, but I am only a paid servant, and I am bound to provide news, so I am afraid my only other course would be, as I said, a circumstantial account of this afternoon at Hutchins', and a bald, unadorned account

of the bald, unadorned wedding which would follow it."

Mrs. Wellsted writhed. Never in her life had she been so treated; never had she experienced such scorching humiliation. If she could have sentenced all three opponents to *peine forte et dure* at that moment she would have done so cheerfully. If she dared only box Rachel's ears it would be some relief to her feelings; but then—Saturday's *Clarion* and all these eyes round her. Rachel she could have bullied; she could have outmatched Downt's temper with her own, but this smiling individual, with the steely eyes behind the Pickwickian spectacles—

"There is no alternative, and you know it," she snarled. "I will post a cheque to-night; I will even come to the wedding, since I must; but have her inside my house again, I won't—"

Rachel gave a gasp and Downt a growl. Savage trod on their toes heavily and took up the tale with beaming pleasure:

"Now, I was sure of it," he cooed. "A woman of your social experience can always be relied upon to do the right thing. And on second thoughts, suppose Miss Rachel goes home to my wife now and stays until her wedding-day? I really think that would be a good plan; it would save the time of going backwards and forwards, and a week is not long in which to get all her things. So you pay the bill, Teddy, and take Miss Rachel home, and I'll see Mrs. Wellsted to the station and finally settle all the last details with her."

Savage plumed himself on his account of that wedding:

"The bride, who is well known in Constantinick, was given away by her aunt, and looked charming in—"

some hastily purchased gown of Mrs. Savage's choosing. The wedding was hurried owing to the bridegroom's

"unexpectedly early departure for his important new post in Birmingham."

The list of presents was consequently

"not yet complete, but includes to date—"

various office presentations and gifts to Downt, offerings from chapel members, and Finally—

"Aunt of bride, cheque."

"Mr. and Mrs. Edward Downt left for their South Devon honeymoon amid a host of congratulations and good wishes from their friends."

Mrs. Wellsted discontinued her subscription to the *Clarion*.

THE THREE "R'S" OF LIFE

by A Minister's Wife

These candid confessions reach me from an Australian manse. They show that ministerial life does not differ greatly the world over.

LIFE in a manse never grows monotonous. It is the business of the manse folk to help human beings in every phase of their careers, and nothing can be as interesting as human beings with their masks off. Then, in the three most enthralling periods of life the minister is essential to the vast majority of people. He must be at the christening, he is usually necessary at the wedding, and who would dream of consigning a loved one's ashes to the grave without the help and solace of the Church? In the three R's of life the minister is so intimately concerned with his people's welfare that an invisible but marvellously strong bond grows between him and them.

To the young minister the first christenings are more embarrassing than the first weddings. He has the young man's fear of babies; he is extremely awkward in their presence; he does not know how to handle them, and he is quite sure he will say the wrong thing even when he is most anxious to be complimentary. During the ceremony he is safe, for he has the set order to follow, and he is firmly entrenched behind the dignity of his office; but in the few awful minutes before or afterwards, when the clerical office must be laid aside and he must talk to the self-conscious father as man to man, and say something that the proud mother will treasure up and repeat to all her friends—well, he is either a most astute and sophisticated man or a father himself if he manages to get through the ordeal even with anything approaching credit, let alone with honours.

I remember some years ago listening with infinite amusement to a sober discussion

among a cluster of ministers on this most vexing problem. The newly ordained among them were anxiously searching the wisdom of their elders for help in time of need. One clever man said he had suffered acutely over the christenings when he was a licentiate, and for weary days he wrestled with the problem as he tramped over the bleak hill-side or by the moaning sea. He was sure there must be some system whereby a minister could slake the unappeasable appetite of young parents for praise of their treasures and yet conserve his bounden duty towards the truth. It was easy enough to flatter if the conscience were sufficiently

elastic, but the difficulty was to be both truthful and complimentary. He was determined to find a formula that would fit every baby born, and, while pleasing the parents, would salve the conscience of the cleric. Never more would he suffer a night's haunting through seeing in his dreams the reproachful look of an indignant mother as she let him understand that he had said just the wrong thing. The result of his long communings was highly satisfactory to him, and I must tell it even if it does arouse suspicions in the minds of quick-witted young parents who have been pleased with



"Now that is what I call a baby!"

similar specious phrases.

Naturally, since he had a clerical brain, he found that babies could be resolved into three classes. First came the young Hercules. He was adhering to the sternest demands of truth if he cried unhesitatingly, "Now, that is what I call a baby!" How much that meant to the listeners, and yet upon strict analysis how little it committed him to! Then came the second-grade babies

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—those that could with some advantage be better than they were, but could also decidedly be much worse. He coined this phrase for the second-class of miniature man: "Now, that's something like a baby!" It was not his fault, was it, if the parents did not see that there was a possibility of what exegetes call "variorum readings" in that statement? Last of all came the poor, pitiful caricatures of humanity that nearly break an outsider's heart to gaze upon, but



"The poor little bride looked up trustingly"

which seem perfection to the mercifully blinded eyes of maternal love. These were the most difficult of all to compliment and yet not deviate one hair's-breadth from the straight path of rectitude. Inspiration waited upon him at last, and gave him the question, "If that is not a baby, what is it?" It would hardly be credited how mothers loved that minister, or how they swarmed about him for christenings. His brethren, inspired no doubt by envy, asked him where his conscience was, but he retorted that he had given the problem most serious consideration for his conscience's sake, and that was more than they had ever done. So his critics were silenced, and he reaped the reward of his ingenuity.

Perhaps the most difficult thing in the life of an ordinary minister is to teach the average mother just what is the signification of baptism. Mothers will troop to the manse after they have been to the public vaccinator, and will tell in childlike innocence that they want to get "everything" over, so after the inoculation they want the christening. They are hurt, and very frequently show considerable anger, when told that the father must accompany them for the rite of baptism. He was not necessary at the doctor's, for the far more serious task

of vaccination—why should he have to come all that way just for the baby to get its name?

The one christening that I shall remember to my dying day happened very soon after my husband's ordination. With an evident desire to be in the fashion, he returned home one fearful winter's day with a severe attack of influenza—the kind against which no strength of will can stand. A futile attempt to get up next day convinced him of his helplessness, and then he was content to yield to treatment. Sundry first-aid remedies induced a soothing sleep, and when that came I did not worry further about the turmoil of the Antarctic blizzard raging outside.

Before I had time to turn my attention to anything or anyone besides the patient, a visitor in a state of painful perturbation, demanded the immediate company of the minister at his home to christen his child. It was in vain that he was told how very ill the minister was. In self-defence he urged that the baby was only a week old, the nurse said there was no hope of its life, and he feared if it died unbaptized the mother would kill herself by fretting. She was already seriously ill, and was feverishly awaiting the coming of her pastor. I yielded to his persuasions, and awakened the patient. I knew there was but one answer possible, so I prepared a warm drink and warm clothing, and gave a hundred directions for his welfare as he hastened to assuage the new-made mother's woes.

They had nearly three miles to drive in an open vehicle, and I counted the minutes as they dragged themselves by on leaden feet. When at last the sick man returned I could get no information from him for a long while, although my curiosity was much piqued by the humour that was obviously struggling with deep disgust. How could it be otherwise when he discovered that what the child was dying of was sheer superstition? The old midwife had asked him in solemn tones how anyone could expect a child to live when it had been born on a Friday, the thirteenth day of the month? "It comes on a Friday, an' it'll go on a Friday; an' when it got a turn this afternoon I told its dad I'd not be responsible for happenings if he didn't get it christened at once."

That child, although it had the awful misfortune to be born on a Friday, the thirteenth day of the month, has become so fine a specimen of manhood that he is now

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on board one of our Australian battleships. If he does not meet with some disaster, his old nurse will be as astounded as she was when disabused on her first suspicions; if he does, she will be the first to say triumphantly, "Didn't I tell you? How could he be lucky, born on a Friday, and the thirteenth as well?"

When one tries to single out interesting from uninteresting weddings, the task seems hopeless. Every wedding ceremony has something about it that is absent from every other one. Some are obviously happy; some are certainly wrong; some are marriages of convenience and some of necessity. I remember many incidents connected with various ceremonies, such, for instance, as the widow who came to make all arrangements for her second wedding, and who stipulated that it should not take more than a quarter of an hour. They would arrive at the manse, she said, at 1.45 p.m.; it took seven minutes to get to the station, and the train they wanted to catch left at 2.10. She was emphatic on the point that they only wanted the "business end" of the ceremony, and wished that all the "flummery" should be rigorously cut out. Things went to schedule time, yet, although there was little enough "flummery" about the proceedings, she found time to see everything there was in the manse drawing-room, even to turn and look at the window curtains while the wedding-ring was being adjusted. Several years afterwards, when her husband was lying ill in a private hospital, she came to the manse one day and positively ordered me to tell the minister to go and sit with the invalid "for several hours daily." She hadn't the time to waste, and as he wasn't one to do any reading, he was complaining of feeling lonely. When I mildly objected that my husband had not several hours a day to spare, she looked at me in astonishment, and asked, "What do we pay ministers for if not for that sort of thing?" I might mention in passing, as the self-made merchant would say, that we had never seen her in church in the interval between her two visits. She managed her own sheep run, and hadn't time for such "flummery" as public worship.

Then there was the quaintest little girl one ever saw. She was from the "back-blocks," where perhaps only twice a year she would see the face of one unchained to

her. Even the "Waybacks" of caricature were fashionably dressed in comparison with this poor little bush-sprite who lived on a sawmill in the deepest depths of very heavily timbered country. Her home-made clothing defied description; her three-cornered shawl nearly touched her feet, and was fastened near her waist in front with an outside safety-pin. Her hat had been improvised from a faded pink linen bag, and it was wreathed with fading real roses. Across the crown of the conical thing were the big letters "Line," the final "n" being hidden by an unusually large rose that even in death obliterated the letter underneath. The supreme test of my gravity came when the poor little bride looked up trustingly into her bridegroom's face and vowed to be to him a "loving, faithful and beautiful wife." Her vocabulary did not contain the word "dutiful," so she substituted the more familiar one; but I have not the faintest doubt that she carried out her part of the contract to the very best of her ability.

Then there was another outback couple that came shyly to get the deed through. The first concern of the bridegroom was, "Can the bride be married in a three-quarter skirt or must she get a new rig-out?" This was in the days when skirts were worn mainly to sweep the streets. When he was



"Then he threw aside the rope and kissed her loudly"

assured that the length of the bride's skirt was non-essential, he found himself faced with a worse problem: What was his mother's maiden name? He scratched his head and said, "Dashed if I know! Who wants to know, anyway?"

When told that the Government form required the information, he asked, "What's it got to do with the Gov'mint what her name was, or whether she had a maiden name? So long's I don't worry, why should Gov'mint? Poking their long noses into folks' business—what you might call their private

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business—is a game they might be ashamed of, if only they knew it.” However, he would think it over, and see if he could call it to mind.

The wedding was fixed for two o'clock that afternoon, but hours passed by, and about five o'clock a very tearful little girl came to the minister for sympathy. Her bridegroom had disappeared—she only knew he went somewhere on horseback in a mighty temper—and please, was it possible to be married without him? She did so want to be married before she went back home!

We made her take some refreshment, and told her in as gentle terms as possible that it was a very difficult, if not impossible, thing for anyone who was not a reigning king or queen to be married without the actual presence of the other partner to the ceremony; and so she settled down to deep despondency until the sound of clattering hoofs outside made her spring up buoyantly, face aglow, hands clasped delightedly over her bosom.

“Here he is! Here he is!” she cried, as she rushed towards the door. “He’s come, and we can be married, after all!”

A worn-out horseman came in hurriedly and flung a piece of dirty paper on the study table.

“There!” he said, with unplumbed scorn in his voice, “I hope your precious Gov’mint will be satisfied now, and will learn better’n to poke its nose into business what don’t concern ‘em. It’s cost me a good fifty-mile ride, that has, and I don’t thank ‘em for it, don’t I, on a bloke’s weddin’ day!”

The poor fellow had been unable to remember the maiden name of his mother, and without telling his bride about it, he had stolen off on horseback, twenty-five miles into the interior, through some of the roughest mountain country one could hope for, to his parents’ home. After securing the supposedly indispensable information, he had changed horses and galloped back for dear life.

Then there was the gay old widower of more than sixty winters who, when remarried, mysteriously prevented the minister from leaving the house after the wedding breakfast.

“No, no, sir!” he remonstrated. “You’d never think of going till you made sure that your work was well done!”

The surprised celebrant said he thought he had done all that was possible to secure a happy ending.

“Come away a moment,” was the answer.

“You’ll know inside a minute whether you’ve made a happy man or a fool of me!”

He produced from a capacious pocket a piece of rope about eighteen inches long. Each end was knotted. He went up to his new-made wife ceremoniously, and, holding one knot firmly in one hand, he courteously asked her to take the other end. She refused. He asked again and again, until at last she questioned with some asperity whether he was deliberately trying to make a fool of her before all her relatives and the minister too. Then he threw aside the piece of rope and kissed her loudly.

“There, sir,” he cried triumphantly, as he turned towards the minister. “You can sleep to-night with an easy conscience. It’s going to be all right. If she’d taken the other end it would have meant that we were going to pull against each other, but now it’s safe—we’re going to pull together!”

The third “R” awaits some attention, though I shall give only one instance that has a moral for those who need its application.

In one parish my husband had as friend and co-worker a distinguished cleric who had been his fellow-university student, and they had retained their friendship right through manhood. This clergyman was a staunch, outspoken man who said what he thought and said it vigorously, whether it pleased or vexed the listeners. One thing he could never endure calmly was the utter neglect of public worship by people in the heyday of life and the midst of prosperous careers, and their consequent terrified search for religious consolation when distress fell upon them. His scorn of their daring neglect of the Almighty was well known, and therefore the careless were a trifle uncomfortable when he approached them. One day he met a black sheep of this ilk, who, after long years spent in diligent money-getting to the exclusion of all other interests, was drawing to the end of his life loveless and forlorn. Enfeebled in body, and compulsorily idle, he thought it was the clergyman’s bounden duty to visit him and help him to bear his enforced ennui. But he was very quickly and disagreeably undeceived.

“Why should I spend my time over worthless people like you,” asked his pastor, “when there are so many here who fulfil their obligations to God and the Church

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by honouring Them in their youth and strength? What right have I to rob them of the consolations they are entitled to for the sake of a charity case?"

"A charity case!" cried the rich man, highly indignant. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean a charity case. If all the people were like you, where would the Christian ministry be? Even clergymen must be fed and housed, and to do that costs the same money as it costs the publican and the sinner, for tradespeople are like the dew of heaven, they descend upon the just and the unjust with their bills. If we had to work otherwise for our living—as I should very much like to do!—where would we get the time to christen you, marry you, or bury you, whenever you call out for such attentions? To my mind, it is a low-down, despicable thing to let your neighbours pay for a clergyman to be kept on the premises so that you can have his services in the odd moments you can't do without him! I'd be utterly ashamed to be a pauper in the kingdom of God."

Such unusual logic astounded the old business man, who had prided himself all his life upon his rectitude and glorious independence. To think that he was dependent upon the church people for any spiritual assistance he might need bit right into his self-esteem, and he thought deeply and sadly for a few moments. Then he asked.

"You'll promise to bury me when I die, won't you?"

"Indeed I shall not!" came the uncompromising answer. "Why should I? My time belongs to my parishioners, and who knows what one of them might require of me at the hour that it is convenient for the undertaker to come and put you under the ground?"

"But," stammered the unfortunate man, "you'd never have me tossed into the earth like a dog?"

"What odds?" came the immediate answer in a perfectly unperturbed tone of voice. "If you can live without religion, why should you object to being buried without it?"

"Oh, but that would be simply horrible! What on earth would people think?" And the victim of ecclesiastical scorn shuddered.

"Horrible or not," came the relentless reply, "that's what you are going to get

if I am vicar of this parish when you pass out."

The man urged vigorously that his enfeeblement would not allow him to attend Divine service now, so what was he to do? He expressed contrition that he had not thought of the matter in that light earlier in life, and then he made a hesitating offer to help in paying for the upkeep of the church by sending an annual cheque for the rest of his life. With this sorry compromise the vicar had to be content; but in telling us the story he said he was satisfied that he had made the man think more seriously about religion than he could possibly have done in any other way. He had made him feel that he was wanting to "sneak" into heaven, and for a man of his temperament the thought was galling. A day or two afterwards the church treasurer received the promised cheque, and a note accompanied it asking humbly that the donor might be regarded as a church adherent.

Within three weeks the man died unexpectedly—and the vicar and his curate were both many a mile away at a Church congress. My husband had to bury the latest adherent to his friend's church.

When the two friends met again the vicar thanked the minister for the friendly action, but my husband said gravely:

"Indeed, it was not a friendly action! It was a service bought and paid for. My secretary will be writing to your treasurer for that cheque."

For an instant the astounded vicar looked at him, too incredulous to believe his ears. Then he laughed—and the laugh that belongs to that clergyman's family is renowned throughout Australia. When they came to argue the point, the vicar admitted that, on the surface of things, it looked as if the money really should pass from the coffers of one church to the other; but—who had made the bargain?

This point made it such a knotty legal problem that a member of our family who followed the law was called upon to give his opinion. He stated that any judge in the land would award the cheque to my husband in payment for work and labour done, on production of the agreement. He was told that there was no written agreement. It would be necessary, then, he said, to produce in the law courts both parties to the verbal agreement.

We are still looking for a judge who believes in spiritualism.

The ASHES

by Austin Philips

BIRMINGHAM STAR.

D. R. DICKINSON DECLINES!

Mr. D. R. Dickinson has informed us that owing to private reasons he will be unable to accept the M.C.C.'s invitation to accompany the English team to Australia.

IN the room of the private secretary to the manager of Boyds—the one great banking corporation which has its headquarters out of London—a young and eager clerk who had brought in the medical certificate of a sick colleague pointed impulsively to the above paragraph on the centre page of the great Midland newspaper.

"Have you seen that, Miss Stronach?" he asked despairingly. "It's the greatest national misfortune since the death of Nelson!"

"Is it really?"

"Yes, of course it is. It means that we shan't get back the ashes. Denzil Dickinson is the best bowler in the world just at present, and with that fast inswing of his he'd be almost unplayable on those hard Australian wickets. The loss to the side is irreparable. Of course, it's his girl, Iris Arberry—she won't let him out of her sight a single second. But then, you're not interested in cricket, Miss Stronach, and you don't know Denzil Dickinson!"

The boy turned away dramatically. The manager's private secretary—a woman of under five-and-twenty—glanced again at the paragraph which she had been reading when the youth had entered, and then sat staring straight ahead of her.

Not know Denzil Dickinson—she who barely five years ago had had always in her memory the batting and bowling averages, to a decimal, of the whole Warwickshire eleven! Not know Denzil . . . she who had once been secretly engaged to him! How this news, blazoned this morning over all the Midland city, brought back the almost buried past!

For the great England cricketer (then little more than a schoolboy), at the time of the sudden death and luckless bankruptcy of her father, had been on the eve of coming to John Stronach to speak of marriage with his daughter. But because of that death and that bankruptcy Denzil Dickinson had never come, had never even again approached or written to her. Philippa had learned later that he had gone abroad hurriedly—nominally upon business—returning only when she had moved with her mother—now dead also—to reside in poverty at Droitwich, nineteen miles away.

How she had suffered . . . with her ardent, passionate nature . . . and how merciful had been Time and its healing, though the old wound still ached when his name came up; and how merciful a thing, too, was daily work which she had got at Boyds Bank through an influential relative! How she had hurled herself into it! How hyper-efficient she had become, and what a comprehensive knowledge of business she had acquired, and how the manager valued her! . . . and what high ambitions she had developed, and how some day (since prospects in the bank were so slender for a woman) she meant to enter into commerce with some great Birmingham firm and to end by directing and controlling it! Love? She had put that out of her life for ever—at any rate, in theory. But for all that her heart beat fast now, and she thought of Iris Arberry very jealously. She thought of her also most contemptuously . . . this woman who would not let Denzil go to Australia when his country so very greatly had need of him. How proud and how glad she—Philippa Stronach—would have been to spare him if he and she had been engaged!

The manager's bell rang, cutting short her dreams and her memories; and for a long time she was busy taking down from his dictation. Just before she left to type her letters the chief accountant came in.

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"There's nothing much out of the way this morning, sir," he said. "But I do want to speak to you about this persistent carelessness at the post office. Morning after morning we are getting letters for other box-renters missorted into our private bag. There were four to-day, and, of course, they have got opened. Incidentally, there is one among them which may interest you. It confirms, rather, what we have for some time thought about a certain person being rather rocky . . . I mean that letter for Godfrey Higson, whose firm is his principal competitor!"

The speaker passed the manager the contents of one of the missorted covers. Philippa saw her chief glance through it and look exceedingly serious.

"It seems very much as if some dirty work were going on!" she heard him say significantly. "But, good fellow as the victim is, I can't very well show him this or speak to him about it . . . it isn't as if he banked here . . . then we might well stretch a point and do so. Miss Stronach, kindly prepare a letter of complaint to the postal authorities and also one of apology and explanation to each of the four addressees."

Philippa took the envelopes and went back to the room adjoining. Before beginning her ordinary day's letters, she decided to send off the misdelivered envelopes that the proper recipients might get them at the hands of one of the bank messengers with as little delay as possible. Made curious by her chief's words, she glanced at the contents of each cover as she dealt with it. When she came to the third one she gasped.

"DEAR GODFREY (it ran),—I saw Hainworth to-night on my way to the station. Miss W. has worked the oracle and has got a copy—which Hainworth gave me. You shall have it at my place this evening.

"That girl is a perfect treasure. We have got D. R. D. fairly set!"

Philippa replaced the letter, which was signed "Frank," in its envelope. But her brain had begun to buzz and whirl.

"D. R. D." That could be only one person—he who was known by those initials throughout the sporting Midlands which were so proud of him, famed as he was for that fast inswinging bowling of his, and dashing batting, and wonderful panther-like springs which enabled him to reach the



"Picking up the photograph, Philippa sat looking at Denzil as he had been five years ago"—p. 1012

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apparently unreachable and to bring off amazing one-handed slip-catches. Now—for her chief always seemed to hear of everything going on underneath in Birmingham—Denzil Richard Dickinson was in trouble, and his business (like that of her late father, one of a large contractor) was on the path towards rapid failure, while someone in his own employment was obviously selling him and betraying him. Well, she was mildly sorry, but it was no affair of hers, anyhow. D. R. D., of his own volition, had passed out of her life long ago.

She completed the formal letters of apology and took them into her chief for his signature and returned to despatch them with the misdelivered ones. Suddenly she hesitated, and again, in obedience to an overwhelming impulse, she re-read that mysterious missive marked "Personal" which was addressed to the Godfrey Higson who was head of a firm which were great rivals of Dickinsons and which had recently been exceptionally fortunate in securing contracts for big municipal buildings.

Finally, for no particular reason she could think of—except again just impulse—she took a copy and put it into her bag.

Lunch-time came. At Fletcher's famous popular restaurant the refusal of the great Warwickshire cricketer to go to Australia was the one topic of conversation, and the early editions of the evening papers rioted with expressions of regret.

"*Cherchez la femme*," also, were words which were being whispered everywhere; and Iris Arberry was perhaps the best-hated woman in the Midlands at this tragic moment. But though Iris was selfish to the core and certain to constrict and narrow the life of any man whom she had power over, Philippa guessed that this girl was not in the main responsible, but that things with Denzil—from a business aspect—were very, very grave.

She returned to the bank. All the afternoon she found herself thinking about him, not without a certain satisfaction that the black hour which had come to her father and herself had come to her former lover also. As she journeyed out later to Droitwich, where she lived still, though she had now lost her mother, he was the main topic of talk in her compartment. She thought of his plight at dinner. She thought of it later as she wandered in the lanes by moonlight. She thought about it afterwards, intensely, when she went upstairs to her room.

And there, the night hot and sleep reluc-

tant, she sat on before her window, thinking long and late into the night.

Then at last, driven by yet another impulse which was too strong, too compelling to be resisted, she walked to a drawer and took a small box from it and drew forth an envelope which had not been opened for some years.

A moment later a photograph stood propped upon the dressing-table and Philippa, picking it up, sat looking at Denzil as he had been five years ago at the outset of his cricket glories. He was full length and in flannels; and at the sight of his handsome, lithe young figure, his white teeth, his expression so keen and laughing, the tears came into her eyes.

They were not tears of grief, she told herself—for she had got over that part of it long ago. They were tears of hurt pride—pride which even at this distant moment winced at the remembrance of how she had suffered. But that same pride which stung so helped her, and she remembered her battle and her victory, and how indeed times had changed.

It was now she who was rising, and it was he who was sinking. He was going downhill, losing business, was betrayed by one among his servants, and would probably know at last the same financial debacle as had overtaken her own father.

For a moment—a woman scorned, a fine strong, striving personality, full of contemptuousness for baseness—her mind looked at things from this angle, and frankly unquestionably rejoiced at it. Then, very swiftly, the nobler side of Philippa reasserted itself, and a remembrance of the greatest of all games.

Cricket!

She had been brought up and nurtured upon cricket—her father had been a keen player and a member of the Warwickshire committee, and she had watched matches from her childhood and had a knowledge immense, encyclopedic, of its finer points and its traditions. She began rapidly to forget her personal wrongs and to feel cricket's influence overwhelming her. She had got to do what cricket teaches—to play the game for the side.

England—her country—needed Denzil. Without him it must be shamed and humiliated and have no chance of regaining the lost ashes. So, standing there at her window, she knew she had got to do for England one of the hardest things imaginable. She had got to sacrifice her pride.

At first this knowledge fairly staggered her. But presently she found calmness in the very certainty of what she was going to do upon the morrow, and at last she sought her bed and slept.

In the morning there was a long special article in the *Birmingham Star* upon the prodigious disadvantage which Denzil's refusal meant to the M.C.C. team and on the absolute impossibility of adequately replacing him. Philippa read it. Her purpose hardened and strengthened. About three o'clock she rose resolutely and went into the manager's room.

"Will you kindly allow me to go out on private business for half an hour or so?" she asked.

Permission was granted readily. Within three minutes—five possibly, for she put on her hat very carefully—she was out in Corporation Street, and ten minutes after that she was standing in front of Denzil Dickinson's premises.

At the office entrance she hesitated, thinking of her own position and of what Denzil might think of her should the letter by any chance have a perfectly innocent interpretation and should she seem to have forced reacquaintance upon him and to have made herself cheap and contemptible.

Then she remembered a well-known saying of Coleridge:

"In our own hearts and not in other people's opinions lies our true honour."

And she smiled to herself proudly and passed in and went up to the doorkeeper.

"Someone from Boyds Bank," she said. "To see Mr. Dickinson immediately!"

A moment later Philippa and the man she had once been engaged to were standing face to face.

He did not recognize her, for she had developed so much in personality and had matured in beauty greatly; and he, too, had much altered. Handsome and most vital he was still; but all the old gaiety seemed gone from him. He looked worried, anxious, grave.

"You come from Boyds," he said in a tone which seemed to Philippa to convey a certain apprehensiveness. "But I have no account with them, and—"

"No!" She cut him short. "My visit has nothing to do with banking. I thought you might care to see this letter!"

She opened her bag and gave him that copy which she had taken yesterday. While he read it she read it also, since its words were graven on her brain.

"DEAR GODFREY,—I saw Hainworth to-night on my way to the station. Miss W. has worked the oracle and has got a copy—which Hainworth gave me. You shall have it at my place this evening.

"That girl is a perfect treasure. We have got D. R. D. fairly set!"

Denzil Dickinson stood a space staring straight ahead of him. Then, as though this cruel blow had put fresh fight into him, his keen, quick eyes flashed at Philippa, and his voice rang eager as of old.

"Where did you get this thing?" he demanded.

"It was missorted!"

"Missorted?"

"Yes. The original—which was addressed to Godfrey Higson, of Higson and Co., the contractors—was in the Boyds Bank private letter-bag, misplaced there by the post office, and it got opened by the chief accountant, and—I am secretary to the manager—I took that rough copy of it before sending it on to the addressee with a letter of explanation."

"On the manager's instructions!"

"No. On my own initiative."

"Really! But that was most awfully kind of you. What made you do it?"

"I don't quite know. You see, I just had an impulse. And I used to know you long ago, and I was afraid someone was betraying you."

Philippa ended rather breathlessly. Denzil Dickinson stood staring at her. A fly settled on her cheek. She turned to brush it off, and the gesture—added to the effect of neck and head and profile—touched the needed chord in his memory. His face went red beneath its tan.

"B-but you're Philippa Stronach!" he stammered.

She nodded, herself reddening, and watched Denzil grow peony. Then she saw him take a swift stride forward and felt him grip her hand.

"You're a brick!" he cried warmly and enthusiastically. "Do you know what this means? You have given me the clue to something which had begun—and must have ultimately completed—my ruin. Now, will you do me another favour also?"

"What is it?"

"I want you to sit in my chair for a minute. All you need do is to be quite silent or to answer all my questions in the affirmative unless I tap gently on the mantelpiece, in which case please reply in the negative!"

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Philippa nodded, divining what was coming. Denzil put his finger on the bell.

There was a moment's interval. Then the door opened and a woman of about seven-and-twenty entered, smartly dressed, intelligent-looking, far from wanting in personal attraction, but with rather a loose mouth and a weak chin. As soon as she saw Philippa she started and looked very genuinely alarmed.

"Sit down!" her employer ordered sternly.

The woman obeyed, glancing with desperate anxiousness at the stranger. Then she tried to assume an air of complete indifference, but her tongue (thrice tell-tale trick of the guilty!) began to moisten dry lips.

"Miss Walton," began Denzil coldly, and as one who holds the trumps and has the knowledge, while Philippa, as the name was spoken, realized that this woman—Denzil's secretary—must be the "Miss W." of the missorted letter. "In the presence of this lady" (he glanced at his visitor, who nodded gravely) "I am going to ask you certain questions. I understand that you are engaged to a traveller named Hainworth!"

"Yes, Mr. Dickinson."

"Is that any reason why you should have made a regular habit of giving him copies of my final estimates for big municipal and other contracts?"

The woman gasped and almost fainted. She recovered herself, however, and looked piteously at her interrogator and at Philippa. She did not appear evil, but rather weak and pliable; and it was easy to decide that she had been a mere cat's paw in the hands of a stronger person.

"I didn't want to," she said miserably, presently. "But Mr. Hainworth made me. He said he wouldn't marry me if I wouldn't."

"I see. And how did you get at my safe, Miss Walton?"

"When you were out—generally at lunch-time."

"Oh, I know that. But how? I always carried the keys on me!"

"I had duplicates. I got impressions with plasticine one day when the keys were on your desk and you were out of the room for a minute or so. Charlie—Mr. Hainworth—did the rest. It's been going on for several months now."

"That means two or three years—if not longer. No wonder Higsons have so consistently undercut me in all my tenders—

they would have my figures in front of them in detail. Miss Stronach, I think we had better have a written statement!"

Philippa nodded and began to set down, at the great cricketer's eliciting, Miss Walton's very full confession. When it had been signed and the duplicate keys had been handed over, Denzil Dickinson stood considering the culprit very long and hard.

"I have always treated you well," he said at last contemptuously. "I shall try to treat you well, now even. In view of your confession I do not propose to give you into custody. But, of course, I must get rid of you promptly, and you must leave these premises instantly."

The woman went out a minute or two later, her whole frame shaken with sobbing. Denzil turned to Philippa and half smiled.

"That's a good job well and quickly done," he said. "She thought, as I intended her to think, that you were a detective. Another year of that sort of thing would have finished me. Now I shall manage to pull round again, for I've no real rivals here but Higsons in my special line of building banks and factories, and my business is really splendidly organized, apart from this leakage which would have upset any firm in the universe."

"And you're not going to prosecute!"

"I trust it won't be necessary . . . it would be expensive in point of time, and might be so in money, and I can't get back contracts that have gone from me, and it will be far simpler to use that confession to get a big sum as compensation out of Higsons. Now let me thank you for your very, very great goodness to me. You say you're at Boyds, as private secretary to the manager?"

Philippa nodded but said nothing. A silence followed, and in it she was conscious of a strange, almost mystical embarrassment which it seemed that her companion knew also. It was as though the old allegiance had begun to claim both of them. She perceived herself to be trembling upon a terrible abyss of tenderness, and sat fearful of her own warm heart.

Then Denzil began to speak again with that old quick impulsiveness which she had so loved in him.

"Philippa," he said, "you have indeed been a brick to me, and you have returned good for evil. I was a brute to leave you alone in your trouble, but the stumbling-block was my mother."

"Your mother!"

"Yes. When I first heard of your father's



"Where is the letter from the M.C.C. secretary?" she demanded"—p. 1016

Drawn by
Bullfinch Salmon

THE QUIVER

misfortunes I went straight to her and told her that I loved you and wanted to marry you immediately . . . and she was violently antagonistic, and she threatened to cut off my allowance, and I was over-persuaded and gave in to her—when one is so young one doesn't trust one's own heart enough, Philippa, and one lets oneself be easily influenced by relations—and then they sent me abroad, and when I got back you had moved from Birmingham and I lost sight of you altogether."

Philippa, as she heard him, was conscious of a great wave of thankfulness and that all her old tenderness for him had returned to her—a tenderness so great that she felt as though she were in the grip of unseen forces, and that there was nothing on earth she would not do, or sacrifice, to help him.

Then, terribly embarrassed, to change the subject she said this:

"You're not going to Australia!"

"Alas! no. How can I? How could I possibly leave my business in such circumstances? My foremen are splendid. But with my secretary selling me. . . ."

"Haven't you some highly trained and promising young man whom you can trust absolutely and who knows all about estimating?"

"Yes, there's a boy called Keyte—first-class potentially, with a genius for figures and quantities—amazingly intelligent and able. But he couldn't control a big business; he hasn't the administrative experience. I shall have to stay here. You see, there's absolutely nobody."

"Yes, there is."

"Who?"

"I!"

"You?"

"Yes, why not? I'm pretty efficient as an administrator—that is, if what the chief accountant and the manager at Boyds tell me is anywhere near accurate, and they seem to back their opinions by leaving me a heap of responsibility. I've had a tremendous insight into the business, and for five years I've given my whole life to my job with the idea of, sooner or later, using the bank as a kicking-off ground from which to enter some big local works in a directing or managerial capacity. Now, Denzil, England needs you, and I want to help you and England. Leave me in charge here, to work with this young Keyte you think so highly of. The change will do you good. When you come back home—full of glory and bucked up so tremen-

dously by having done so much to get back the ashes—you will find that we have pulled things round for you, and then you may give up cricket altogether and settle down to making money!"

Philippa's low voice rang truly and deeply, and she ended on a note of splendid earnestness, having spoken from the heart and from the heart's generous fullness, hardly conscious of the hard, long task to which she was so ready to commit herself. As for Denzil he stood quite silent, lost in mixed wonder and admiration, amazed beyond power of expression at the new life and hope she had put into him.

Then, almost immediately, Philippa spoke again.

"Where is the letter from the M.C.C. secretary?" she demanded.

"The one inviting me to go to Australia?"

"Yes, of course, Denzil!"

He opened a drawer and produced it. His companion pointed to the receiver.

"Whom am I to ask for?" he questioned.

"Lord's Cricket Ground. This number!"

Denzil obeyed without demur now. As he stood there, waiting to get through to London, Philippa scribbled a few words on a slip of paper and put her finger on the bell.

"You'd better send this off immediately in case there's any hitch about getting that trunk call!" she said admonishingly.

He glanced at the words she had written. This was how the pregnant sentence read:

"Am able to go to Australia after all.—DICKINSON."

A clerk entered and took the telegram. Then a pause followed. The two remained looking at each other in dead silence till suddenly Denzil flashed a question to hide the great emotion which was now almost overmastering him.

"You realize what you are doing?" he asked breathlessly.

"Perfectly!" Philippa made swift answer.

"You're giving up an absolute certainty."

"I know that."

"For a dark and difficult adventure."

"No. For two other absolute certainties."

"What?"

"Yes, of course. The one is that you are going to bowl out the best batsmen in Australia and help to win the Test Matches, and the other is that while you are away I—the daughter of a contractor, born and bred among estimates and quantities—am

TO A HARD FACT

going to endeavour to rebuild your business so that you will be saved all future anxiety."

Philippa ended proudly, happily, confidently. At that moment a call came, presumably the trunk call of Lord's Cricket Ground.

But Denzil did not pick up the receiver immediately.

"When I come home!" she heard him repeat slowly. "And when I do, are you going to continue with us?"

"That entirely depends," she answered.

"Depends on what?"

"On whether or not you are satisfied and want me!"

Again Denzil stood looking at her. Then it seemed as if something had flamed in him—surely the Phoenix of a great mature affection rising from the ashes of a boy's uncertain first love—for he took a couple

of swift steps forward and crushed her to him passionately.

"I won't go to Australia unless I go as an engaged man!" he cried almost fiercely. "Want you? I've always wanted you. I've never been the same man since I lost sight of you. Are you going to marry me, Phil darling?"

Philippa half freed herself to answer him. And the gay and joyous girl he had once jilted seemed reborn—and to find new-old expression in her happy, laughing sentence.

"I suppose, as you'll only go to Australia as an engaged man, I shall have to accept you out of patriotism, Denzil darling. But just make haste and answer that trunk call quickly, or maybe you'll lose me because someone else has been invited to replace you . . . and if such a catastrophe were to happen my excuse for saying 'Yes' would be quite gone!"



To a Hard Fact

*By
Fay
Inchfawn*

First time I glimpsed you, in dismay
I turned my anguished eyes away.
Redeeming feature you had none,
Extenuating thought, not one!
You were uncomely through and through
And who could hold a brief for you?

And then, by some queer chance, I heard
A rumour, and a whispered word
Of your contemporary kin;
Of how your forbears looked at sin;
And of the dark environment
In which from birth your days were spent.

Till knowing much (not all) I turned
To you a heart that inly burned
With tender pity; wondering:
Not that you walk, an alien thing;
Nor that you seem a blot—a curse;
But that you are not even worse!

Cramming Our Girls

Is the Strain of School Life Too Great?

By Margaret Hazell

YES, Ruth's getting on very well at school," said her mother to me the other day; "she's going in for Matriculation at the end of the year, and she had a very good report last term. She's president of the Debating Society, which seems to be rather an honour, and she's in the First Eleven for hockey this year. Then I expect she told you, when she wrote at Christmas, that she passed her harmony exam., and she was chosen to be one of the prefects, too. Oh, yes, she seems to be doing very well, and yet, you know, I wish there weren't quite so many things for her to do. I never seem to see anything of her during the week, for she stays at school so much for extra things, and when she comes back there are all the home lessons and practising. Of course, I don't expect her to do much in the house, I don't think that's fair when a girl's at school, but it would be a help if she could darn her own stockings and sew on her own buttons. However," she concluded with a sigh, "I suppose it's always the way nowadays, but I do wish they wouldn't give them so much to do. Ruth gets very tired sometimes, but, of course, I mustn't say a word to the school."

No Time to Relax

Just then Ruth came in. I should have liked her to have stopped and talked for a while, for she is quite the most attractive schoolgirl I know, but it was already six o'clock, she had stopped at school for a rehearsal of the Sixth Form play, one of the great events of the year, and lessons and practising had to be done. "There's an English essay to-night," she said, "and a Latin prose, then there's algebra, and that always takes me overtime, and if I can I'd really like to get on a bit with to-morrow night's work, for we're playing the Ashton First Eleven in the afternoon, and I do find it so hard to work after a match."

So away she went to the study, and I saw no more of her that evening. As I went home I pondered over my friend's words.

"I do wish they wouldn't give them so much to do." I thought myself that the child didn't look as fresh as she used to do, and I thought of other girls I knew who had found the strain of school life too much.

A Stiff Test

Now, what is it that we want for our daughters? We send them to a good school and keep them there till they are seventeen or eighteen because we know that a good education is a priceless asset and we want them to do well in life. The world in most cases demands that a girl who is going to earn her own living shall be able to say that she has passed some recognized examination as a guarantee that she is intelligent and has acquired a certain amount of knowledge.

It is not an easy thing for the average girl to pass these examinations, for they provide a stiff test in all the subjects of the school curriculum. Take, for instance, the London Matriculation, whether taken externally or via the London General Schools Certificate examination. The candidate must pass in English, mathematics, a language, and two other subjects; if she is content to aim at the General Schools Certificate only, English, arithmetic, a language and either mathematics or science will suffice, but she will probably add history, geography or a second language, and both mathematics and science so as to give her a chance to fail in something without spoiling her result. The majority, therefore, of candidates for this examination are faced with a comprehensive syllabus in at least seven subjects (for mathematics includes also algebra and geometry). Furthermore, the standard grows higher every year: both the girl and her teachers must work very hard, and it is not wonderful that many a one grows fretful and nerve-ridden under the strain of preparation.

What about Other Interests?

And then there comes in the question of interests which lie outside the round of

CRAMMING OUR GIRLS

lessons. Music, dancing, elocution, painting are accomplishments which parents like their daughters to possess, and much time is often devoted to them. Dancing is the chief offender, the music or elocution lesson lasts a comparatively short time, but dancing may occupy the whole of Saturday morning or a week-day afternoon, and there are frequent concerts and pupils' demonstrations which mean hours of preparation and rehearsal. These are independent of school and not encouraged there; no one, of course, will wish a girl to learn none of these artistic subjects, but very often the amount of time they take up means that other and more important things are scamped, and the school rightly insists that its pupils shall be helped, and not hindered, in giving full attention to their work.

Moreover, school itself provides interests outside lesson time; there are, for instance, the games, to which so much attention is given to-day. The pioneers of women's education were bent on proving that women were as good as men in mind and body. They pleaded urgently for the opening of professions and examinations hitherto closed to women, and in a little time they also took over the faith in games which is characteristic of boys' schools. This was hardly the outcome of their desire for equality, but was due rather to a sincere belief in the value of corporate physical exercise as a training in *esprit de corps*, that quality which women have been always accused of lacking. Games teach the players to sacrifice self to the good of the community, to be good losers, to work harmoniously with others; their ethical value is as great as their health value, and girls and women must learn to take them as seriously as boys and men do.

This would have been their argument, and so grew up the modern cult of games for girls, hockey, netball, lacrosse, tennis, with the demand that all who are physically fit shall at least once a week strenuously exercise themselves on the school courts or playing-field.

In its way this is an excellent doctrine, but one which has been carried out too vigorously, thereby piling another burden on a schoolgirl's back. Tennis is not a particularly exacting game, but the others, especially hockey and lacrosse, involve much running for most of the players, and often a girl comes home after a games afternoon too tired to do her homework properly.

Matches are worse than practices, for added to the violent exertion there is the nervous and emotional strain of rivalry, of stage fright, of all the excitement and turmoil surrounding the contest, all of which together leave her afterwards tired out and only fit for bed. And yet lessons have to be done that evening. One is tempted to paraphrase the Latin tag and say, "Let homework be done, though the heavens fall."

Must Play Games

All girls do not take games, it is true; doctor's orders prevent some, and a multiplicity of engagements others. But unless she can plead one of these two excuses, a girl who does not play games often has a hard time of it. Not always, of course, for in many schools her individuality is respected, and if she does not want to play the case is put fairly before her, and her decision is allowed to stand. But this is not always so. Often she is treated as a slacker, held up to public scorn as disloyal to her house or form, even morally lectured on her offence.

If, however, it is laziness that keeps her back, then perhaps such scoldings may be useful, but there is a type of girl who inherently dislikes games and is not a success at them, and this square peg in many cases suffers acutely from well-meant attempts to fit her into a round hole. She certainly needs exercise of some kind, but dancing or fencing might possibly appeal to her more, and might well be suggested as an alternative to team games.

Guarded from Responsibility

Boys have for a long time been given a free hand in the management of certain subordinate departments of school life, but their sisters have generally been carefully guarded from responsibility, and accustomed to obey orders rather than act on their own initiative. Docility has in too many cases been extolled as the brightest jewel in the schoolgirl's dower. But of recent years we have wakened up to the fact that the Griselda type of woman is not an ideal to aim at (though, fortunately, we did not often succeed in producing a perfect specimen) and we have too often rushed to the opposite extreme. "Our schools," we said, "are not producing responsible women; they have been so carefully spoonfed and looked after that when they leave the care of their teachers and

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mothers they have no idea how to set about managing their own lives. Let us, therefore, imitate boys' schools, and give our girls a share in looking after themselves."

It is not easy, however, to carry out a far-reaching reform without some mistakes, and in avoiding one pitfall we often fall into another. America's emancipation of the negroes was attended with many difficulties arising from the nature of the people who were being set free, and though our schoolgirls were not slaves, and have not been given full and unconditional liberty, in some cases they have been put into positions of responsibility without enough previous training.

The change from a state of pupillage to one of authority, even though that authority is not great, ought to be made gradually; to advance by a leap, is to upset the balance of things.

An Important Distinction

Many schools have seen this danger and have been cautious in bringing about their reforms, but in almost all cases they have lost sight of an important factor, that boys and girls react differently to the same set of conditions. A prefect in a boys' school takes his duty seriously during the day, but when it is over he slips out of his mantle of responsibility till next time. Unless circumstances are exceptional, he will not worry about his job when he is no longer at it.

But a girl carries her troubles with her continually. The school is perhaps passing through an unruly stage, as all schools do now and then; the younger girls are cheeky and disobedient. The prefect thinks about her failure to enforce discipline. What ought she to have done when Joan made a face at her? What should she do to-morrow if Olive leaves her shoes out again? How is she to stop all talking at forbidden times? The subject gets into her homework, forms the background to all her waking thoughts, and reappears in her dreams. Little wonder that she is no more successful next day. Little wonder that she begins to lose her appetite and to look tired.

What shall We Do?

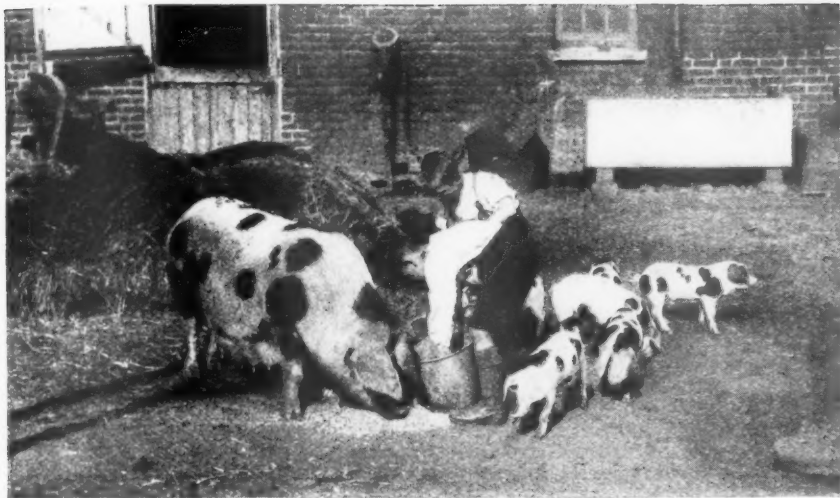
What, then, are we to do? We seem to be involved in a circle. The world

demand that a girl should reach a certain level of intellectual attainment, and the easiest way of showing that she has reached it is the production of some recognized certificate. School work, therefore, is organized expressly with a view to examinations, the number of candidates sent in force up the standard, each year the work becomes more difficult and makes more demands on the pupil so that she has less time for other pursuits and tends to live for school and her lessons alone. Overstrain follows, and leaves its mark on the quality of her work so that in many cases she fails to obtain the all-important qualification. The school's attempts to develop her physically and socially have helped in this disastrous result.

This is a problem to which there is no answer at present. Games and the social activities of school life seem in some cases to have assumed undue importance, but whatever we may think about them it is clear that it is not possible to curtail the amount of homework or the hours at school to any great extent. The mistresses themselves are bound as tightly as their pupils on the examination rack, standards have been raised all round, and they must screw up their pupils' work to the prescribed level. No one can say where the fault lies. The schools blame the universities, the universities blame the whole of modern life for flooding them with candidates, and modern life says not unreasonably, "Why should we not require proof of a definite standard's being reached? We do not ask that it should be very high: it is you who have put it up."

Time will solve this as it has solved so many other problems, but we must wait for its solution. And so Ruth must go on, absorbed in her homework and hockey, her debating society and her music. We may deplore that she never has time to mend her stockings or sew on her buttons, and yet, after all, these are small things, and school is giving her things which will be of use all through her life. She is learning how to think clearly and express what she thinks, to obey her head as well as her heart, to consider others and realize her duty to the community. And, anyway, she enjoys it all from the first morning of the term to the last.

This is a highly important subject, and I shall welcome correspondence upon it from parents, teachers—and the girls themselves. I shall be pleased to send a cheque for Three Guineas for the best letter on the subject. Address The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4, before September 28.



Feeding the Family

Pigs !

*A Vindication
By Olive Hockin*

THERE was one species of domestic beast that I used to say I would never have on a farm of my own, and that was—the PIG. The pig, I considered, was an impossible animal. Ugly, shapeless, dirty, and altogether monstrous! A thing devoid of intelligence and incapable of inspiring affection. Also, it had no function in life but to be slaughtered and eaten—a fact that from the beginning was enough to daunt one whose regard for her beasts was not entirely restricted to their money-making qualities.

Pigs—and Pigs

But there are, I soon discovered, both pigs and—pigs. The modern, hygienic, grazing pig is of an altogether different status from those whose acquaintance I first made—unfortunate prisoners confined from the hour of their birth to that of their execution in a dark, evil-smelling sty, cleaned out once a month, or less. Housed in such a manner, would one expect even a civilized human to develop intelligence, health or decency? A pig, however, healthily and naturally kept, is more companionable and intelligent and a far cleaner animal than a cow, the houses of those who are free to run in and out as they like being sweet and

fresh as any hayloft. I think, really, I would hardly have minded sleeping in Hydrangea's myself.

Hydrangea, it should be explained, was a stately sow of vast proportions and even vaster pedigree. She is registered in the herd book of the Large Black Pig Society, and the names of her ancestors may be seen winning prizes at any agricultural show. Very conscious she was, too, of this inherited celebrity, as one might see by the lordly way she took possession of the farm on her first arrival. Did any impertinent fence bar her path, it had but to be walked through, and lo! it was no more. Was any gate shut or locked, she needed only to insert her nose beneath, lift it off the hinge—and promptly it was open! Much too lordly was she, of course, to shut it behind her, any poor sort of human creature might do that. And if cows and calves were in consequence dispersed from field to field, what mattered that to her ladyship? That was the beginning of a hammer-and-nail campaign which never ceased so long as Hydrangea and I were in possession of the farm.

Whatever food happened to be going was hers, of course, by right of precedence, and it was only by very close attention to the doors that we kept her from the house. She

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A Happy Family indeed !

liked a nice soft lair to sleep in too, especially when a family was due. At such times nothing was safe: doormats, coats, dishcloths hanging out to dry—all have been commandeered for the making of her bed, and one pouring night in the middle of hay-harvest the rick-sheet itself, which was covering the half-built hayrick, was seized by the acquisitive mother, dragged along to her den and woven neatly into her nest, leaving my precious hay exposed to the elements.

Life was certainly not lacking in interest during Hydrangea's reign. There was always the twice-yearly excitement of a new family, and perhaps nothing on the farm is more fascinating than a lively litter of little black pigs when first they come out to revel in the green meadow grass, tumbling, romping and scampering about like madcap puppies.

All jerks and springs are little pigs. In inquisitive fashion they will come nosing round, then if one stoops to touch them—with a squeak and a bound they are yards away! All of a sudden two will be off in a race, neck to neck—round that thistle, over the ditch and back to mother again. Who won? Nobody cares! The race is the thing, and away go the rest, *ventre à terre*, round and round in a circle. Presently, finding a sheltered sunny corner, Hydrangea calls them up with purring grunts, flops over on her side and yields her milk to the prodding, struggling, kicking babes, who

squeal the while at the tops of their shrill voices.

I think one of Hydrangea's most dramatic coups—before her days of motherhood—was once on a summer's afternoon. It was a Sunday, and some friends and children had come over to visit the farm and the animals and me. Down in the orchard we were scattered about all in the splatter of sun and shade from the apple boughs. Tea, *al fresco*, was in full swing, and spread on the grass was a goodly array of provender—bread and butter, jam and buttermilk cakes. Was it the talk and the laughter, or was it the buttermilk cake that reached her ladyship's senses as she grazed unheeded above? History does not say, but the next thing we knew was her precipitate entry upon the scene. Crashing down the slope she came in manner quite undignified, making straight for our little group below. What could we do but spring to our feet and re-scue the cakes? And there we were in a circle, vaguely helpless, each holding aloft a dish or a teacup, while in the midst, quite unperturbed, Hydrangea, contentedly grunting, mouthed up the crumbs, upset the milk, and scattered the remaining crockery. What to do then? Nothing will move a pig until its own inclination does so; a cuff or a blow, and it will merely squeak and circle back to the desired spot. So we stood round powerless, until at last I bethought me of fetching her own familiar feeding pail. This had a magic effect, and, still grunting

PIGS!

and squealing in manner quite undignified, she made her exit, trundling behind the bucket and meal. After which the festivity resumed its interrupted course.

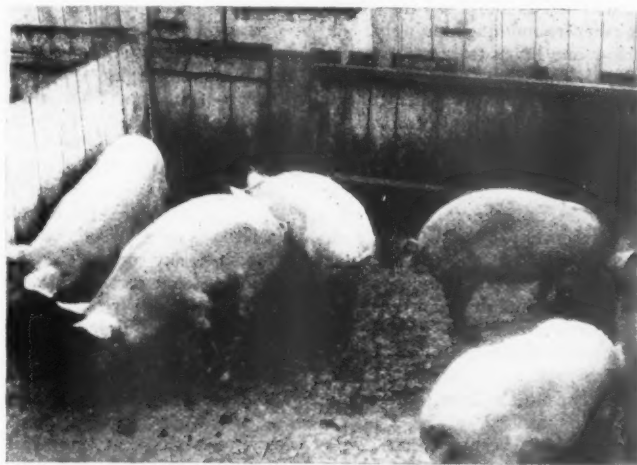
There are many distressful things that have to be done on a farm, and one that I could never contemplate with equanimity was the ringing of pigs. Pigs are rooters; in a state of Nature they gain much of their food by grubbing for roots in the earth, and the neat and rapid way they will turn up the turf of one's best meadow, converting it into a ploughed field, is astonishing. To check this passion for digging on their own it is necessary to clip little rings into their noses.

How our souls did squirm at the thought of tackling that job ourselves! My aide-de-camp at that time was a stalwart "land-girl," and between us we ran the house and the farm without any male labour whatever, so all jobs, pleasant and unpleasant, had to be tackled alike. Necessity, in fact, is often the mother of capacity, and it is surprising how impossible deeds become possible when no one else is at hand to do them.

I had secretly hoped that she, whose lip curls so scornfully at the sight of anyone putting their hands, would have undertaken the operation, but as at first she flatly refused I had to nerve myself. She did the holding, and I, with my little pincers, did the ringing. But alas! so demoralizing is the high-pitched squealing that ascends to heaven the moment a pig is touched, and so fearful was I of going too deep and hurting it, that for one ring that went in quite half a dozen shut themselves up outside their little leather noses. Moreover, in two days' time nearly all the rings had come out, so they had to go through it all over again—poor, long-suffering little piggies! This time, though, we reversed our parts. I undertook to catch and hold the little wriggling, squealing creatures while Elizabeth—with great determination and an air of tolerating no sentimental squeamishness

whatever—clipped in the rings deftly and firmly, and the deed was done.

But that is only one of the many trying experiences that a pig endures before it reaches one's table. People who are vegetarians for humane reasons little realize that the life of an animal is often more of a tragedy than its death. They refuse to eat mutton, but are quite satisfied to wear woollen clothing, regardless of the misery of tail-cutting, castrating, dipping, toe-paring and shearing that a sheep must endure throughout its life. The few moments at the butcher's, unconscious of its fate, can hardly be the worst in an animal's life. Moreover, they all must die. Is it better for them to be turned out—as they are by the Hindoos who may not take life—to die of starvation, disease, and old age rather than be slaughtered humanely when their time comes? If we were to cease to kill, what, again, shall be done with the males? There is no way of ensuring the birth of only heifer calves or hens among



Good Specimens—
and Clean

Photo:
Alfred

cattle and fowls—is the country to be overrun with fierce bulls, cocks or boars fighting and killing each other, with no profit to themselves or anyone else?

In a state of nature every creature who fails to come up to the normal standard of intelligence, health or efficiency becomes at once a victim to some roving beast of prey. So the standard is maintained, and among wild animals disease is unknown. Beasts of prey, in fact, are Nature's Ministry of

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Health, certainly a far more efficient service than our civilized department that goes by that name. To kill and live on the flesh of other species is so necessary a part of the economy of Nature that it is only, I am inclined to believe, those who live isolated in the artificial conditions of towns who can, apart from reasons of health or personal distaste, hold principles against the killing of animals for meat. It is better, surely, to try to secure for the beasts we depend on in so many ways as tolerable and happy a life as may be rather than shut our eyes to the fact that die they must in the end.

And in spite of all they do enjoy life!

Hydrangea, shaking off her clamouring progeny, heaves herself up and wanders back to the yard to see if there may yet be some appetizing scraps about overlooked in her last foray.

Here a surprise greets her! Who is this long-legged, staggy creature with the smoke-blue eyes? A calf, born but yesterday, and to-day exploring its new and interesting world. Hydrangea and family must needs inquire into this, and they gather round questioningly. What passes? How one longs to know what animals really say. That they speak is obvious, also that they have some code of manners. The newcomer's credentials seem to be in order, for Hydrangea is satisfied, and passes on her way, leaving the calf full of curiosity, sniffing here, there and everywhere, examining the gate, the rails, the hedge.

Presently a cat strolls in, and the calf sits back—all four legs spread wide in astonishment. Pussy also comes up to sniff, recognizing a new inhabitant in her world. Then having exchanged greetings, again with mutual satisfaction, Red-legs careers away, hoppity-skip round the yard, vanishing finally into the byre, where patient mummy is being milked.

The cat resumes her walk with pre-occupied air, for in a few days' time she too will follow the season's fashion, and will be lying curled up in the hay with her kittens—weak, sightless little scraps, almost as helpless as humans of like age.

Meanwhile Hydrangea is in trouble! While nosing round, purring and grunting into every corner, she has invaded the precincts of a large Buff Orpington, scattering the chicks in every direction.

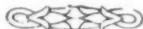
"Chuck - a - chuck - uk - uk - uk - uk!" cries mother Buff Orpington, fluffing out her petticoats like a lady in a crinoline. "Get off, you great black, ugly, clumsy monster, you; you shan't touch one of my chicks! Be off this minute!"

And fluttering in a very frenzy of righteous indignation, she stands in front of the unfortunate sow until her black ladyship is forced to retreat, ignominiously routed by a hen no bigger than her own black babes. But the hen is a mother, too, you see, and immensely important in her eyes are those minute bits of yellow fluff that only two days ago hatched out of the eggs she had brooded, quietly in the darkness, for three long weeks. A rattle of a bucket is heard, and Hydrangea's shame is forgot as if it had never been. Hastily she veers round and makes for the thrilling sound. But alas! it is not her own familiar bucket full of delicious meal, but only the new milk being conveyed from cow-house to dairy.

"But it's all the same to me," says Hydrangea. "Just let me get my nose inside it, please, I'm not particular!"

The milkmaid, however, bucket and all, disappears at the dairy door, leaving Hydrangea and Co. to squeal their hearts out on the steps.

It is five o'clock and feeding-time, a busy hour on the farm, and all the beasts are agog—eager to be first at the feast. Usually the pigs win in this, for once a bucket is sounded the whole company assemble and rend the air with such shrieks that the very sky seems like to burst. In self-defence out comes Elizabeth post-haste, armed with their rightful pail, whereto Hydrangea, Co., and other pigs do their utmost to impede her journey to the trough. While little noses poke and peer into the pail and little bodies wriggle between her feet yet she struggles on, and with a switch keeps them at bay while pouring out the meal. At each flick of switch upon nose the beseeching wail breaks into a staccato yell of indignation, till one would think that at least forty pigs were being murdered instead of a dozen or so sitting down to supper. But at last the trough is full, and in a flash the orchestral music ceases, drops to a determined gobble-splosh, gobble, munch and splosh as each one concentrates on devouring his full share.



Jen Culliton's Hands

The story of a woman who thought she wasn't wanted

By Nelia Gardner White

THEY were big and brown and rough, Jen Culliton's hands. There was a dark roughened place along the right forefinger, which stood for many vegetables pared, and the clean finger nails were cracked in two or three places. The wedding ring, wide and bright yellow, was a little tight on the flesh below the big, bony knuckle. On the back of one hand a vein stood out in knotted ugliness.

They sound ugly, but somehow they were not. They belonged to Jen Culliton as surely as did her blue and white striped gingham dresses and her great knot of Scotch-sandy hair. She was a big woman, Jen—broad of shoulder, long-limbed, wide-faced, straight-backed. She walked with a kind of mannish stride; folks could tell it from afar. Her eyes were clear grey, and you had a notion that she saw a great deal more than she told about. Her voice was big, too; but hearty and cheerful always.

Jen had never taken much note of her hands. She had always been too busy doing things with them. There had been times, when she was a young girl, when she had cried over her awkwardness, for she had always been too big—too big for her clothes, too big for her seat in school, too big for her age. But she was one of eleven, and her sensitiveness didn't have time for development. She found out sooner than some that worry doesn't make you slim or graceful or popular. There was so much to do at home that when she was left out of a party she couldn't brood over it, not with ten younger. As a matter of fact, she wasn't left out much. She was so sure and strong and steady and cheerful that folks depended on her.

She had always wanted to be a trained nurse, and she would have been a wonder, too; but Steve Culliton, who'd lived with his mother for a long time, found himself entirely alone and somewhat helpless, and asked Jen to marry him. He was not very romantic about it, but he was manifestly sincere, and Jen took him. The truth was, she knew that she wasn't fashioned for

romance like her sister Rose, and she felt that she was getting almost more than her share when she got Steve.

She always had a feeling, though it did not come from any insinuations of Steve's, that he had done her a favour by marrying her; she was so plain and unornamental. She tried to make it up to him. Steve had a big farm, and he managed it alone except for occasional help from the neighbours. He spoke of a hired man when Jen came, but she said she'd help with the milking and other odd jobs.

Steve had much common sense, but Jen was really always the man of the house. She took over the finances and the care of the dairy and chickens. It didn't tire her much, for she was so big and strong. Jen went out in the fields with Steve every summer and helped to get the hay and wheat in. She wore overalls and a big straw hat, and looked more at ease in them than in dresses. They raised two thousand bushels of potatoes one year and the crop was so plentiful everywhere that they couldn't hire anyone even to draw the tubers away. They buried them in great pits in the ground and they rotted there. Jen had helped to plant and dig them, and she felt the loss a great deal. But Steve was downright discouraged, so she couldn't show her feelings much. She laughed those potatoes into a joke and eventually Steve laughed too. Soon after that Philip was born.

"He had to come to help eat up them potatoes!" Jen said. He was a surprisingly little baby, Philip, when you considered Jen and Steve. Steve was a big man himself. Perhaps Jen's strength had gone too much to the caring for and harvesting of that potato crop. Jen found time for Philip besides the milking and threshing and baking and fussing with baby chickens and calves. She couldn't get used to him, he was so tiny and so little trouble.

The heavy voice that brought Steve in to dinner grew incredibly soft when she talked or sang to the baby, and her hands, that knew the feeling of the plough handles

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and the haft of the axe, lifted and comforted with unbelievable gentleness and tenderness. She was a little shy of him; he seemed too beautiful to belong to her.

Margaret came when Philip was two. Jen fitted her in, too. Margaret was ten days old when Steve fell and twisted his arm. Jen got up and took charge of things. Steve leaned on her as though he were Philip's age. Jen was very well, so she carried the burden. She understood Margaret better than Philip, for Margaret was much like some of her younger sisters had been, pretty and quick-tempered and firm for her rights. Philip was a dreamer, even in babyhood. Jen often said that she didn't see how she happened to have such a child, but there were sometimes moments when their likeness was almost uncanny.

Then came the cruel snow-bound winter when Steve had pneumonia and the doctor didn't arrive till Steve was right at death's door. Jen hadn't slept for eight nights, and her cheerfulness had come to be put off and on like a mask for the children and Steve. But the children had their meals and were reasonably happy, and she was with Steve when he needed her. She got the next-door neighbour to do the milking; but the night after Steve died the snow was so bad that the neighbour couldn't come, and she did the milking herself. Afterwards, in the first days of being alone, her strength seemed gone out of her. She felt as though a wall shut her in from the rest of the world and no comfort or help could pass it. But there were the children making their demands upon her. She picked up the threads and went on.

Jen ran the farm alone now. A great deal of the work she did herself, though she had help when she could afford it. She seemed even bigger, more sure and hearty than ever. She had to be. After that first bleak pull, she put aside the longing for Steve's dependency upon her and for his silent self, as far as was possible, and lived for the children. She began to have fewer failures, there were some quite worthwhile successes. The children were at school and they needed many things. They never doubted Jen's ability to procure those things for them, and, if the things did not materialize, they were made sure, by Jen's sureness, that they hadn't been needed. Sometimes Margaret rebelled a little. Philip was the dreamer, a little too patient, and sometimes Jen wondered—especially as she grew older—why, when she understood

him so little, she should feel nearer to him than to Margaret.

Philip and Margaret both went away to school. Philip had always been building things; he studied to be an architect. Jen was glad, somehow, that he had not chosen farming. She clung to the farm herself, made a good living out of it. Folks sometimes laughed when they saw her coming with her mannish stride down the road, but in spite of the laughter there was no one who did not respect her. She was unalterably square in all her dealings, and there wasn't a man about who didn't like to do business with her. She felt a certain just pride in her success, and did not feel it too keenly when Philip and Margaret married, within a month of each other, and moved away. Margaret married a dealer in motor-cars, and many of the things that had meant luxuries to her became commonplaces. Philip married a little girl who was studying art. Jen, in a stiff, unbecoming silk dress, saw them married. Margaret's husband she understood—a shrewd, hustling business man. But she was shy with Philip's wife, as she'd always been shy with him. A little bit of a thing, too, Phil's wife.

Margaret's husband took a liking to Jen. He wanted her to come and live with them, but Jen knew better than that, even if Margaret had seconded the invitation. Margaret's ways weren't hers; they never would be. Besides, there was the wheat to get in; there didn't seem to be any good place where she could stop and wind up her affairs on the farm.

It was not till after the first few years of widowhood had gone by that Jen began to give way. She would never be really idle, but there was money enough for help now, no real need to slave. And Margaret nagged her into getting a man to run the place on shares, said it didn't look right for her, at her age, to go out into the fields like any common day labourer.

Letting-go did to Jen what it has to many another. It brought discontent and a sense of failure and a consciousness of personal faults and frailties and age.

For the first time in years she was acutely aware of herself. She began to look at herself with the eyes of her neighbours and children. A brusque, busy, somewhat ungainly woman, without any of the small graces and charms of femininity. A woman people laughed at and treated like a man. Children far away and glad to be away. Nothing really left to live for.

JEN CULLITON'S HANDS

She, who had always refused to worry, began to worry about her feelings. She couldn't understand why she felt so good-for-nothing and worn out, when she'd always met each day with such eagerness for its tasks. She tried to sleep later mornings, but she could not do it after such a long-established habit of rising at five. She began to have little ailments—backache, a difficulty in breathing when she climbed the stairs, an occasional headache. Margaret's husband's old invitation to live with them began to pull temptingly, but she still had sense enough to know that she mustn't yield to it. Margaret was too fussy about her house, she was the kind who didn't like children and probably wouldn't ever have any. She played bridge nearly every afternoon. Jen knew that eventually it would get on her nerves.

The winter dragged. It was a snow-bound winter. Jen thought of Steve more than usual, and hugged her precious few moments of romance to her in a sentimental way unlike her. She borrowed

what books she could and read a great deal. It was rather slow work, for she had always been too busy with life itself to spend much time reading. She liked it a little, though only occasionally, when a line about something very familiar, such as the smell of the new-turned earth or the glory of the wild cherry tree in May, came to her eyes, did she really have a deep feeling of pleasure in reading. Philip sent her a little book once on her birthday. "Songs of a Farm-land," little homely, everyday verses, and those it somehow comforted and calmed her to read.



"She wore overalls and a big straw hat, and looked more at ease in them than in dresses"—p. 1025

As it came near her fifty-fourth birthday her discontent and restlessness became intense. She was conscious from morning to night that she was ugly, old, and unwanted. Even the oversight of the spring sowing didn't seem to satisfy. There had always been a pleasant feeling of anticipation for the planting and a warmth of satisfaction when it was done.

"Don't know what I'm doing it for, year after year," she said to herself. "Nobody to work for only myself. Think I'll get a little cottage down in the village and sell this old place!"

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She didn't sell it.

She determined to have a real good new dress for best, one with style to it. Miss Prescott in the village made it. It was blue taffeta and it cost the price of six dozen eggs for every yard of it. Perhaps Margaret would ask her for a spring visit and she'd want something decent to wear. But when she got it home and tried it on before the long mirror in the old Culliton spare-room, she flushed with shame at her frivolous desires. In the first place, the dress hadn't been made to suit the dignified bigness of Jen. But Jen thought that it was only that she was too old and coarse to wear it. Her hands hung below the three-quarter-length sleeves, big and brown and awkward. Her sandy hair stood up grotesquely above the girlish ruffle at the blue taffeta neck. She took off the dress with angry, humiliated jerks and put it away.

"Don't know what I wanted to waste my money for—don't aim to go anywhere this summer," she said, irritated at her extravagance. "Anyway, my old black's good enough for another year or two!"

She went out and chopped a few slabs of wood to let off her feelings. She looked down ruefully at her hands when she was through.

"Wasn't meant for nothing else!" she addressed them.

But she didn't want "nothing else." She continued to yearn for something continually; she didn't know just what.

On her birthday morning she got up at five, as usual. She felt that bothersome ache in her back that she'd had so often lately.

"Old worn-out horse!" she said to herself in the glass. Then, just to spite age, she put on her work clothes. "Only dress I got I look good in," she said. "Going to plant potatoes to-day—ain't on the shelf yet! Maybe I ain't fit to play bridge at one of Marg'ret's affairs, but I reckon I can still plant potatoes!"

She went down to the orchard and broke off two branches of blossoms. She tied one to each handle of the planter.

She put a stiff-stemmed spray in her sandy hair and laughed about it, a little mirthlessly. She pulled a straw hat down tight over it and went out to the north field, which she was going to put into potatoes this year.

"Reckon I look like one of these day-bitants, Marg'ret's always telling about, now," she said grimly.

She walked through the soft dirt, planting steadily and evenly, but her mind was in a turmoil of middle-aged, self-pitying thoughts.

"Worked like a nigger all my life . . . nobody cares . . . nobody to work for now, I'll sell the old place, that's what I'll do, sell it and settle down to be a respectable old lady. I've said so long enough. I ain't going to dilly-dally a bit longer. I'll sell it to-day. I'll go down and see the judge; he said his cousin wanted it." She flared up in a final rebellion, "Shan't even finish this row of potatoes. I'm plumb sick of it!"

She put on her black silk dress, out of respect for the town's opinion of the judge. Once she thought she'd wait for the postman. There'd be something from the children—but, no, she wouldn't. Just something because they thought they had to. Well, it was that way with Marg'ret anyway. She wouldn't wait. Ugly old place, even the children wouldn't come home to it! She'd get rid of it to-day.

She had a little moment of regret when she drove off. She could see the orchard so clearly, all pink in the May sunshine. She remembered how Philip had liked to play there in the spring.

It was a warm day and the black silk was uncomfortable and hot. She hoped the judge wasn't home, but he was. Most folks were afraid of the judge, but Jen wasn't.

"Well, John," she said when she faced him in his office (she wondered why that difficulty in breathing should attack her now), "well, John, I suppose Eph's bought a place before now, hasn't he?"

"Why, no, Jen! You ready to sell yours?"

"Reckon I am. Sick of working, John."

"H'm! Can't see you sitting down and folding your hands, Jen!"

"Well, I'm going to, for a time. I feel age creepin' on me. Can't put the gumption into splittin' wood that I used to!" She laughed a little at herself.

"Well, Eph'll be glad to get the place. He'd always had his eye on it. Felt ashamed when I asked you about it before. It wouldn't seem natural to see anyone else there. But, of course, you know what you want to do. Eph's in town to-day, I think. Want me to call him in? He was over here a while ago."

"Yes." Her loud, cheerful voice was somewhat subdued and a little grim.

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"Might as well get it fixed up if he's willing to buy."

The judge looked at her curiously, but he phoned for Eph.

"Well, now, that's too bad! Eph went home about half an hour ago. But if you want to leave a message I'll see Eph when he comes in in the morning. He'd be glad to move before the summer's work gets under way. Sure you want to give up the place, Jen? Going with one of the children?"

"No. You ought to know that two womenfolks like Marg'ret and me couldn't keep house together. And I wouldn't ask of a daughter - in - law what I wouldn't of a daughter!"

The judge laughed and shook his head.

"Independent" as ever, Jen! Wish the town had a few men with backbones as stiff as yours!"

Jen got up to go. "Well, you see Eph and tell him I'll see him before the week's up. I won't make the terms so's he can't carry it. Everything's in good shape. He can take the horses and cows or not, just as he wants. Good - bye, Jen."

She went out as abruptly as she'd come in. With no known reason, she was suddenly in a panic of haste to get home. She had a queer feeling as though she were someone else. Jen Culliton would not have parted with the farm so abruptly. Yet she felt it was as final as though the deed were in Eph's hands.

A cool breeze sprang up from the south. It felt good against her hot face. She wondered why her hands shook on the reins. She was certainly old; it was time she gave up.

She noticed that the lilac was showing purple. She remembered when she and Steve had set it out. That had been one of her moments of romance.

There were two letters in the box and two packages up on the porch. She put the horse up and sat down on the front steps,



"The judge looked at her curiously, but he phoned for Eph"

Drawn by
C. M. M.

regardless of her silk dress. She looked at the letters a minute, but put them aside. Margaret's package first. Three summer nightgowns, plain and substantial. Jen put them back into the box, folded neatly into their original creases. She felt a shame at her ungratefulness, but, somehow, she hadn't wanted nightgowns. Philip's package was flat and square, bigger than his usual gifts. It was of wood, carefully put together, and there was excelsior within. At last she came to it.

A picture! At first, as she looked at it,

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she thought it queer and plain. Just a woman, a big, homely woman in a blue dress like calico, her sleeves pushed up on her arms, her hair pulled back with old-fashioned plainness. In her arms was a baby, curly-haired and beautiful. The woman's big hand showed against the child's dress, worn and big and ugly. Ugly—that was Jen's first thought of the picture. And then she saw it was n't. It was beautiful. There was something about the woman's eyes—and her arms about the tired baby. Jen looked at it a long time. She did not put it aside like the nightdresses. Presently, with it still on her knee, she reached for Philip's letter. It was longer than usual:

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I'll bet the orchard's all in blossom to-day, isn't it? I thought I could get a whiff of it as I sat down to write. Is the lilac out yet? We have two pots of daffodils in blossom.

"I've been homesick lately. We thought, Daphne and I, that we could surely be with you for this birthday, but we wouldn't quite manage it. We were going to surprise you. But the way things have turned out, we've decided on something else. There's a baby coming in August, and we've been wondering if you couldn't come, mother. Do you suppose you could? I know you have a lot of responsibility and work there and I hate to ask it, but we're so far from home and, with this coming on, we feel like two helpless children. I don't like to have Daphne go through it without any of the women of the family at hand. There's just her aunt, and Daphne doesn't want her—she's an old maid and fussy.

"I feel sure all would be all right if your mother'd only come," Daphne says. "She's so strong and dependable, and I'd feel the baby was always all right with her!" And that's the way I feel too. Daphne hasn't been very well. I've thought sometimes that, if you should come, I'd let Daphne go back with you after she got her strength back. It's such a strength-giving old place, with you there at the helm. I think, from something she said once, that she'd like to. Well, we'll talk it over if you come.

"Did the picture come all right? Madonna pictures never look real to me, but this one did. It looked like you, somehow, you, stopping in the midst of the washing to comfort us. I felt I had to get it.

"We'll be anxious for your answer,—
Love,
PHIL."

Across the bottom, in Daphne's pretty writing: "I'm wishing I were your 'really' daughter, so you *couldn't* say 'No!'"

Jen sat still there in the May sweetness, the letter tight in her big hands. She looked down at the picture again. She looked like that—to him. Then Daphne's little sentence smiled wistfully up at her again. Suddenly the old Jen Culliton was back again, as though she had never been away, the Jen Culliton who never thought of herself, but gave what she had of strength and service cheerfully and sanely. But her eyes were wet, a rare thing with Jen, when she got to her feet. She got up and went into the house. She put the picture by her place at the table where she could look at it again at supper time. Philip's letter, too, Margaret's she scanned hastily. She went upstairs and hurried off the black silk. Her work clothes went on.

"I can get those potatoes in before dark, if I hurry," she said.

Consciousness of age slipped from her. She paid no heed to the redness or the bigness of the hands that buckled the belt of the khaki suit. There was a lot to do if she got ready to go away in August. She'd let things run a little slack lately. She'd have to see that the house was thoroughly cleaned if Daphne was coming back with her. Maybe she'd get a new hammock, and a nice easy chair. The old baby quilts and things must be brought down out of the attic and fixed up for use. She went downstairs and out the back door hurriedly. She couldn't waste any time now. She walked with a brisk stride; but was not conscious that she did.

Half-way to the field she paused. She turned back. She must ring up John.

"Give me the judge's office, please. Hallo. . . . That you, John? This is Jen. You called up Eph yet, John? Well, you don't need to. I've changed my mind. I feel slyer than I did this morning and I don't want to sell. Goin' to keep on workin' it myself, you say? I certainly am—except for a little spell this summer, when I am goin' to be *wanted* elsewhere. Good-bye, John."

She strode out and up to the field, big and angular and perhaps a little ridiculous, but no one, seeing her face, would have dreamed of ridiculing her. It was beautiful.

Why I Would Rather Be a Woman

By a Man

TO a newly married couple of my acquaintance I remarked that for some things, and those quite important ones, I thought it preferable to be a woman.

Whereupon the man said, "But that's absurd. No man would rather be a woman. Why, a woman can't do as she likes."

And the woman's remark, at first sight not relevant to the discussion, was, "No, no Rugby to-day, Reggie dear. I want you to come shopping with me." And like a lamb he went.

I pose this subject in no frivolous spirit. I think there are substantial reasons to be shown why, particularly in the stage of social evolution which we have now reached, woman's lot is more to be desired than man's.

Not the Weaker Sex

First of all, there is a reason founded deep in biology. Women live longer than men. The average span of life for man is shorter by two, three or four years—varying with the period taken and the method of estimation—than for woman. When the baby girl comes to town the way is prepared for her farther along the High Street than for her little brother. Thus, although there are more boys than girls to begin with, it comes about that there are more young women than young men in this country, many more middle-aged women than middle-aged men, and, later on, the proportion of Joans to Darbys is as three to two.

And as I am a lover of life, and think it a splendid thing, and want my own to be as long as possible, I envy women this postponement of sentence—the additional two, three or four years of what the insurance companies call "expectation."

It follows that if women have greater length of life than men, they must have a stronger constitution to begin with. Even when allowance has been made for the greater liability of men to accidental death by reason of their occupation or their more

frequent travel—a liability partly, if not wholly, balanced by the toll taken of the lives of women in bearing children—the difference between the sexes in the Registrar-General's return is not nearly explained away. It is said that people are as old as their arteries. The hardening of the arteries is a sign of approaching age, whether it be accompanied by grey hairs and wrinkles or not. By the witness of all the writers of medical text-books, such ageing takes place earlier in men than in women. Fatty degeneration of the heart is almost twice as common in the male sex. All the principal diseases which have a high mortality, with the exception of cancer, and possibly diphtheria, claim a greater number of victims among men than among women.

All the talk about the weaker sex conceals a fallacy. The male constitution may be more solid, and it is natural to associate strength with solidity; but in mechanical engineering the lattice structure is now seen to be superior to the compacted masonry. It is on the principle of lattice work that the caves of the seashore and the bones of the body are built. Women have the lattice constitution. Their apparent fragility is deceptive. They may not be able to do as much as their menfolk, but they can endure more. They may not be as fully panoplied as men for making an attack, but they are vastly better provisioned for defence. Their structure is less erratic; they are more conservative of energy. Like a good ballroom floor, they have "give." They bend rather than break.

Life is Female

The still doubtful reader should go on a prize day to a girls' school. A boys' school on a similar occasion is as quiet as a monks' refectory by comparison. The flow of animal spirits among the girls is something to wonder at. They pop off into wild cheering and laughter on the smallest provocation or on no provocation at all. In these

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maidens, with their blooming complexion and bright eyes, you can glimpse enormous reservoirs of vital energy. Their state of health is almost an effrontery to the rest of us. No doubt the store will be taxed to the full in later years, but it will enlarge with the demands made upon it. Is there anyone to equal the average British matron in comfortable circumstances for sheer robustness, for perfect adjustment to life, for capacity to do and to enjoy?

A great biologist has said that life is female. There is no doubt of it. The man who studies natural history will have the conceit taken out of him. In Nature the female is principal, the male an accessory. It is true that among mammals and birds the male is the bigger and more bouncing creature, but that is only to serve a temporary purpose, that he may win his lady and protect the mother and her young. It is on the female that Nature keeps her eye. It is for the female she makes her far forward provisions. The male is only a minor character in the play. In the drama of field and forest and ocean, Hamlet is a lady every time.

That holds good all the way up from the Epeirid spider, where the husband is only a thousandth part of the size of the wife, to *Homo sapiens*, where the husband says he is going to be ruler in his own house or learn the reason why—and learns the reason why!

Am I wrong to covet this superior physical endowment? I, who have to stand all my life long that my wife may sit, may I not at least envy her her chair? Am I wrong, a poor snubbed Prince Consort, reminded at every turn of an equivocal position, to wish myself Queen?

This Freedom

Then there are certain privileges in respect to which women stand at a self-evident advantage.

In some very important respects women have more liberty than men. "One half of the race," says a woman writer, "is condemned for ever to wear skirts, while the other half strides forth into freedom." Well, as to that, it is true that women wear skirts, but in what variety of shape and colour and texture and ornament; whereas men are kept within very narrow limits in the selection of their trouserings. If a man were to dress himself in all the colours of the rainbow, to wear fantastic decorations, to carry a dead heron on his head and

a dead fox over his shoulder, he would probably find himself at the police station. Half the populace would take it for granted that he had escaped from an asylum; the other half, of more charitable disposition, would say that he was on an advertising stunt for a circus. But women dressed like an Oriental bazaar can walk about with impunity. Nobody will say anything unless the women carry the matter to an extreme length (or an extreme shortness), and any comments which are made will be admiring or jealous rather than derisive.

Dress as They Please

No doubt in matters of dress, as perhaps in some other matters, women are very foolish. Mrs. Poyser said they were, though there is some truth in her further observation that God made 'em so to match the men. It is not at all that I envy women their feathers and furs, their jewellery and other vanities. I would not have them if I could. The only time I regard feminine costumerie with envy is on the hottest days of summer, when their light garments suggest a better adaptation to the season than my own.

But what I do envy is the superb unconventionality which makes it possible to wear them, the defiance of uniform, the tight, which is universally conceded to women, to dress just as they please. Cast your eye over the assembly at an evening-dress function. The men are as like one another as penguins. About the only variation they are permitted is between a black and a white bow-tie. The cut of their coat and of their collar is settled for them. But illimitable variation is possible to women. All the colours of the spectrum are theirs to choose from. They can wear anything and almost nothing. There is no canon which they can offend.

This liberty in the matter of dress is symbolical of freedom in other spheres more important. It means that although men have kept for themselves the simulacrum of authority, women have the essential power and decision in this world. Women have been quite prepared all along to concede to men the shadow of command, knowing quite well that to their own fair hands was committed the substance—a piece of knowledge which men have been more tardy in finding out. Most people would admit, on reviewing their circle of acquaintances, that in nine establishments out of ten it is the woman who rules the roost. If that is true

WHY I WOULD RATHER BE A WOMAN

in their circle it is fair to presume that it is true in society all the way through. It is the woman who decides things. If, on the approach of the holiday season, the man wants to go to the country and the woman to the seaside, they make what she calls a compromise, and go to the seaside! And so with the thousand other decisions of the domestic year. Woman's rule is equally effective with the quiet, steady spouse and with the big, blustering cave-mate, with the inarticulate Guardsman and the college-bred Socialist. They are all brought to attention at a word.

The Same Wherever She Goes

And she carries it through not in her own home only, but wherever she goes. If I, a mere trembling man, venture into a teashop I have to wait until the lady who is serving takes pity on my famished appearance. The woman, on the other hand, gives her complicated and particularized order—the tea must be to a certain strength and the toast done to a certain brown—and she is waited upon instantly. She sends away a dish not to her liking, and another is brought to her with apologies. Let the man be ever so polite and deferential and anxious not to give trouble, the waitress will despise him. What is ordinarily called sex influence, which goes by contraries, is not at work here. Whether it is men or women who are serving or conducting, it is always the same, the woman customer, the woman passenger, the woman litigant, the woman sightseer, the woman church-goer or theatre-goer, has first turn.

Then how I envy women their lack of self-consciousness! The idea that they are hesitating, timorous creatures, always holding a hand to their fluttering bosoms, is belied by every wedding ceremony. The bride goes through the ordeal with perfect assurance and composure, while her groom wishes the floor would open and engulf him. Watch Mr. and Mrs. Upper Circle at the Mayor's reception. He is stiff, hesitating and bashful, utters a few syllables, saying to the Mayor what he intended to say to the Mayoress, and vice versa, he drops his gloves, has a horrible doubt whether he ought to have brought them with him, sidles away, and makes himself as inconspicuous as possible behind somebody else. On the other hand, she sails through the company like a swan through a crowd of ducklings, takes a front seat, and sends her shy husband to get her an ice—a large vanilla.

That is an inborn gift, the product of generations of careful culture.

The Right Instinct

I envy women, too, their instinct for the right thing. They are largely guided by instincts so refined as to deserve the better name of intuition. Men proceed oftener by reason, which is a slow and clumsy process in comparison. Women dart to their conclusions, and are seldom wrong. That which is scoffed at as a woman's reason, that she likes a thing because she likes it, is really a tribute to the superiority of her make-up. She has a *flair* for the right thing, and cannot give a reason for it any more than the bird can give a reason why it flies south for the winter.

Never must it be supposed that the possession of instincts means a diminished intellectual capacity. It does not follow at all.

True it is that for easily understandable reasons—lack of education and popular prejudice—the intellectual output of women has not been equal to that of men. But what is often forgotten in the general depreciation of women's intellectual talents is that women, if not creative, are appreciative, which is the second-best thing. Women may not mount the pulpit, but they do sit in the congregation: under one of the most intellectual preachers of the day I counted five hundred women to three hundred men. Women are the chief readers of high-class magazines, the chief supporters of good music and worthy drama. They may have done little original work in science, but they were the making of Pasteur and Huxley, to mention only two. Those men would never have been what they were without the wives who, to use the Irish expression, owned them.

So, for certain indefinable qualities and privileges, certain gifts of the gods, I think women are to be envied above men.

Her Side is Going in to Bat

Then there is a social and economic reason why I would rather be a woman. It is because the morning is with her, whereas men have reached their rather jaded afternoon. I like to be on the side which is just going in to bat, after the other side is all out for none too good a score. We know all that men can do in this world. We are up against the outer walls of their achievement. But it is still an open question what women can do. There are some doors still

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closed to women—the House of Lords for one—but many doors have unexpectedly opened. There is scarcely a profession they cannot enter and adorn. They can profit by the experience of their male predecessors without sharing the ignominy of their failures.

Should Diminish Sex Antagonisms

This advantage, so far from aggravating sex antagonisms, should help to diminish them. It will do away, at any rate, with that prudery which magnifies sex characteristics at the expense of the 95 per cent. of everything which men and women have in common. If people say, as the late Mr. Frederic Harrison said, that women are unfitted for business or politics because of the rough-and-tumble of those things, they are decrying really, not women, but business and politics. If politics are not fit for women to enter, it is of such politics, not of political women, that we have to get rid.

Women have invaded commercial life in flocks during recent years, and the result has been, on the whole, satisfactory. In London during the last ten years male clerks have increased by 12 per cent., female clerks by nearly 200 per cent. And who that remembers the city office as it was before the advent of women will regret their entrance? In those days the average office was bare, untidy, uncomfortable, unhygienic, the manners were uncouth, the talk often vulgar, the working rules rigid without conducting to efficiency. Women have come along with flowers and scent and mirrors and snapshot photographs and innumerable dainty touches. They talk gossip, but it is more innocent than the gossip men used to talk. They drink tea in the office, but the custom in those days was to go out and have something stronger. And probably they are not a whit less efficient.

But What About the Washtub?

It will, of course, be said that my argu-

ment overlooks the fact that the great majority of women are still doomed to servile, monotonous tasks—washing up and putting away.

The answer is simple: men equally are doomed to servile, monotonous tasks. Comparatively few men are fortunate enough to have labour that they can enjoy, and in the woman's case, though not in the man's, the drudgery is relieved by the uplifting thought of immediate and intimate service for those dear to her. The other day, in a factory, I saw a man who did nothing all his working hours but polish pieces of glass—parts of lenses—which, when he had finished with them, were passed on to someone else for a further stage in the operation. He had not even the satisfaction of seeing the finished product. The woman at the kitchen table and the scullery sink can at least bring pride and love into what she does.

Their Use of Leisure

For both men and women the problem of drudging labour is slowly being solved by the increase of communal services and by labour-saving devices. People—including the woman in the home—will come to have more and more leisure. Of that leisure I believe women will make better use than men.

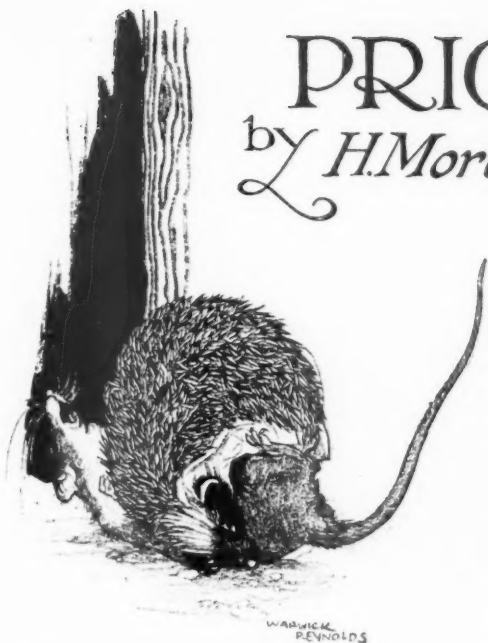
Men turn to games and betting and politics as a diversion from the sheer monotony of being a man. To be a woman, on the other hand, is always fascinating. Women need fewer outward interests, because they have more inward resources and occupations. For that I envy them. It is, indeed, because of their interior endowment, what they are and not what they have, what is native to them and not what is acquired, that I envy them most of all.

But I am pretty sure that if I were a woman I should beseech an editor to let me write an article for his pages on "Why I Would Rather Be a Man. By a Woman."

There must surely be another side to this matter. I shall be very glad to have the woman's side of the question in an article such as my correspondent suggests. I shall be pleased to pay Five Guineas for the best reasons "Why I Would Rather be a Man" written by a woman reader. Articles must not exceed 2,000 words in length, should be typewritten if possible, and must reach me by Sept. 20th. Address: The Editor, "THE QUIVER," La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4., marked "Competition." The decision of the Editor must be regarded as final.

PRICKLES

by *H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.*



I WAS roused from my writing by a heavy flop on the gravel path outside, succeeded by loud squealing of that unmistakably vicious kind which belongs to the house rat. Going out I saw in the light from the window two creatures tussling with one another, apparently interlocked. They were so mixed up that at first there was no telling what they were, but the sound of human steps on the gravel sent one of them—the smaller—scuttling into the shadows. The other remained motionless a moment, as though looking about it, then began to amble along the border at a speed which immediately betrayed its identity. A hedgehog, of course!

Now this was interesting, for both creatures must have fallen together from the dense creeper above the window, and it seemed incredible that so inactive and slow-moving a beast as a hedgehog would have succeeded in gaining that point. I left him to his own devices, but the following morning I took a ladder and examined the creeper carefully. It was old and deep—the kind of creeper so many birds and beasts love to roost in when the nights are cold, and there, on a platform of leaves, nine or ten feet from the ground, I found the summer quarters of a house rat.

A cosier, more ingeniously chosen nook could not have existed, for the little chamber was overhung by the leaves and roofed and shielded by the strong arms of the creeper. From it climbs and pathways, resembling staircases and landings, ran out in various directions, and evidently the rat had made good use of them, for there were indications that he had done much of his hunting in the creeper. Innumerable sparrows roost there, and the rat's nest consisted chiefly of sparrow's wings and feathers. Next to his bed was his larder, characteristic of its kind, and

perhaps the less said about that larder the better, for it was not a pleasant place. We had been missing eggs from the hen house recently, and among the litter there were many fragments of yolk-stained shell, along with sundry bits of refuse salvaged from the ash-pit across the garden. Determined that the rat should not return, I cut away the leaves to let in the light and the air, which the larder sadly needed.

But—what had happened? There was only one conclusion, which was that the hedgehog, exploring the creeper, had fallen in with the house rat, and that the two had disagreed—a thing which rats and hedgehogs are apt to do, I believe. So they had clenched and fallen out of the ivy, and we felt that we owed the hedgehog a debt of gratitude for having dislodged so unhealthy a resident.

So the incident was forgotten, till late that autumn it was discovered that a sparrow was building an unusually bulky nest above the study window. That at least was the story the household brought, and for a sparrow to be building just prior to winter was an event so unusual that investigations were made. I noticed that the supposed sparrow's nest occupied the position previously occupied by the rat, and again tak-

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ing the ladder I thrust an inquiring hand into the bundle of leaves and grass and encountered—prickles!

Yes, our friend had appropriated the position from which he had ousted *mus rattus*, and there he had made every preparation for sleeping away the winter. Realizing to what pains he must have been put to drag—straw by straw almost—that quantity of bedding into



WARWICK
REYNOLDS

Drawn by
Warwick Reynolds

"With a spluttering hiss he
shot clean into the air"

the ivy, we decided to leave him in undisturbed possession. That it was the same hedgehog there could be little doubt, for it should be explained that the garden is surrounded by a stone wall, in which there is no break save the entrance gates, and those are generally closed. Thus, such a beast finding his way into the garden was almost sure to be there for life, since for him there was no climbing the boundary wall, and, astir only after dusk, he was not likely to find the gates open.

As a matter of fact, the garden is, in a way, a trap for those of the wild kindred which cannot climb walls, and this is one reason why in the summer months we are much troubled by adders. For on the south side there is a six-foot drop from the level of the beech wood down into the garden, the original banking having been cut away and the wall built in its place. So it has always been my theory that the adders "drop in" from the wood, and, unable to

return, they perforce remain in the garden, much to the distress of the female portion of the household.

That the hedgehog is notoriously a snake-killer was one reason why we should welcome our visitor. He, like the adders themselves, was prepared to sleep away the winter, but when the adders awoke he would be astir and ready to deal with them. Also we knew that Prickles is a most assiduous insect hunter, and whatever he may be on the game reserve, he is a good friend to the gardener. All things considered, coupled with the manner in which our guest had ousted the odious brown rat, we were disposed to regard him with a very kindly eye.

But evidently I had upset the hedgehog's plans, for my action in tampering with his newly made nest caused him to desert it. Possibly I let in the draught, but judging from subsequent events it was equally reasonable to suppose that my interference had nothing whatever to do with it. It is more than likely that the hedgehog decided at the conclusion of his labours that the creeper was not a suitable place for him to hibernate in. At all events, he forsook it.

A few days later I was removing some old sacks and empty oil tins which had collected in a corner of the motor-house, when my hand again encountered Prickles, and there once more was milord, curled up snugly with the sacks for protection. That, at any rate, could not be.

There is none too much room in the motor-house for the variety of oddments wont to collect there in the ordinary course, but quite apart from all questions of personal convenience, these quarters were not suitable for Prickles. Petrol vapour hangs low, and it would take very little petrol spilt on the floor to spread a gas wave at the level of the hedgehog's nose, and assuredly if that happened Prickles would not waken when the joyous spring called his brothers and sisters back to the world of activity.

So once more our hero was disturbed, but his next choice of surroundings was equally unfortunate. At the end of the garden there is an ancient outhouse which for many years has stood forsaken and neglected. Alec, the gardener, uses it for storing his pea-sticks, for one corner of the roof remains intact, though there is a large hole through the centre. This year the pea-sticks had been left out till a convenient day for storing them came, and now it was early winter

PRICKLES

when Alec bethought himself to carry the bundles into the old outhouse. But behold! he found a great heap of leaves and grass, carried apparently by the wind, in the dry corner, and, being a tidy man, Alec decided to give the place a "wee bit sweep" before he used it. Taking the bundle in his arms he found it uncommonly heavy, which led him to explore its interior.

Prickles, of course! There he was, snugly quartered for the months of snow and ice, and once more the remorseless fates frustrated his plans. He was turned out to find somewhere else, but he got his own back on Alec.

For some original reason Alec always preferred to "hang" his jacket on the floor in one corner of the potting-shed. Nothing would induce him to hang it on a nail, though there are more nails than pots in the potting-shed. Possibly he was the hardy Northerner who once had a drink knocked on to the floor, and ever since he has stood steadfast in the knowledge that things already on the floor can fall no farther. I say that nothing would induce Alec to use a nail, that is—till Prickles came!

Prickles was becoming desperate. The weather had turned cold, and it was time he was denning up; but quite apart from the calendar he was so sleepy that only the discomfort of having no fixed abode kept him awake. By his repeated nest-making, and by rolling over the leaf banks, he had acquired an overcoat of leaves thickly impaled on his prickles down to their very roots, which must have served to some extent for protection from the cutting winds. It was in this state that he found his way into the potting-shed.

Alec's jacket was the very thing he was looking for, and that evening he was found snugly curled up in it. Of course, he was ejected, for Alec wanted the coat to go home in, but he was not expelled from the potting-shed.

Next morning Alec dropped his coat as usual, and again the same thing happened. For a few luxurious hours—all too few—Prickles slept the sleep of the weary, but only to be roughly rolled out at fall of dusk. This, I believe, went on for several days, till eventually Alec happened to mention it as a point of interest.

"Alec," said I, regarding him steadily, "are you aware, mon, that hedgehogs have fleas? Innumerable fleas, uncountable fleas—that they are famous the world over for their fleas?"

Alec stared at me while he let the dreadful realization sink into his mind, then he said that he was not aware of it. He said that the potting-shed was not too big, and that there was certainly no room in it for a hedgehog and innumerable fleas in addition to himself.

"Well," said I, "as you have gone so far, you may as well let him remain. I doubt the fleas aren't looking for a change of company, Alec, and if they are you can rest assured that a hedgehog flea will not live many days on a human being!"

This seemed to comfort Alec a little, but, all the same, I could tell from his set countenance that Prickles was not for long destined to enjoy the luxury of the potting-shed.

"I tell you what, Alec," I pursued, "it's up to us to get the wee varmint settled once and for all. Get a wooden box, put the hedgehog in it, and make him comfortable with some hay. Place him in a corner of the grain-shed, and in a week or so, when



"When snake and hedgehog meet, the hedgehog is the first aggressor"

he has had time to go properly asleep, we can remove the lid so that he will be able to escape if he wants to."

So this plan was carried into effect, and all that winter Prickles slept and slept in a corner of the shed, and so far as I know he never stirred.

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One day early in February we found the box empty and a litter of the bedding it had contained strewn across the floor to the open doorway. Thence we followed the trail to the spring a few yards away, and there stood Prickles—drinking! How long he had drunk before we came I do not know, but we watched him drinking steadily for about a quarter of an hour, and we left him still drinking.

Nature's waking, like Nature's falling asleep, is not a hurried business. The weather was mild, and already Prickles could have found an abundance of food in the garden, but for a long while past his digestive organs had stood still, and a heavy meal now might indeed have sealed his fate. So Nature adopts her own means of retardation, for Prickles' feet were so tender that he could do little more than hobble out, amble to the stream, and hobble back. So he lived for several days and nights with a mouthful now and then, spending ninety per cent. of his time in the box, but as the days passed his excursions became lengthier and lengthier, till March found him living a normal life.

That spring and summer we became well acquainted with Prickles, for, losing his native suspicion of human beings by constantly seeing them, he became as much diurnal in his habits as he was nocturnal. His behaviour went to show how far the fear of man rules the habits of so many of our wild beasts, for I believe the majority of them classified as strictly nocturnal would prefer the sunshine and the warmth had they no dread of mankind. In any case that was so with Prickles. A wild hedgehog, unless sick or injured, or unless tempted by an unusual hatch of insect life succeeding a shower, is rarely astir during daylight. In other words—if he is out during the day there is an excellent and usually obvious reason for it.

Prickles, on the other hand, having no fear of man, was astir at all times. He came out when he thought he would, and just for his own amusement. The grey of morning and the dusk of evening were his hunting hours, when we would see him trickling about the gravel paths in search of insects. Everywhere we found the evidence of his work—the wings of beetles, moths, and the like left where he had caught them, large garden worms bitten into short lengths and generally left. To watch him hunting thus was to receive an eye-opener as to the speed at which he could travel, for occa-

sionally he would make a surprising dash in order to pin down some active creature which was endeavouring to escape. But when the sun was hot he would come out just to bask at the roots of the holly hedge, where the birds made their dust baths, or perhaps to take a look at us in the hope of receiving some dainty. A scrap of salty bacon he loved best.

Though the boundary wall was beyond him, Prickles was a great climber, and often he was seen in the bushes and shrubs several feet from the ground. He would, indeed, scramble up the dense centre of a bush, and having gained the desired altitude he would calmly go to sleep there.

One afternoon we were having tea in the garden when Prickles came along to entertain us. Nearby was a corner of the rock garden, with a miniature cliff about eight feet in height, capped with a millstone and overhanging the pathway. As we sat at tea we watched Prickles laboriously climb to the topmost pinnacle, then, to the consternation of the children, he fell with a thud to the path.

It seemed that he must have injured himself seriously, yet he uncurred immediately, and before our very eyes he proceeded to do the whole thing over again. Laboriously he climbed to the pinnacle, and again he loosed his hold and fell with a flop to the hard path below!

So we came to know that the spines of the hedgehog answer a double purpose. In the first place they are a protection against his foes. Not many of our wild beasts will tackle a hedgehog unless the stern alternatives are that of starvation, and during the starvation season most of the hedgehogs are sleeping and out of harm's way. Secondly, those same quills are protective in another way. It is said that a cat always alights on its feet, but the hedgehog goes one better than that. He alights on his back, and his quills act as a shock absorber, and so save his limbs. He can fall several feet on to hard ground without injuring himself in the least, and this he often does in the ordinary course of travel. Indeed, it was Alec who drew my attention to the fact that though Prickles loved to climb up to a point of eminence, he rarely troubled to climb down. As the quickest and most convenient way he preferred to fall; and taking one's mind back to the first incident of this record, one wonders how the rat fared with Prickles as rope mate when they fell together out of the creeper!

PRICKLES

I say Prickles' quills were protective from his animal foes, and an amusing illustration of this occurred one bright morning. While shaving, I noticed the hedgehog trickling about the greensward, and presently I observed also a large black-and-white tom cat crouching behind a bush nearby and watching him.

From the look of that cat he was of a kind well able to guard his own interests, but evidently he was not well up in woodcraft, for he must have mistaken the hedgehog for a rabbit, and, awaiting a convenient moment, he tested his foothold and sprang—alighting spreadeagle full on top of the supposed coney!

If ever I saw a creature surprised and horrified it was that cat. With a spluttering hiss, he shot clean into the air, then dived, bounding and sneezing, into the bushes. The triumphant Prickles remained curled up for perhaps thirty seconds, then he went his way as unconcerned as before.

We were all satisfied that our strange pet was paying his way, but that July something happened which more than convinced us on this point. A very large adder was found lying dead on the walk near to the front door, and on examination it was found to have been bitten through the spine in five or six places. Part of the back of the reptile had been gnawed to the bone, but that looked to me like the work of shrew mice. It was so fine a specimen that I decided to remove the skin, which might be of some value to the local taxidermist, but on attempting to do so I found the skin worthless owing to the thousands of pin points which perforated it—especially about the head. This seemed to support the general belief that when snake and hedgehog meet, the hedgehog is first aggressor, and thereafter the reptile strikes repeatedly, finally bringing about its own destruction by its infuriated attacks upon the hedgehog's quilled body. The last named, having hitherto crouched with his vizor lowered, now closes with his spent victim, and pinning it down, deals the *coup de grâce* by biting with his sharp teeth through the snake's spine. At any rate, the killing of the adder was clearly the work of Prickles, and we were grateful to him for it, since had so large a reptile bitten a child the result might have been fatal.

Evidently the adders were just beginning to move about, for after that day we found them regularly, generally in the centre of

the garden paths, and treated just as the first had been treated. It was the worst summer on record for these reptiles, which are quite sufficiently numerous in our locality during a normal season, so we decided never in future to be without a pet hedgehog.

But there was one black mark against Prickles' character. I have referred to his partiality to the roots of the holly hedge where the birds dusted themselves, and there were indications late that summer that some creature was catching the song birds which frequented the place. Alec, who had always been slightly aggressive towards Prickles since the potting-shed incident, was sure that the hedgehog was to blame; but though I had received several eye-openers as to the abilities of that beast, I could not credit this. Catching adders and climbing bushes is one thing, but catching song birds, free and alert, is quite another. Probably the black-and-white cat knew more about it.

In the end, however, Prickles was caught red-handed. The screaming of a throstle took someone to the place, and there was Prickles with his feathered victim pinned down under his forepaws. We were all sorry for this, but the destruction of song birds, to whom we owe more than we are ever aware, could not be tolerated. I mentioned it a few days later to a neighbouring keeper, who is a keen observer.

"Yes," he said, "and when a hedgehog takes to that kind of thing he is like a cat which takes to poaching or a dog which takes to sheep-worrying. He will do nothing else, and nothing will break him of it. Probably this is an old hedgehog, and you'll find that his quills are banded with white and very brittle."

"They are," I admitted.

Evidently the keeper was right, for the bird-killing went on, and sometimes at night-time I heard the tragic screaming of a feathered songster in the ivy about the house. So it was decided that Prickles must go, and in due course he was packed up in his own box. I had made arrangements to send him to a friend whose garden is in the city, where the song birds might be more sophisticated, owing to the superfluity of cats, than they are with us.

But the city garden was not to his liking. The closely cropped grass and neatly trimmed borders, the maple trees with their smooth, mottled trunks, were all strangers to him. So he huddled in a corner alongside a drain spout, his head jammed behind

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it, and day after day he did not stir. When fished out and taken to another part of the garden he would immediately return and mope as before. Not even scraps of salt bacon would tempt him, and when my own children heard about it nothing would satisfy them but that they brought Prickles home.

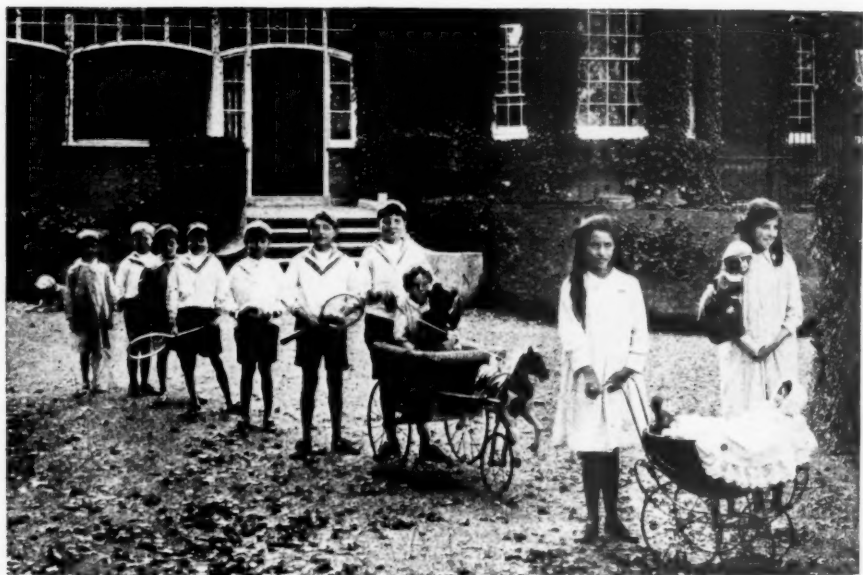
Too late, alas! Yet I cannot think that Prickles died of a broken heart. Nothing, indeed, will induce me to believe that he possessed enough heart to die in that way. I think rather that he was, as the keeper said, a very old hedgehog, and that the

kindly hand which took him would have taken him in any case ere long. Amidst his new surroundings he merely lost interest in life, and for the wild folk the way is very, very easy.

But the children did bring him home, and they laid him to rest in a sacred corner of the garden where their terrier and a Persian kitten and an old and much-loved hen have their resting-places, each with its little clump of primroses and its tablet above. So now there is yet one more tablet and one more clump of primroses, to the memory of our friend Prickles.



TRANSPLANTED



These happy boys and girls are very proud of their "Home"—but they do not live here permanently. They come from the East End of London, and are convalescing, after illness, at this wind-swept house not far from the sea at Bexhill.

The reason they are able to enjoy the sea breezes here is that the readers of *LITTLE FOLKS* pay, in pennies and shillings and pounds, to keep up the Little Folks Home, in connexion with the Queen's Hospital for Children.

It is a glorious place and well worth a visit by any of my readers who should happen to be in the neighbourhood of Bexhill.



Charles
Kingsley

Photo :
Draycott

TO Charles Kingsley life was no riddle at all. Direct and plain as a turnpike road he saw his own way through it and also the way for others. Every man was sent into this difficult but supremely exciting world to do battle for righteousness and truth and beauty, to deal blows against every form of wrong and tyranny and hypocrisy, and to take blows in return like a Christian gentleman; and his keyword was heroism.

The Sin of Dullness

Life glared at him, but never terrified him; filled him with splendid wrath, but never mystified him; appealed to him from every point of the compass—scientific, social, artistic, economic, but never found him unresponsive. The deadly sins were dullness, hypocrisy, mawkishness, narrow-mindedness and, of course, cowardice. The living virtues were truthfulness, healthy-mindedness, single-heartedness, open-eyedness, and, of course, humour. No, life was no maddening puzzle, no pathetic mystery, no doubtful undertaking to the gallant author of "Westward Ho!" "The Sands of Dee," "Water Babies," and "The Roman and the Teuton."

I am quite aware that it is the cynical fashion nowadays to disparage Kingsley, to smile at the mention of his name, to undervalue his novels and his science, though hardly his poetry, and to talk condescend-

Live Heroically

*Charles Kingsley's answer to
the Riddle of Life*

By W. Kingscote Greenland

ingly of "poor, dear old Kingsley!" The reason for this is obvious—this age is supposed to have "seen through" the illusion of enthusiasm and faith, and, what is more, all the causes he battled for—almost forlorn hopes in his day—have triumphed. He suffers from seeing the harvest of all his patient sowing. That may be true of much of his advocacy of sanitation, the doctrine of evolution, the rights of democracy, the freedom of thought from ecclesiastical swaddling clothes, and the opening of the treasures of literature, art, and play to the "common people." But it is not true of his *spirit*, of the high courage and fearless heroism of the man. That brave and glad spirit of dauntless optimism is needed to-day more than ever when men question the worth-whileness of everything, and that spirit is Charles Kingsley's immortal legacy, and it is the spirit behind the word and the deed that counts.

The Sunset Hour

And my withers are unwrung. It is over a quarter of a century since I stood as a schoolboy by the white marble cross that marks the resting-place of Charles Kingsley in little Eversley Churchyard in Berkshire. Hard by was the study—turned, I remember, into a fowlhouse by the vandal incumbent—where he sat and talked far into the night with Froude and Maurice, and poured out his fiery soul in the "Saints' Tragedy" and "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," and close to us was the wicket gate at which the gipsies had gathered, and the huntsmen in pink, together with statesmen and deans, scholars and midshipmen, cobblers and admirals and generals, to lay in the arms of that Mother Earth he so loved one who did such priceless work for England, and whom countless thousands of the then young men rose up later in all home and colonial lands to call "Blessed." It was sunset, just as he loved it, with sky banners of triumphant scarlet,

THE QUIVER

and someone repeated aloud in my boyish ears—

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
When all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

Then, opening a book, that same voice read—

Drop back awhile through the years to the
warm, rich youth of the nations,
Childlike in virtue and faith, though childlike
in passion and pleasure,
Childish still and still near to their God, while
the dayspring of Eden
Lingered in rose-red rays on the peaks of
Ionian mountains.

Down to the Mothers, as Faust went, I go to
the roots of our manhood,
Mothers of us in our cradles: of us once more
in our glory.

Newborn, body and soul, in the great pure
world which shall be
In the renewing of all things when man shall
return to his Eden,
Conquering evil and death and shame and the
slander of conscience—
Free in the sunshine of Godhead—and fear-
lessly smile on his Father.

Down to the mothers I go—yet with thee still:
be with me, thou purest,
Lead me, thy hand in my hand, while the day-
spring of God go before us.

A Moving Farewell

Later, in my father's study, I read what to me is the most moving farewell in English literature, that of the Oriental scholar, Max Müller, printed in the red edition of Kingsley's history lectures at Cambridge, "The Roman and the Teuton"—

Then I turned away while the trees he had planted waved their last farewell to him, and I thought of the short joys and shorter troubles of mortal man. He will be missed in England, in America, in every land where he spent but an hour of his wonderful life, and by men and women of all classes—soldiers, middies, shoemakers of Northampton, governors of distant colonies, curates, schoolboys, gipsies, little children innumerable, and for myself I feel that another cable has broken which binds me to this hospitable shore.

Still, we must not shut our eyes to the hot impatience of our day with any solution

of life's perplexity that is not essentially modern. Modernity rules us all, and, rightly or wrongly—wrongly, as I for one certainly think—you cannot damn any key to life's mystery more than by dubbing it "Victorian," and, of course, Kingsley was one of the Victorians. But though the material with which he worked was mid-nineteenth-century England, and rampant Free Trade industrialism and rural decline, the heroic key he offers can just as easily be used for unlocking twentieth-century problems.

A Varied Host

For a moment, then, let the "film" of his activities scintillate before your eyes. Show me a modern poet who can write so perfect a Shakespearean drama as "The Saints' Tragedy" or a novelist who can offer so stimulating a novel of economic hardship as "Alton Locke," or so fascinating a romance as "Two Years Ago." Where is the children's writer who can put science into nursery terms so exquisitely as Kingsley did in "Madam How and Lady Why," or an historian who can make dead history live as he did in "Hypatia" or "The Roman and the Teuton"?

Where is the parson who can so gain the affectionate suffrages of the rising—or risen—democracy and write tracts dealing with sweating or poaching, and yet be the adored university lecturer and the friend of every Tennyson-loving young lady or dirty navvy or High Church divine he meets?

And yet, philosopher and metaphysician as he was, his home was never neglected. Listen to what his wife wrote—"How really great and good he was only his wife, his children and his servants ever really knew."

No, find such a man in this bustling to-day—and maybe he can be found—and then I may be ready to listen while it is declared that Charles Kingsley made a cheerful dust in his day, but was essentially second-rate and for us wholly out of focus.

Live heroically is Kingsley's remedy for the mood and malady of the time. Very good, then, and how did he apply his heroism to his own life? There is a very vicious "division of labour" which often leads to one doing the preaching and another the practising. We are very rightly sarcastic about this and swing to the other extreme in denouncing the theorist as a lazy and inconsistent impostor. That is not by any means always true, for one can hold and advocate theories that the circumstances

of our lives will not permit us to carry out—socialism, for example, or the value of travel and sport. But Kingsley was an almost perfect example of a man who put his beliefs into operation. As we say, he practised what he preached. Holding that life was a battle, he fought. Believing that England was intellectually, socially and economically a tournament ring, he put lance in rest and charged with all his might as, to use his own phrase, a knight-errant of God. The causes for which he struck his resounding blows and in which he displayed his heroism were yours—the naturalness and reasonableness of the Christian life, the sanitary health of the people, the rights and free citizenship of the working classes, and the truth and value of modern scientific discovery.

A Fearless Warrior

All four battles are to-day practically over, except in a few intolerant minds and backward lands. But in his day each cause had arrayed against it the ecclesiastical, social and political tradition and ideals of the time. It took a very fearless man, particularly if he were a clergyman, to espouse Darwinism and to preach in royal chapels on the franchise, and in orthodox pulpits the common sense and delightful rationality of religion. But it was in doing so and in scorning criticism and ostracism that his heroic character shone.

There is no space to give even the briefest picture of the England Kingsley knew between 1810 and 1875—the term of his busy life. But the difference between it and the days we know is infinitely wider than between the pre-war and post-war conditions we talk so much and so exaggeratingly about. That every village and city should be drained, babies have new milk, mothers decent rest, and the best medical attention to be free, together with the doctrine that all disease is preventable and is never the will of God but only the will of men—these are now commonplaces among us, and you don't need to be a hero to avow your adherence to them. Neither is it a very heroic thing to say you are an evolutionist, or that you think the Sermon on the Mount is practical politics. While as for every citizen having a vote, to say nothing of his wife, and Members of Parliament being paid, and every child being educated free by the State, we are all as familiar with these as with the rising and setting of the sun.

But not so in the days of Kingsley. To

believe in these creeds and programmes was to be called a fanatic, a demagogue, even an atheist, a dangerous revolutionary, and an impertinent upsetter of the established laws and rules of life. He made hosts of friends, and no man was more passionately admired and loved, but he made perhaps as many enemies. But, like Browning, he could say, "I was ever a fighter, so one fight the more."

Of course, it will be objected that social reform is not everybody's business, still less everybody's hobby and passion and delight as it was to the intrepid Rector of Eversley. And that is true, though anyone who thinks all the wrongs are now righted, and all the battles won, and that we may now sheathe our swords and go home to supper is blind and deaf.

But this militant life has very much to say for itself. First of all, it provides interest. Nothing is more unbearable than ennui, lack of zeal, the slow pulse-beat. Anæmia is worse for the mind and the imagination even than for the body. Nothing to get up in the morning for, nothing exciting and inviting, nothing really worth while! What can be worse? Charles Kingsley found life absolutely absorbing, crowded with evils and abuses, crammed with chance for service and usefulness. Like Walter Scott's heroes—

He quitted not his armour bright
Neither by day nor yet by night!

This instinct kept his fancy and his nerves and his initiative always on the *qui vive*, always alert and ready. His sympathy was always there, his anger waiting to be kindled, his trigger at full cock.

The Great War—and Kingsley

Fingering hesitatingly once more this Kingsley key of heroism, doubtful if it can be applied to life to-day as he applied it, it is well to remember that two facts—one infinitely vast and the other, comparatively, almost infinitely small—have raised once again on the horizon this question of the heroic life. One is, of course, the Great War, which has brought physical courage again to the fore and precipitated the problem of making the world "fit for heroes to live in." And the other is the publication of a new, though much smaller and more restricted, biography of Charles Kingsley by Mr. W. Henry Brown, with the sub-title "The Work and Influence of Parson Lot"—Kingsley's nickname. The war was a struggle for world freedom, the life-work of

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Kingsley was a battle for the co-operative movement and democratic liberty. But over both these heroic fields there has fallen a certain blight—the war has been followed by the inglorious Peace, and the co-operative movement and the freedom of the people are won causes.

Then what of heroism? Is it to pass out as a key to life and rust among weapons that are superseded?

By no means.

Heroism is an ineradicable instinct, a permanent human impulse, and is independent of the actual material it has to work with. Kingsley would have acted heroically had he been born in our day, and it is safe to say that he would have found his chance in the Labour Movement, the League of Nations, and the outdoor recreations and indoor perversities we know.

The Joy of Life

To put it beyond the reach of uncertainty—this question of heroism in life welling up from an inward spring rather than being provoked by desperate causes and conditions—notice the four chief founts of it in him. First and foremost, it sprang from his sense of the joy of life. What a rejoicer he was! His high spirits were amazing. In nothing does he seem so far away from us as this. We read and write and work and think and plan and vote and study, and even dance and play, but how seldom we laugh! Kingsley once said, "I wonder if there is as much laughter in any house in England as in mine." And yet this laughter-loving man was the chief social crusader of his time, and knew more of the wrongs and sorrows and perplexities of people than we are ever likely to. This was perhaps his chief talisman, his glorious secret.

Why He Rejoiced

And what made him so glad, think you? Was he wealthy, or indifferent, or stupid or asleep, or a Calvinist, and so didn't care because God would look after His own world? He was none of these things—these hateful, forbidden things. If he laughed much he also wept much, and no man ever carried in his breast a tenderer heart. No, he rejoiced because he disbelieved that piety and unpleasantness were necessarily twins. He rejoiced inasmuch as he knew that God had given him a special work to do, a work appropriate to his gifts and temperament. But most of all did Charles Kingsley re-

joice because of his profound belief in Christ as the redeemer of men. Round the cross on his grave is written the master-creed he held—"God is love." On the base of his bust in Westminster Abbey is engraved the master-cry of his life, "Quit you like men!"

Now take his second impulse of heroism—his unselfishness. Of egotism, conceited or morbid, he had not a trace. Altruism, other-people-ism was his mania, his slogan. He cared nothing for money or reputation, but only for the good and advancement of his parish and his native land. Preferment and emolument did not interest him in the least. It is safe to say that there can be no heroic life where self and the main chance dominate. Kingsley did succeed in making a great name for himself, but he did it accidentally while occupied in serving others. It came to him, he never sought it.

In the third place, his heroism unquestionably had its roots in his body, his physical vigour and health. True he wore himself out by his strenuousness, but in every nerve he tingled for activity and self-expression. Not only was his Christianity muscular, all his interests in some measure were, hunting, fishing, cricket, even lecturing and reforming. In a word he had the blood of a Viking and the nervous system that responds to the bugle and the cry of alarm.

Ideals

But lastly, the streams of his bravery flowed down from the watershed of his ideals. Religion, education, freedom, were no mere weary catchwords in his ears, but passionately held convictions. I suppose there is really no other word for it but that oft-misused word faith. He utterly believed in God and mankind, in progress and in knowledge. His ideals of sex virtue and clean living were moral passions, fundamental facts, bracing lights. No desolating scepticism sapped the juices of his courage and belief. In the whole realm of British biography there is no such complete illustration and example of the heroic way of taking life as Charles Kingsley's. To use Mr. Brown's closing words—

All that was mortal of Kingsley was committed to the grave in the "little spot, the parish, to which thoughts and prayers are for ever turning"; but the spirit of Parson Lot lives on—and will continue to permeate this old England of ours "so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth and a man or a woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt.'"

His Second Venture

by

Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

CHAPTER XXIII

Valery Plays Up

"SO you're going to be our member," cried Sir George Bowyer, shaking hands cordially with the hero of Hal-i-Mor. "Oh, we shall get you in, never fear! You'll head the poll all right. I think that charming girl your wife would have stood a very good chance herself, if she had taken a fancy to contest the seat. Mind you put her on to speak! She addressed more than one meeting for us at the General Election last year, and she's really very good."

"Nonsense, Sir George," put in Valery quietly. She stood at her husband's side, well turned out and self-possessed. Only those who knew her well could have detected anything unnatural in her manner. "You know I'm only a beginner; but I have promised to do all I can for him."

The members of the deputation from the local organization were standing about in the Archwood drawing-room, drinking tea, which Miss Kirby poured out, and Lyndsay helped to carry round.

Nobody could have believed that in the interval between Monday night and Wednesday night Valery had driven a car to Westmorland and back; nor that her fatigue had been so extreme that she had been carried up to bed the previous evening, and had not made an appearance that day downstairs until half an hour before the arrival of the deputation. Her vigorous youth allowed no sign of either mental or bodily distress to appear. The colonel, on the other hand, was haggard, and there were dark marks under his eyes. He looked, as several friends declared, as though he needed the bracing air of his native county.

Hugh Hatherleigh, watching keenly, saw how hard it was for him to keep his eyes off his wife. What, he wondered, and continued to wonder, was the exact state of things between the two? Had they rushed into each other's arms? Did a mutual passion lurk under their self-contained exterior? He remarked that

Mrs. Caron was wearing a long chain of rare and curiously coloured stones, evidently from Africa.

He had no chance to talk—to try and probe beneath the surface. There was a general movement of departure, and he went perforce with the others to take his leave.

"How long is Mrs. Caron's vacation?" he asked of Lyndsay, who was passing near.

"Oh, haven't you heard? She's not going back to Oxford, at least not next term. She's postponing her own work to help Caron with all he has on hand. Rather fine, don't you think?"

"Fine indeed; but Mrs. Caron has always struck me as being what we understand by that word. Her husband looks to be many years older than she."

"There's a disparity, certainly, but not so great as you might suppose. Carfrae has been at death's door in a tropical climate, and that isn't calculated to improve a man's appearance, you know. We hope a few months at home will set him up completely."

"And Mrs. Caron is surrendering her college life, which she found so delightful? I almost wonder at his accepting the sacrifice."

"Oh, we hope it isn't as bad as all that! She hopes to go up next year, and says she will be all the better for the extra time. She isn't giving up her reading. Carfrae is anxious that she should not do that. He realizes that he is upsetting all her arrangements; but naturally he feels as if he could not do without her."

"Oh, naturally. Well, good-bye! I'm off."

Valery and her husband were standing together near the door, shaking hands with their departing guests. As Hatherleigh approached, she welcomed him with a smile which somewhat consoled him. "Wait a minute or two," she told him, lowering her voice, "and we'll walk down the paddock with you. The boys' train is due, and Baker has gone down to the station to collect them. They will be in a rage because I have not gone too. They don't know their father is back, it will be such a surprise for them."

Hatherleigh waited gladly enough until all the

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others had passed out. Valery then directed Lyndsay to go to the hall and fetch her coat; and she, Caron, Lyndsay and Hatherleigh went out through the long window in the drawing-room, upon the terrace, and down through the garden to the small park known as the paddock.

The gravelling of the drive being not yet complete, the departing cars were all leaving by this route. To the right of the carriage road they followed was a wide grassy expanse, with various small plantations and clumps of trees; to the left a road branched off which led through the farmyard to the stables. Near the Park Gate, which opened upon a lonely road known as Moorside Lane, stood the Dairy Lodge, slightly off the path, to the left. It was looking so pretty among the budding trees and lilac bushes that Hatherleigh remarked upon it, and Val and Lyn related with glee their latest enterprise in bringing it up to date and letting it.

"It was Miss Kirby who first had the brilliant idea. She saw its possibilities, and she thought the Ideal Home stunt, brought to bear upon it, would bring us a tenant in no time. And so it did. Two old ladies who were in rooms at Marterstead, searching in vain for a house, heard about it, and they wrote to us before it was done, and took it there and then, not seeming to mind what rent we asked, so we never needed to advertise. Ah, there are the two quaint old dears coming out in their pony cart! I must go and make my apologies, because I was to have had tea with them the day before yesterday, only I had to go away unexpectedly."

The small chaise, containing two old ladies in cloaks and wide-brimmed hats, emerged slowly from the stable gate of the Lodge and turned towards the exit from the park. Val had no difficulty in catching it up, and she greeted them first in a few words of very halting Spanish, then in English, which they spoke fluently, though with a strong accent.

"Something most exciting has just happened," she said gaily. "My husband has come home. May I present him to you, since he is your landlord?"

The wrinkled old faces beamed with smiles. "But he is a ver' great 'ero, ze Colonel Caron," said the elder one, extending a hand in a woollen glove, which she placed *upon* the colonel's, not *in* it—as if she expected to have it kissed.

They chatted for some minutes, the old dames inquiring of his return and his adventures, and Valery making her excuses for having broken her engagement with them. Then, with eagerness, but half shyly too, they wondered whether a "so-great 'ero," with so many calls upon his time, would do them the great favour to accompany his wife to have tea with them one afternoon.

Caron answered for himself, in much more fluent Spanish than his wife could boast. "To tell you the truth, ladies, I have heard so much about the way your cottage has been restored

that I am really very eager to see the interior, so your invitation is most kind." He drew out a diary, in which the entries were already growing alarmingly numerous, and glanced down its pages.

They waited breathlessly, while he pondered, finally suggesting a day about a week ahead, to which they joyfully agreed.

Hardly had their tiny conveyance gone out upon the main road, when the hum of the returning car was heard, and Baker drove in, through the gate held open by Lyndsay; and at a sign from him, stopped just inside, when immediately there tumbled out Lance and Humphrey, who with yells of joy hurled themselves upon Valery, hugging her and in the same breath claiming to know what she meant by not being at the station.

"Oh, boys, boys, give me a chance! Look round! Whom do you see?"

A moment's thrilling pause, and then the shout of "Father!"

Little Humphrey was absurdly shy, his father being practically a stranger to him; but Lance's hug was the first tribute of family affection the colonel had known since his return. He reciprocated vigorously; and, Baker being told to go ahead with the luggage, the family turned to stroll back to the house, and Hatherleigh must reluctantly take his leave. He moved off dejectedly, and as he walked along Moorside Lane outside the park fence his eyes dwelt upon the animated group.

He watched Lance, walking with one arm in his father's and the other in his stepmother's, his face, alight with eagerness, turned first to one and then to the other; while little Humphrey held firmly to Uncle Lyn, but walked quite closely on his father's other side.

A family picture, which made the heart of the Squire of Lannerswyck sore. As he passed out of sight he plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter he had received that morning from his cousin Albinia.

"Whom should I meet here the other day in the street but Carfrae Caron! It was a surprise to both of us, and I think he felt slightly uncomfortable. He seemed to know nothing whatever of his wife and family, and to care less. However, he came to life a bit when I showed him the photo of Lyndsay's portrait of his wife. Perhaps his hardships and privations have injured his brain! But he talked coherently enough. If he has a spark of feeling for the girl, he had better be off home at once, and so I told him. Lyndsay Eldrid is a good sort, but even the staunchest friendships break down under too great a strain, don't they? And, of course, she is attractive, though not to me."

Was it Albinia's warning which had sent the husband so quickly home? At all events, here he was, settled in as firmly, as quietly, as though he had never been away at all. Hatherleigh's scarcely born romance died in his breast.

Adney, who had been taking the air in the paddock, in the casual way in which he always

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hovered about when his master was out, came walking up the broad gravel road some distance behind the party, surveying with satisfaction the group in front. Presently Lance turned back, saw him, and apparently asked his father who that was; for the colonel gave him a shout and he went running forward.

"Here, Adney, here's this lad says he doesn't remember you."

"Oh, Master Lance, and I put you on your first pony, just outside the barracks at Nuna-pur!"

Lance's face lit up. "Was he called Whiskers?" he cried. "I do remember, then. You brought him every morning. How do you do, Adney; jolly glad to see you."

As they all passed on to the house, where Kirdles was awaiting them, Mrs. Caron fell back and said in a low voice to Adney, "I want a word with you."

"Yes, madam?"

He stopped and looked respectfully yet keenly at her. He knew, of course, that she had bolted and that Mr. Eldrid had fetched her back; though that was not the way he put it to the household staff. To them he said:

"I had it straight from the colonel that Mrs. Caron had promised to take Miss Burton up north, an arrangement that had been made before there was question of his coming back. She went and she returned, and so that's that."

"And what," demanded a sceptical parlour-maid, "has now become of Miss Burton?"

"She's at Grendon Grange, and I hear it's likely that the two young gentlemen and Miss Aster will join her there, seeing that the colonel has his hands full, and I hear they like staying at the Grange."

"Like it? That they do," said the cook.

"All last summer holidays they were there, and year before that too—"

"Colonel was telling me," pursued Adney, "that Mr. Eldrid has got a couple of ponies there that he keeps for them to ride."

The staff sniffed collectively.

"What's the good of this stuff you're givin' us? We know there's something queer. Husbands and wives sleepin' on different floors—so natural, isn't it?"

Adney was not only not abashed, he burst out laughing at this critic. "So nice for 'em to start a honeymoon, wouldn't it be, in this house, as full of people as an egg's full of meat? No! Let the colonel get through all these here banquets and receptions and electioneering, and what not, and then they'll go off together comfortable—see if they don't."

"Something in that, no doubt," said the cook pensively.

"Something? There's everything in it, with anyone like the colonel, that's a real gentleman, not one of these temporaries," returned Adney contemptuously.

Therefore it was with eyes which, though veiled, were extremely observant that he now faced Valery in the garden.

"Adney, Mr. Eldrid was saying something

to me about your thinking there might be danger for the colonel from—from assassins?"

"Yes 'm."

"That is serious—real—to be guarded against?"

"Yes 'm. You see, these Hali chaps have got the Huns behind 'em. There was some Hun Bolshies there when we arrived, selling arms to the natives and getting good and ready to stir up hell in those parts, and the colonel lifted 'em. That's the real truth of the matter, though it was kept out of the papers; and though the chap that was after us never got beyond Modane, still, there's a heap of Hun Bolshies in England, and when they get word, they'll be getting busy, likely as not."

"Have you seen or heard anything suspicious since he got here?"

"Nothing at all, ma'am; and I've kept my eyes skinned. Also Baker, the showier. He's a good sort. I'm armed, and so's the colonel, all the time."

"I'm not, and it would be of no use if I were; I can't use a revolver. But I have taken one precaution. I've bought a big, shrill whistle, and I have it always on me. If you hear me whistle once, wherever I may be, come to me; but if I whistle twice in succession come double quick. Do you understand? One whistle means 'Be at hand,' two whistles mean 'Come this moment.'"

"Right 'm," said Adney, with a look of new friendliness. "It's a good idea; for the colonel, he's rash, you know, and doesn't understand fear."

"No; and Adney, one thing more. If you see or hear anything, anywhere, that makes you suspicious, let me know without delay, please. I shall be with him all the time, and I shall want to know what to look out for."

CHAPTER XXIV

Electioneering

LIKE the first great crisis in her life, the second had flashed past on Valery's horizon, leaving her so bruised and defeated that she hardly knew what had happened.

As on the former occasion, she had been taken by the hand of her husband, and moved, as one moves a pawn on the board, into the position where he would have her be.

On her wedding-day, having no use for her, he had removed her and flung her into a drawer to await his further pleasure. He had returned later, found that she could be in some respects convenient, even necessary to his plans, and had forthwith drawn her out once more, and set her in her place, to move as his hand directed.

She had yielded the main point, and now she wondered what had induced her to do so. She was in a state of smouldering rebellion, of dumb resentment, of fell determination that nothing—nothing!—should shift her from her final

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refuge; the refuge of her own spiritual independence.

She summoned Kirdles to her aid, with the object of arranging that in no circumstances should she be left *titte-à-tite* with her husband. "You promised me your help and support, whichever way I might decide," said she, "but it was you who tipped the scale for me—you know it was. You said you thought I should be even more miserable if I refused than I am now. Well, it's hard to believe, but in any case, here I am; and you must keep your promise of help and support. You have got to chaperon me all the time."

"Why? Are you afraid that Colonel Caron will make advances?"

"Yes, if you want to know, I am afraid he will. There are several reasons. The first is that he is British and he thinks I belong to him, and that what is his is his own, to do as he likes with. He would like to be able to feel that his control over me was absolute, whereas now he knows that he has no control over me, that whatever I do, is done because I have made up my own mind to do it. The next reason is that I have turned out a good deal better-looking than he expected, and therefore he would like to be on good terms with me. It would be pleasant. The third reason is his dread of scandal, which may still assail us, you know, in spite of our pious exterior. Servants talk."

"Val, you are very bitter."

"Well, you can't have thought that the course I am now taking was likely to sweeten me, can you? However, in any case, I am the captain of my soul, and I'm not going to take a penny piece from him to spend on clothes. I'll pay for my presentation gown and all these other ridiculous garments (which I shall never wear again as long as I live) out of the last two hundred or my precious thousand. That will mean that I shan't be able to go back to Oxford, for I'm jolly hard up; but at least I shall not have sold my help and countenance to him!"

"Val, this is sheer folly. If you must have these things in order to do what your husband wishes, he ought to pay for them."

"I'd sooner be indebted to a jungle tiger than to him for anything!" came the violent retort.

As it left Val's lips the colonel entered the room. Nothing in his quiet aspect indicated that he had heard the words.

"I came to tell you that I have just had a note from the Miss La Placis," he said. "They are both down with the 'flu, and will not be able to receive us next Tuesday as planned. However," he held out the note to her, "they hope it is only a pleasure postponed. I shall have to postpone it for a good while, I fear; we are becoming inundated with engagements just lately."

Val glanced down the page. "All the better," said she in even tones, as unlike those which he had in fact overheard, as the cooing of a dove is unlike the hoot of a motor-horn.

"I shall be able to take the children out promising that afternoon."

"I also came," he went on, "to know whether you would like to go up to town to-day, as I have to, and have ordered the car immediately after lunch?"

"Yes, please let me come too, I have to be fitted with frocks and buy hats and shoes and all kinds of things."

His face brightened. "Quarter to two too early for you?"

"Will it be too early for us, Kirdles?" asked Val, fully aware of the way in which his face fell.

Kirdles agreed to the time, and Val went out of the room.

Carfrae waited until she was out of earshot, and then said in dropped tones, "I suppose she was referring to me just now?"

Kirdles could not deny it. "You must forgive her. She is very miserable," she murmured awkwardly.

After a long silence: "I learned patience in the desert," said he calmly; and went away with no more words.

Valery constantly manœuvred that there should be a third in the car when they drove. But she could not always manage it. Now and again they would set out for some function, the colonel in full dress uniform, looking like a picture of the typical British soldier-aristocrat, and herself as well turned out as any woman they were likely to meet. On these occasions, as soon as they were seated side by side, she would ask him for information on some point of etiquette, or more usually upon his own African experiences, a subject of which she never seemed to weary and upon which she soon became expert to a degree which astonished him.

Her political acumen was also a surprise. She collected data for him, made notes for speeches. She was indefatigable in working for him; but to play with him she steadfastly declined.

He would look out of the window at the tennis going forward on the gravel court, which Lyndsay had caused to be made, at his own expense, the previous year. Aster and Lyndsay against Val and Lance made up an even four, and they fought their matches hard, though always, as Carfrae thankfully noted, without wrangling. If he himself asked for a game, he was warmly welcomed, but Valery always regretted that there were notes she must write, frocks she must try on, calls she must pay; and so, on one pretext or another, left him to the others.

One night the young people had invited four or five friends of their own age, and were up in the schoolroom playing that fierce and wonderful card game which to them was known as "Crash Demon"—the game in which everybody has a separate pack of cards, and builds upon everyone else's aces. The fun was fast and furious, and Caron coming in to look on was begged to sit down.

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"Take my place," said Valery, rising. "I promised Kirdles to go and help her arrange a menu for to-morrow's lunch to the constituency."

"Then," passionately burst out Lance, who was much excited, "if you go, I shan't play any more! Val, you wretched quitter."

The smack on the head which his father instantly bestowed was as surprising as it was painful.

Wild at being unable to restrain his tears, the boy cried out to know what he had done to deserve a thick ear; and as usual when overwrought or in any distress, flung himself into the shelter of Val's arms, while she most ungratefully looked at Carfrae with resentment and reproach in her eyes.

"Get out of it, Lance," said Caron, feeling so enraged that he himself was surprised at it, "molly-coddle! Taking refuge among the petticoats! Apologize to Val for what you called her, sir!"

"If a chap can't call his own sister a quitter," gasped the boy. "She didn't mind, did you, Val?"

"Well, I can't say I liked it," she replied dryly, "and if your father orders you to apologize, you'd better tell me you're sorry."

"You know I'm sorry, old thing," was the answer of the ill-judging Lance, flinging himself once more upon her. They exchanged a hearty kiss, during which the colonel's fingers tingled to repeat the punishment he had lately administered.

However, Val left the room and he sat down to play. Encountering her later that evening, when she came to give him a *précis* of a speech in the House which he wanted, he said apologetically, "I beg your pardon, Val, for losing my temper this evening; but I should be obliged if you'd caress Lance as little as you can. It isn't good for him."

Valery looked at him with rising colour. Her chest heaved.

"Poor little chap, he has no mother," she said in a low voice.

The simple answer shook him so badly that for a moment he had nothing to say; and Valery after a slight hesitation went out of the room, leaving him to the realization that his remark had been prompted by nothing in the world but a savage, helpless jealousy.

It seemed that the holidays were soon over. The children rebelled against going to the Grange without Valery, even with the bribe of Madge Burton's being there. They were perfectly content at home, and keenly though Carfrae sought an occasion to complain that Valery neglected him for them, she never gave him one. She had stipulated for leisure to use in her own way, and the way she chose was to pass it in the companionship of the children and Lyn, who always made one of the party. The colonel could make no objection.

The youngsters, to Miss Kirby's untold relief, never commented upon the state of affairs between Valery and their father, having the

blessed faculty that children, in spite of introspective novels, almost always have, of taking the existing state of things for granted. The colonel had never lived at home since his second marriage, and had Valery changed her sleeping accommodation, it might have excited more remark than did her going on in the usual way. Valery was conscious now and then of its not having escaped Aster's attention; but Aster, in her first year at a public school, was in the throes of sharp reaction from procacious sex-tendency. She was immersed in hockey, cricket, the swimming bath and the "gym," and scorned sentiment in the most approved fashion. She wore her hair almost as short as a boy's, raced about in knickers as often as skirts, and cultivated a hoydenism destined to make way in a year or so for further developments.

If Valery had feared that the end of the holidays might make her isolated position more difficult, she found nothing to support these forebodings.

Except for that one brief outbreak about Lance, Caron's manner to her was undeviatingly cold, considerate and gentle. He deferred to her wishes in everything, and never transgressed her stipulation concerning any mention of the past.

By degrees she grew less nervous of being alone with him, less ready to take flight when he appeared. By the time he had been home six weeks, each knew what to expect from the other, and the agreement worked with a smoothness which Miss Kirby had been far from anticipating.

Caron's own nerves and those of Adney also were recovering tone, for nothing of any kind had been seen or heard since their arrival at Archwood to suggest the presence of any undesirable in the neighbourhood.

The feting of the hero went on, and his election meetings became more numerous. Valery stood the long hours and the constantly recurring fatigue with all the force of her splendid, healthy youth. Kirdles thought that she grew every day more beautiful. Her face, with all its locked-up significance, its withheld emotions, its disciplined control, fascinated people without their knowing why. The constituency went mad over her, the local paper exhausted itself in descriptions of her wonderful toilettes, her grand manner, her vivid speaking.

It was a proud day for Adney when he was first able to reply, "Yes, my lady," to an order given him by the wife of Sir Carfrae Caron. There was no bitterness in his heart now where she was concerned. He did not know the secret of the cleavage which existed between the two; but he felt sure that it could not be permanent. He looked forward with longing to the end of the summer, when the hard work should be over, the baronet safely in Parliament, and the two set free to go upon what he had determined should be their honeymoon.

It so happened that Carfrae had never heard his wife make a speech. He was always so

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busy that when she was at one place he must perforce go himself in another direction. It was waste of power for them both to address the same meeting.

One day, however, it chanced that there was a large afternoon meeting at Lufton, one of his opponent's strongholds; and they were both booked to be present, though only he was to speak. He was coming on from another meeting and her ladyship arrived in the County Hall before him. The chairman was in a difficulty. He was himself no speaker, and could not volunteer to spin out the time until the arrival of the colonel—and the magnate upon whom he had relied to do this had been taken ill and had just rung up to say he was unable to come. In these circumstances those on the platform earnestly besought Lady Caron herself to give them a few words, and Val, though she had nothing prepared, found herself facing a huge and somewhat restive gathering, annoyed because they were beginning late. The chairman made matters no better by the fact that he was nervous before what he looked upon as signs that the meeting intended to be rowdy. He hummed and hawed, and there were a good many interruptions and some ribald comment. He was very red in the face when he sat down, and the eyes he turned to Val were imploring. "I oughtn't to ask a lady to stand up to such a lot," he said unhappily, "but what can we do?"

"We'll see what we can do," replied her ladyship with a smile. She stood up forthwith, and the sight of her was so pleasing to the eye that there was a round of applause to start off with.

"Your chairman," said she, "thinks that you have come here this afternoon to speak your minds. I hope you have. I want to help you to make up your minds, and then all you've got to do is to tell us what you've decided. You are men—Martershire men—I hardly think I need ask you to give me a fair hearing."—(Cries of "We'll listen to you, missie!")—"Yes, I want you to listen to me because this is not going to be an electioneering speech. My husband will be here the moment he can get away from the meeting he is now addressing, and he'll tell you himself what principles he's out for, much better than I can. I'm going to fill in a few moments till he comes, by telling you the kind of man we are asking you to vote for. Carfrae Caron was born in this constituency, and so were his father and his father's father, back for many generations. Martershire is in his blood, and in his bones. He's one of yourselves, nourished like you from the soil of this dear old county. Do you remember what Shakespeare said about the mettle of a man's pasture? He meant the qualities that are in a man's blood as a result of the meat and drink that have nourished him. Martershire pastures raised the corn and the cattle that went to the making of Carfrae Caron. And when he was a man, how did he show the mettle of his pasture? By leaving all that made life comfort-

able, and the home of his ancestors, and going forth, at the order of his Government, to make a great discovery. He led a band of Englishmen into the heart of an untried desert. He bore their hardships, took their risks, was one of them while he shouldered the responsibility for their lives and their freedom. When things looked blackest, he not only kept up their courage, but he himself devised a way out of such difficulties as looked insurmountable. Let me tell you, for the next five minutes, how he extricated himself and his men from an almost hopeless situation."

She related the story of the eclipse and the use made of it by Caron, to a breathlessly attentive audience. When the rolling shouts and applause died down she was still on her feet, and evidently wanted to say a last word. She was smiling with a touch of mischief.

"I've told you not only what Sir Carfrae can do, but what he actually *did* do. His men trusted him, and he saw them through. Is it likely—is it possible—that his own brothers, the men of Martershire, won't trust him? Electors of Lufton, my advice to you is this: *Put your last shirt on Carfrae Caron!*"

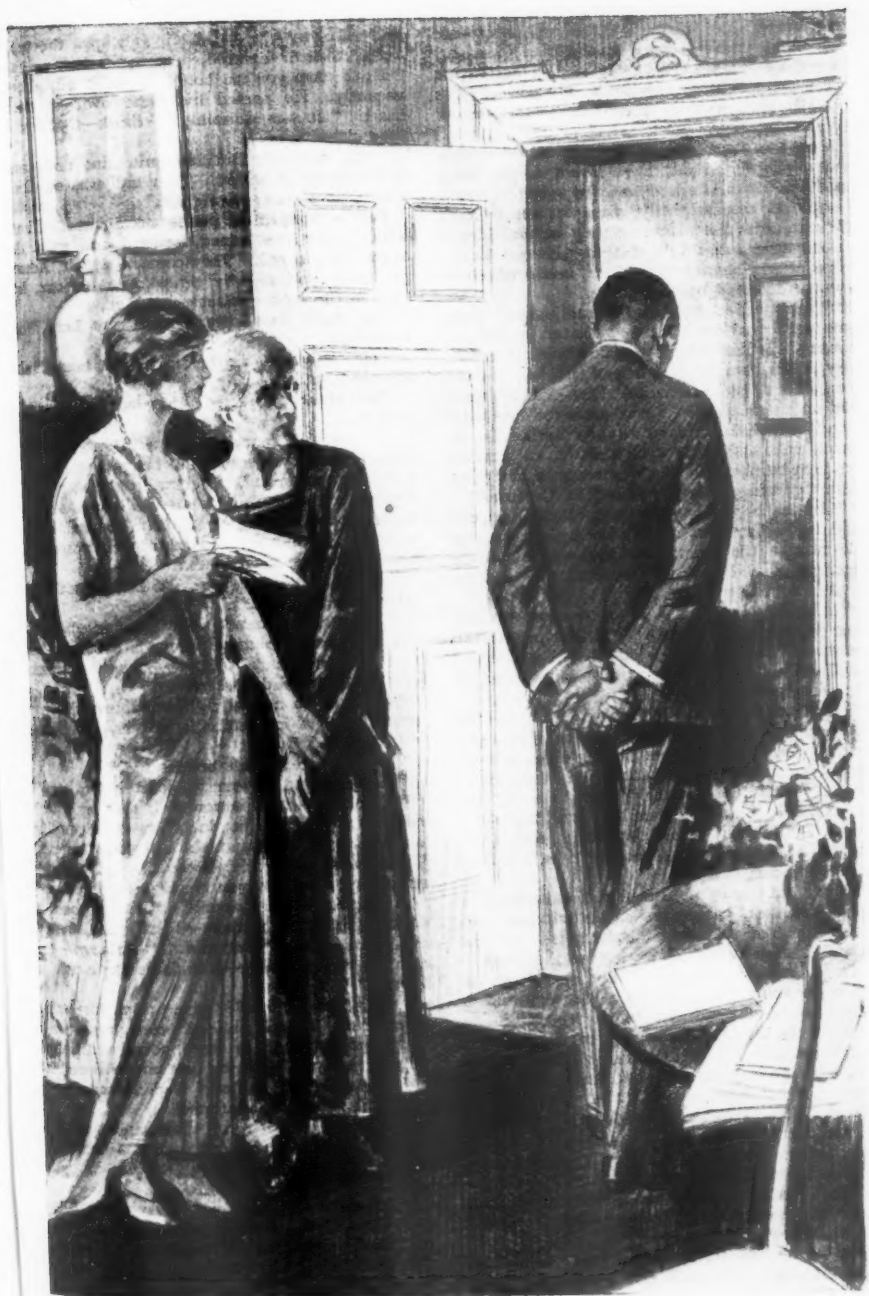
That brought down the house; for Lufton's main industry is shirt-making. Val took her seat in a tempest of approval which seemed to her as if it would never subside. Those words were destined to be the rallying cry for the election, and the room rang with them. Then, when the tumult began to die down, it suddenly rose once more to the pitch of enthusiasm; and, glancing round, she saw that her husband had just quietly taken the seat upon the other side of the chairman.

CHAPTER XXV

An Unforeseen Outbreak

SIR CARFRAE seemed in no hurry to quell the demonstrative welcome. He looked oddly pale, and it seemed to the solicitous chairman that he was not quite ready to speak. However, when at last, very deliberately, he laid down his notes, put his hands behind him with a gesture which was characteristic, and began, his voice was well under control.

"Men of Martershire—brothers of the soil—my wife has told you, better than I could do if I took a week over it—what it means to me to have between them such a bond as that which exists between you and me to-day. But she has not told you, for she could not know, what is felt by a wanderer like myself upon his return. Six months ago I was lying in an African hospital, and nothing to me seemed less likely than that I should live to see another English June. When a man lies—as I have lain—upon what he believes to be his death-bed, he is apt to sort out in his mind the things that really matter from those that are less important. In that exile and solitude I thought a great deal about England, and about this particular bit of England which to me is summed



"Val, smiling, held her by the arm, while
Carfrae walked slowly out"—p. 1056

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

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up in the one magic name of Home; and I determined that, if I should be spared to set foot once again in my native county, I would do my level best to work for it, to stand by it and to help it by any means in my power. Let me tell you now how, if you do me the honour to elect me, I propose to set about it."

After that beginning you might, as the agents afterwards remarked, have heard a pin drop until the candidate had finished speaking; and the shouts rose mightily when at last he took his seat, after an address closely reasoned, well put together, and full of that personal knowledge of his hearers and their needs which is always respected by the native.

"We'll send you to Westminster, right enough!" they told him; and later, as he was leaving the platform, after some brisk heckling, they broke from their seats and surged all about him. Then, as he handed down Valery there was another call of "Three more for her ladyship!" and she turned to nod and smile at them, and further, to their delight, to kiss her hand in response to their assurances that they were "putting their shirts on Sir Carfrae."

"Do let us drive you back, Mr. Dickson," said Lady Caron cordially, leaning forward in the car, as the agent who had organized the meeting seemed inclined to shut them in and himself remain outside.

"Afraid I can't get away, not yet awhile, your ladyship," he replied, "thanking you all the same. Great speech indeed—great speech! You'll allow me to congratulate you! One of the best meetings we've had."

They were driving off alone together—the thing she dreaded. She knew—felt in every pulsing nerve, that the man beside her was in a state of such tension that the least false move might precipitate—what? What was it that she feared? She could not have said, only she knew that she was afraid; so much so that her usual resolute supply of safe small talk had failed her completely.

Caron sat forward, his head turned quite away from her, gazing out of the window, and returning the vociferous salutations of the crowd as they slowly drew clear of the town.

Valery saw that they would soon be out in the open country—no longer observed—and a desperate need beset her to do something to fend off the moment she saw approaching. At last he turned, faced her, and showed to her a face unlike anything she had known before in him. The hardness was all gone. The eyes were full of light—each handsome feature seemed to be, for the first time in their mutual acquaintance, given its due value by a new inner harmony which subtly altered all.

"So," he said, and even his voice had changed, "so, at last you break silence—at last I have heard you speak—"

The extremity of her need gave Valery an idea—inspired her with the safe and trivial topic that she craved. "Oh, don't you think this car is insufferably hot? What could have induced Baker to shut it up?" she cried, fling-

ing back her wrap. "Please, Carfrae, stop him and tell Adney to get down and open the top."

He looked amazed, cruelly taken aback. "Hot? Are you too hot?" he repeated, almost vacantly. He passed his hand over his forehead. "It was drizzling, I think—that's why they closed it—"

"Oh, was it? But it's quite fine now, and I feel perfectly stifled. That hall was so close. Please let me have some air."

For a moment he made no answer. Then, with a start, he leaned forward and gave the order she desired. They came to a halt, Adney got down and rapidly threw open the car, letting in the rather watery sunshine.

"It don't look very settled, my lady," he remarked.

"Oh, it won't rain before we get home," she returned optimistically.

This matter adjusted, they continued their progress.

Carfrae had leaned back as if absorbed in thought, his eyes seemed to be gazing out into distances unprobed. Valery, breathing more freely now that they were no longer in any sense of the word private, sat up and looked relieved. Presently she heard his voice, low and unlike his usual tones:

"What made you speak of me as you did? I heard—almost all."

"What made me do it?" she asked stiffly. "I was merely observing my half of our bargain. I undertook to help you by any means in my power; did I not?"

It seemed to her as if the radiance died out of his face, which set back into its usual lines.

"Is that all?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Only you spell your 'don't' with a 'w.'"

"Sometimes it is better spelt that way," she replied dryly. "But do let me tell you how well I thought you took up your hecklers. There were some there who hoped to make serious trouble, but you were ready for them."

He made an odd sound. "I felt equal to anything at that moment—I had the strength of half a dozen," he said. "But now—this evening, at Smethling—I shall be like a pricked bubble."

"Oh, you mustn't give way like that. Remember, it will be all over next week. You've simply got to keep going until then. Say to yourself that it's got to be done!"

"What does it matter? I don't want to be in Parliament," he muttered.

"You are over-tired. We ought to have stopped in the town and got you some tea. Surely General Beaton gave you a good lunch?"

"Lunch? Oh, yes, yes, of course. I had plenty of lunch. I don't want anything at all . . . except what I can't have."

"Most people are like that, I think," replied Valery coldly. "Who is that man, I wonder? Is he one of your future constituents? He evidently wants a good look at you!"

As she spoke the car slipped past a man who

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was walking at the roadside as if on his way from the meeting, and who, on hearing the horn, had stopped, turned, and stared hard at them as they drove by.

Caron saluted involuntarily as his eye met that of the wayfarer, who raised his hat with a half smile. He was well though quietly dressed, and looked like one who dwells in the country and goes up to town every day.

When he had been left some way behind, Caron leaned forward and spoke to Adney: "Did you note that fellow?"

"Yes, Sir Carfrae. I've just been asking Baker if he knows him by sight. He says he's quite a stranger to him."

"Thought I'd seen him before somewhere," said Caron in a puzzled voice.

"I think I'll get off in Marterstead and go and describe him to the police as near as I can. He was on foot—he won't get far."

"Oh, I don't think you need worry to do that."

"Better do it, Sir Carfrae, by your leave."

"Be on the safe side," said Valery hurriedly.

"Oh, why?" he asked in a voice whose icy sneer could hardly belong to the man who a minute ago had said: "*At last I have heard you speak!*"

"Why? Because we are out to win this election," she returned at once, "and nobody is going to stop us."

When they reached home she said to the maid who came to the door that she was very tired and would have tea taken up to her own sitting-room, whither she at once repaired.

She felt that the thin ice had been skated over, the danger point passed for the moment; but she wished for no further opportunities. It was the first time that Carfrae had even allowed her to see that it was not easy for him to hold to the conditions she had imposed. She felt angry, but fairly sure that upon reflection he would realize that he had made a mistake.

She went into her bedroom, rang for her maid, and changed into a rest-gown, by which time her tea was awaiting her.

Slowly she emerged from the inner room, closed the communicating door, and went to the deep, well-cushioned couch which stood near the window of her study. The room faced south, and the sun streamed in through the western side of the Georgian bow window. Outside lay the gardens in their early summer beauty. Spring had been tardy, and the season had come to perfection with a rush, so that crimson hawthorn, golden laburnum and the exquisite faint purple and white of the lilac were mingled; while farther off, beyond the garden, the smother of the apple blossom in the orchard supplied a kind of bridal hilarity. The rain feared by Adney had rolled away in a purple mass of cloud, leaving all the world aglitter. Blackbirds and thrushes supplied minstrelsy to the banquet of beauty.

The big business-like writing-table was piled high with election correspondence and political pamphlets. Lyndsay and Val between them performed for the candidate all the work of a private secretary, and did it very well. Various neatly typed letters, duly signed by Caron, were lying upon the blotting-pad awaiting dispatch.

But first, after her exertions, her ladyship needed some tea. Here in this room she was safe from intrusion, and she snuggled down among her cushions, feet curled under her, trying to soothe her disturbed spirits by gazing upon the tender beauty of the sunset world.

Kirdles would be upstairs shortly. She had not been able—most unfortunately—to get away that afternoon to the meeting. She had not known that Valery was likely to speak, any more than Val herself had foreseen it. She would be very eager to hear all that had taken place, and would be certain to hurry to her child as soon as she had poured out tea for Carfrae and Lyndsay in the drawing-room.

Having quenched her thirst and enjoyed her savoury sandwiches, Val laid down her cheek upon the satin cushion, and awaited her in a queer blend of physical luxury and spiritual restlessness.

"Come in, old thing," she muttered drowsily as the tiny brass knocker on the sacred door was tapped. Lazily she half turned, so that she could extend both arms. "Come and be hugged, old darling. Where have you been this age?"

The dead silence that ensued caused her to sit suddenly bolt upright. Across the tea-table stood Carfrae, and in one second she had changed from the loving, unaffected girl to the hard, cynical woman.

Instantly her feet were on the floor, her draperies straightened, her figure drawn up. She was on the brink of an angry inquiry as to what right he had to intrude upon a privacy he had promised to respect; but as the words leapt to her lips she rejected them. It was undignified to be angry; perhaps a little ridiculous, too. After all, this *was* a sitting-room, and he *had* knocked before entering.

As he evidently left it to her to sound the opening note, she presently asked stiffly: "Do you want anything?"

"I am sorry, I have evidently disturbed you. I came up because Kirby has visitors down there, and I have just received this note, which should by rights have been addressed to you."

She rose, took a note from his hand, and made a slight gesture.

"Please sit down."

"You permit?" His face was grave, but his voice had an edge of sarcasm.

She paid no attention to that, but took the note from the envelope and read. It was from the Miss la Placis, and it said that they were proposing to leave the Dairy Lodge for a month's stay in two days' time. They felt very sad because, owing to Sir Carfrae's numerous

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engagements, they had not had the pleasure of seeing him; but they begged to know if he could possibly bring Lady Caron and come to tea the following afternoon? If he could only spare them one little hour it would be something.

Valley glanced up from her reading. Carfrae had not accepted her none too cordial invitation to be seated. He was standing in the window, gazing down upon the lawn.

"Well," said she, "can you do as they ask?"

"Not tea, certainly. I have a meeting at Redford. But if you agree, we might stroll down their way about six and pay our respects just for a few minutes. The six o'clock meeting to-morrow at Marners Green is off." After a just perceptible pause he added: "This is all so familiar to me. This was my nursery when I was a kid."

"So I think I have heard. The room was not in use when I came. That was why I chose it. Is that all you came to say?"

He turned from the window and looked steadily at her. Her long straight gown of mist grey satin was looped on the left hip with a big silver clasp. She wore a string of uncut turquoise beads that hung below her waist. Against the background of the white enamel of the window panelling she showed with somewhat the effect of an oil painting. Her splendid youth and vitality, the warm tints of her complexion and the glinting brown of her hair seemed to tell out against the neutral tones, vivid and glowing. Her proportions, always rather Juno-esque than nymph-like, were now almost perfect, though in the last three months she had grown thinner than she was when he first came home. As his eyes rested on her the words of Othello floated to his mind:

"One whose hand,
Richer than all his tribe."

Could this wintry queen be the same creature as the coaxing child who a minute ago was curled up like a dormouse among her cushions, and who had invited her visitor to "come and be hugged"?

"No," he said, speaking with a nervousness which he could not hide, "it is not all. I have something else to say. I came also to—er—to ask you to waive for a few minutes one article of our unwritten agreement. It was stipulated that the past should not be referred to between us, except by mutual consent. I ask you to let me refer to it for—er—perhaps ten minutes?"

"It is better for me to refuse," she replied stonily. "No good object can be served by discussing it; and just now you need all your attention—all your energies—for your political work."

He paused. "You refuse, then?"

"I must refuse."

"Good. I will speak, then," he went on undaunted, "not of the past, but of the future."

You laid no embargo upon that. I wish to know—are there any conditions—any circumstances—in which you would be willing—might possibly be willing—to reconsider your determination to repudiate your marriage vows?"

Her voice as she replied was level and quiet: "There are no circumstances that I know of, and no conditions that I can foresee, which could make me change my mind."

"Am I permitted to ask you to give your reasons?"

"I think you know them very well; and this talk is worse than useless. . . ." She bit her lip to hold back tears. "Is it fair?" cried she, more impetuously. "Am I not already doing enough for you? No, I am not going to throw it in your teeth, but I do ask you to have some consideration for me! Though you have no idea what it is costing me to be here, you surely must perceive something of the difficulty of my position. Don't drive me into a corner."

He made a movement as though he would have approached her, then turned and moved away through the room, hands behind him, flinging a look at the books, the mezzotints, the few bits of pottery, the flowers, the girlish collection of college groups.

"How pretty you have made it!" he said, more to himself than to her.

She took the chance of his attention being elsewhere to apply her handkerchief to eyes that were perilously full. "Am I glad you think so. And now, if you have said what you wished to say, will you go away? I have work to do before I can dress for dinner."

He came to a standstill in the centre of the room. "Oh, but I haven't nearly said what I came to say. The questions I have put to you so far have been to clear the ground. Let us be definite as to the point that we have reached, because it's important. You and I have been in the house together now for three months. I have kept our pact during all that time. This afternoon—listening to you, hearing what you said—there dawned in me a dim sort of hope that you had perhaps begun to see more clearly, were entering into my side of the question, would be willing, not only to be a figurehead, but to let me talk to you, to try to know me a bit better. . . . You tell me that that is not so? Your attitude now is just what it was when you first came back from Grendon?"

She said: "It is the same. I have not changed."

"And there is, humanly speaking, no hope of your changing?"

He spoke sharply, eagerly, making a stride in her direction.

"As far as I can tell, there is no hope of my changing."

He waited, as if to give her a chance to say more. As she did not speak, "That is—your last word?" he slowly demanded. She was very pale, but she signed assent.

"Very well. That being so, I will proceed

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to say what I came to say, but would not utter until you had cut away all hope from me. I hereby dissolve our pact—the temporary pact we made. You must go. It is all over. From to-day we separate. You go your way, I go mine. Be anywhere you choose but not in my house. I cannot have you here.”

His totally unexpected words whipped the colour into her face as a slap might have done. She literally gasped with the surprise of them.

“Are you mad? You can’t realize what you are saying.”

“I know only too well. I’m confessing failure. I thought I could go through with this preposterous scheme, and I find I can’t. That’s all. It must end.”

Val’s blazing indignation drove nervousness from her mind. She spoke very quietly because she was at white heat.

“So you think you can play this trick on me a third time? Let me inform you that you cannot, for I will not consent. You took me once, used me to satisfy your grudge against my mother, and flung me away like yesterday’s newspaper. You came back when you chose, annexed me once more, and actually persuaded me into serving your purpose a second time! But that was the last. Do you understand? You shall not do it again. You have entered into this arrangement, and you must hold to it until I choose to release you from the bargain. Oh!” —momentarily the flames shot high— “I should think no self-respecting Englishwoman of the twentieth century was ever treated as you treat me! But there’s a limit, and beyond it you shall not go.”

“Valery, you don’t understand; let me explain.”

“Can you assert,” she pursued, “that I haven’t kept my word? Have I come short of what I promised?”

“No, no. It’s I, not you, who have come short. I undertook what I’m not strong enough to see through. I set out to live in the same house with you, without making any effort to change the terms on which we stand, and I find I can’t do it. I thought it only honest to tell you this; but it seems you persistently misunderstand me. . . .” He seemed to choke

down feeling, and went on: “God forbid that I should do anything that seems like treating you badly. If that’s the way you take it, why, then, the farce must go on. But the thing’s



“‘Don’t stay too long,’ said the good woman fondly”—p. 1057

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

obsessing me. I’m losing my mental perspective. I can see nothing clearly because you dazzle my eyes.”

“That’s simply nonsense. You have only to make up your mind not to think about me. Surely you have enough matters of importance upon your shoulders, at least for the next week or so, to prevent your brooding over a matter of sentiment?”

He made no reply.

“Make up your mind,” she went on, “that

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whatever happens we are going through with this election. As soon as you are safely returned we can separate as speedily as you choose. But the one thing you must not, shall not, do is to let down Lyndsay and me at this crisis."

"And suppose I own," Carfrae muttered slowly, "that I won't be answerable for myself, that I feel I might lose my head—and—"

She gave a little laugh, almost snapping her fingers, as she turned scornfully away from him and went to the writing-table.

"Make yourself quite easy on that score. There's not an ounce of sentiment in me from head to heel, and I assure you that I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

She gathered up the loose letters and turned to the door. "I have run short of envelopes, and I am going to find Lyn and ask him for some more," said she calmly, "so you'll excuse me. Don't come here again, please."

As she reached the door it was opened from without by Miss Kirby, who was entering hurriedly, and could not control a start when she saw the colonel. "Oh! are you busy, Val?" She turned to go, but Val, smiling, held her by the arm while Carfrae walked slowly out, feeling within him such a clash of rage, mortification, passion and hurt pride as he had never thought to experience at the hands of any woman.

"My dear," said Kirdles when he had gone, "I thought he never came up here."

"This is the first time, and I think it will be the last," said Val flippantly. "What do you think he came for? To give me notice?"

"What are you talking about—notice?"

"Notice to quit. Yes. He said he had had enough of it, and he was going to chuck his election and everything, if only he could get me out of the house."

"Val! What did you say?"

"I told him there was nothing doing. He brought me here, and here I shall stay until after this election. Then I'll be off as soon and as far as he likes. But he isn't going to let us down at this stage of the proceedings." She surveyed the staring, bewildered Kirdles with a wicked twinkle in her eyes. "Do you know, old thing, I am really beginning to enjoy myself!"

CHAPTER XXVI

The Day After

OPEN house was kept at Archwood during these hectic weeks, for people dropped in from all over the county to every kind of meal—agents, delegates, squires of small villages eager to arrange meetings, enthusiastic ladies with *questionnaires* (blessed word!), and a sprinkling of personal friends who were organizing the canvassing.

Valery, in radiant summer frocks, had to preside over very motley luncheon-tables, and

on the day after the Lufton meeting they sat down a party of fifteen. Sir George Bowyer had come because he really couldn't keep away, so delighted was he with Lady Caron and so anxious that she should know something of the sensation caused by her speech in the big town full of factories and celebrated for its disorderly meetings. Hugh Hatherleigh was there by invitation, having come to help Lyndsay with various jobs.

Val was paid so many compliments that at last Carfrae looked up from what he was saying at the other end of the long table and called out:

"Bowyer, enough said. You are turning my wife's head."

"Ha, ha! Not very easy to do that, Caron; she has the most level head of any woman I've met! Seriously, old chap, I hope you realize that if you get in it'll be largely because she's loosed you in with that silver tongue of hers."

"Yes, yes, you are free to talk to her in that style, because you haven't got to manage her after the election's over. When her head's completely turned, what am I going to do with her?"

"Turn me out to grass," said Val impertinently. "I shall want a good holiday, and so will you."

"Lucky man!" cried Sir George. "Where shall you take him, Lady Caron?"

"Oh, he won't want the task of keeping me in order. As he says, I shall be a bit difficult to handle after all your injudicious flattery! A little solitude will cool me down a bit."

"*Solitude à deux*—eh?" cried Sir George, laughing delightedly. "I see, you're going away where nobody can find you; that's the idea?"

Caron's voice again sounded clearly down the table: "Some unsuspected isle in the far seas," he quoted.

"Doesn't that sound attractive this weather to your ladyship?" teased Sir George.

"Domesticity is never attractive to me, Sir George. I belong to my own day and generation. I've never been really broken to double harness, so it's fortunate that my husband is so little at home, isn't it?" said the girl, with a mischief in eye and voice which quite reassured her old friend as to the fact that she was not speaking seriously.

"Well," he said, "folks have much to say in praise of modern marriage under the new conditions; but somehow I don't think it wears as well as the old kind—"

"In which the woman's affection was blind, like a dog's, so that she would trot meekly after her man, however poor a sort he was, admiring him and hanging upon his pleasure—"

"Just because he was her man," returned Sir George. "Ah, yes, my dear young lady, say what you like, that is the kind of affection all we poor fellows stand in need of. We have a nervous suspicion that unless our wives loved us blindly they probably wouldn't love us at

HIS SECOND VENTURE

all. An admiring wife is often the sole buttress of a mediocre man's self-esteem. Without it he would never get anywhere."

The discussion had to be broken off short, because the inexorable clock pointed to a quarter past two, and the car was throbbing in the drive, ready to carry off the gentlemen to the next meeting.

"You're coming, too, Lady Caron?" cried various voices.

"No, I've got an afternoon off to-day," she replied, "and I'm going to sit in the garden and laze for a couple of hours."

Carfrae came round the table to her. "I shall be back by five," said he, and as he spoke he laid his hand, very deliberately and very firmly, on her shoulder. She could not shake it off in front of everybody. "Keep a cup of tea for me," he bade her, "and afterwards I think you promised to stroll down the park to call on our tenants, did you not?"

"Did I? Oh, well, perhaps I may, if it isn't too hot," she replied, not looking at him. And slipping free from his touch, she ran to shake hands with the various departing guests.

She just got the chance of a whisper aside to Adney before the cars went off, to inquire whether the man they saw the previous day had been identified. Adney smiled reassuringly.

"Oh, yes, that wasn't anything at all," said he. "Nothing, only the way he looked at us made me notice him. We're safe enough, ma'am. Don't you worry."

Val laughed, much relieved, and went off to give orders that tea was not to be served till five; also to warn Kirdles to be on hand.

"I had just begun to think that the chaperoning was superfluous," she remarked grimly, "but I find I was mistaken. You sit tight, old thing, and see he doesn't leave the rails."

"Until yesterday he has behaved beautifully, Val." There was implied reproach in the tones.

"Oh, of course, you are going over to his side. To a woman your age no man as handsome as Carfrae could ever be wrong."

"Oh, Val, how can you?"

Val laughed teasingly and settled herself in the hammock. The hush of afternoon was over all things, and she gave herself up to the delicious languor of indolence with a book.

It was about a quarter to five when she looked up to see Caron striding towards her across the lawn. He was too soon. Kirdles, base traitor, had not come on duty!

He looked somehow different from yesterday, as though his mood had changed completely. His eyes met hers no longer with an appeal, but with something more like a challenge.

"You look comfy." He flung himself down in a deck-chair and passed a handkerchief over his brow.

"I hope you've forgiven and forgotten my outbreak yesterday," said he lightly. "One

gets a bit overstrained with all this rushing about and talking. It shan't occur again. I've had a tophole meeting this afternoon. Lady Sandcastle was there. What a pretty woman! And can't she give the glad eye!" He smiled in appreciative reminiscence. "They are going off after Ascot to Norway. I rather think I shall go with them. Scandinavia sounds good to me after the Sahara."

"Excellent scheme," said Val, showing no surprise, though it is certain that she felt some. She slipped out of the hammock and poured tea for him, he chatting lightly the while of Lady Sandcastle and her toy Poms and her new car and so on.

"She's taking me all round their district to-morrow, canvassing."

Kirdles appeared in a few minutes' time, and ousted Val from the tea-tray. "Eat your own tea, child, for you haven't much time if you are going down to Dairy Lodge first," said she.

"Why, what's Val doing this evening?" Carfrae wanted to know.

"They rang up from Great Lane-field to ask if she could possibly motor over there for a small meeting in the vicarage at seven o'clock."

"Did they? When? They wrote this morning to say the thing couldn't be arranged."

"Well, they seem to have read about yesterday's meeting in the papers, and they called me this afternoon, since you left," replied Val.

"I said I'd go. Never miss a chance."

"You are a brick," commented her husband.

"But since you promised the old ladies to go down for a few minutes, you had better keep your word," advised Kirdles. "Don't forget to thank them, Sir Carfrae, for all they have done. They have canvassed patiently, day after day, in their tiny pony-trap."

"Yes," laughed Val. "I shall never forget their offence when I innocently asked them if they were naturalized. They were both born in England, they tell me. Odd that they still speak the language so imperfectly."

She picked up and carelessly pulled on a hat which Caron thought one of the most provocative things he had ever seen. She knelt before Kirdles to have it set straight. "There you are! Don't stay too long," said the good woman fondly. "I am going with you to Great Lane-field, and I'll be ready and waiting at twenty minutes to seven."

"Very good. Won't take more than fifteen minutes at the outside to get there. Come along, Carfrae," said Val with would-be nonchalance, taking up gloves and a sunshade, neither of which she intended to use.

Carfrae rose and came to her side, and as they walked off he began a humorous anecdote about a heckler at his late meeting. As they passed out of sight of Kirdles the girl was suddenly and furiously aware that her heart was beating in great heavy strokes, for no reason at all except that he and she were walking through the summer evening together.

(To be concluded)

THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev Arthur Pringle

The Cheapening of the Familiar

THE familiar, *because* it is the familiar, makes up the staple of life; so, if that becomes cheapened, all that is best goes by the board. I start off with this obvious commonplace precisely because so many people go far towards spoiling their lives through ignoring it. By the familiar, the humdrum, the ordinary, we must all stand or fall. The life that feeds itself on recurring excitement and out-of-the-way happenings is doomed to perpetual and even increasing hunger.

Easily Gained, Lightly Valued

Here, then, is enough to make it worth our while to see how we can guard against that cheapening of the familiar that is so fatally easy; and it is difficult to think of any aspect of life which does not illustrate the danger. All along the line it is so liable to be true that "easily gained is lightly valued"; and this, of course, is emphasized by the increasing fullness of life and the growing accessibility of amenities and advantages that is such a feature of our day.

Scenery that is readily get-at-able, pictures that can be seen for the asking, books that can be borrowed for nothing or possessed for a comparatively trifling sum—what chance have these of real appreciation from our strangely built humanity?

The Paradox of the Bible

Every kind of inducement has been devised to make Bible-reading more attractive, and the varied abundance of easily procurable editions is triumphantly pointed to. But, such is the paradox of the situation, this last seemingly happy fact is responsible for most of the trouble. Supposing we could return to the days when there was but a chained copy here and there, and that we had to wait in tedious queues for our turn to read! There, indeed, would be a help to appreciation. However, that is one of the bygone possi-

bilities, and the Bible must continue to suffer the handicap that belongs to familiarity and cheapness. Meanwhile, it is ready to our hand, with so many other spiritual treasures, the easy possession of anyone who cares to have it. And, unless our gain is to prove our loss, we must stir ourselves to some realizing of our happy fortune.

And, after all, making allowance for all difficulties and drawbacks, it is a happy thing to be alive to-day. Taking in the bulk the great mass of averagely placed people at the present time, it can be said to them in a sense that was never before so true, "all things are yours." But there is still the difficulty of persuading ourselves that things are not necessarily cheap because they cost little money and demand no long journey to get at them.

Commonplaces, not Miracles

The most casual reader of the Gospels must see how this point appealed to Jesus. At every turn and with every variety of illustration He drives it home. The wonders that make simple people open their eyes, the miracles on which theologians are apt to lay such stress, seem to have meant less to Him than the quiet growing of lilies, the happy mystery of childhood, the amazing faith of hard-pressed people—the things, in short, that are always happening and that make up the commonplace of daily experience. There is no getting away from the fact that our Lord was reluctant to astonish people with miracles; that, instead, He was eager to make them feel how wonderful and significant were the things they were constantly seeing and the humdrum life most of them were leading.

If we were wise, we should give an eager welcome to this view of life, for it must make a great difference to our whole outlook. Surely, if gradually, it will wean us from the habit of regarding only startling and exceptional events as "divine" or

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"miraculous," and it will train us to a finer sense of all that is implied in the beauty, the wonder, the simplicity, or the awesomeness of everyday things, which for all their frequency are none the less the gift of God.

So schooling ourselves, we shall not wait for what we call great things to happen; we shall come to know that the greatest things *are* happening and are waiting for us to feel their meaning. Henceforth, for us, the world will be full of something better than what men call miracles. That a child should be born, or a solitary man die with courage; that sensitive women should be heroic in face of continuous pain; that quite ordinary people should gain a daily victory over temptation and worry; that, over against it all, the sun should, day by day, paint the sky with its rising and setting—all this will be token enough for us that "earth's crammed with heaven," and the familiar will no longer be the cheap.

The Blessing of an Illness

And so with the things that belong even more intimately to our own individual lives. If we are to get out of life the best it has to give, we must at all costs cure ourselves of taking things for granted—things such as sight and hearing, the health of mind and body—and only valuing them when they threaten to leave us or perhaps have gone altogether. There is, in fact, a way of "counting our blessings" which even the most prosaic and non-sentimental need not be afraid of indulging in.

Many a normally active man has been pulled up with a jerk, so to speak, by a few days in bed that have served to waken in him a new appreciation of his familiar robustness; and it is one of the aggravating traits of average human nature that people on whom the fates heap their gifts are seldom fully alive to their good fortune. It is not only in children, but very scrupulously in ourselves, that we should encourage constant and deliberate thanksgiving for all happiness and health that come our way. Otherwise, something goes out of life that it is truly impossible to replace.

A beautiful case in point, eminently seasonable at this time of the year, is furnished by Browning's Pippa. Those of us to whom holidays come with fair allowance might well take a leaf out of Pippa's book and enrich our more numerous "days" with

something of the concentrated eagerness that she bestowed on her one day:

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure!

But thou must treat me not
As prosperous ones are treated: those who live
At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
And free to let alone what thou refusest;
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa—old year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow;
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new year's
sorrow.

Anyone who carries the spirit, if not the words, of that passage in his mind ought to be proof against the cheapening of familiar boons and pleasures.

But we do not feel the full brunt of this question until we apply it to our estimate of other lives than our own. Here, too, the familiar is apt to leave us unmoved, while the splash of colour and romance stirs us to excited interest. The prodigal, with all the pathos of his repentance and the picturesqueness of his return, makes a readier appeal to most people than the brother who had remained at home in uneventful respectability. The two present, to the casual eye, all the difference between spectacular drama and stale routine.

The Unromantically Good

But we do less than justice to humanity until we realize what numbers of people there are who remain steadily and unromantically good. They have no exciting adventures; and, because they never sally forth in foolish recklessness, they never have the chance of returning in dramatic penitence. Men and women of this sort are apt to be unappreciated, because it is so easy to forget the *hidden* romance that may be there all the time. In such a world as this few "keep straight" without an exacting struggle; and, could we know all, we should be amazed at what great cost many quiet, undemonstrative people have kept themselves from moral disaster. We must not be so childishly superficial as to imagine that there is no battle because there is no audible clash of arms or firing of guns.

In the moral sphere it is grotesquely easy to overdo the tag that "people who never make mistakes never make anything else." Respectability, if you care to use the word, is not everything; but, as things go, it is worth more than most people imagine. If a man has maintained his life at a per-

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sistently decent level, and has kept the grosser temptations at bay, he is one of the conquerors and has proved his possession of heroic stuff.

Yet how little recognition this class gets from the professed students of humanity! Novelists and dramatists find more "effective" material in life's tragic failures and repentances than in its outwardly uneventful happenings; and even religious people, who ought to know better, are so impressed by the ring and the shoes and the fatted calf as to underrate the worth of the elder brother.

Parents are perhaps liable to make more of the penitent prodigal than of the son who is unobtrusively faithful; and when they ignore the loyalty that is daily and hourly under their eyes, they are failing in one of their first duties.

Just People

Giving the subject a wider setting, are not most of us too apt to be lacking in appreciation of the people who are always with us? After all, those who only come to us now and again have such an enviable chance of being fresh and attractive and interesting. The visiting preacher, with his effective "travellers," brings into relief the wear and tear of his resident brother. And the happily married daughter who pays flying visits to her mother creates a pleasant excitement that is often made to react against the daughter who is always at home and always more or less bearing the brunt of things.

Some time ago people were talking of "the modern vampire," meaning by that ugly appellation the kind of woman who keeps a daughter or companion chained by her every whim and caprice—imprisoning her energies, ignoring her claim to generous appreciation or larger existence, sucking her very life-blood. The next authoritative history of persecution under Christianity should include a chapter on the way in which certain elderly and devout ladies treat their female dependents. This kind

of thoughtlessness should surely find a place among the cardinal sins.

It ought, indeed, to be part of our religion to train ourselves to sensitive appreciation of the people who are always with us, and to whom, more often than not, we are under constant debt. Husband and wife, brother and sister, friend and friend, might in this way discover fresh and surprising stores of interest in each other; and many relationships and occasions hurriedly labelled "dull" would have the light kindled over them.

The Great Opportunities

And it is worth while remembering that, so far as the deepest and most satisfying fellowship is concerned, these are the great opportunities. People who are here to-day and gone to-morrow bring us welcome bracing and tonic; and, even if birds of passage fly swiftly, it is good to see the glint of their plumage and to feel the stirring of the air. But for the best meat and drink of human intercourse we rely, as a rule, on the people who are continually with us.

Wise and fortunate are we if, instead of letting familiarity, whether of people or things, breed cheapness or contempt, we make it a challenge to ever keener discernment and appreciation.



The Quotation

A true man should cherish remembrance if anywhere he reap a joy. 'Tis kindness that still begets kindness. But whosoever suffers the memory of benefits to slip from him, that man can no more rank as noble.

SOPHOCLES.



THE PRAYER.

FOR great moments and fine times, when we stand on the mount of ecstasy and vision, we thank Thee; but we pray that our eyes may be open and our hearts be made sensitive to the glory of the commonplace and to the divine meaning that is lurking in the scenes and happenings of our everyday life.



The Sunlight League

Britain Bears the Palm

By

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E

HERE is a true story, which began long ago, but the sequel to which I want the readers of *THE QUIVER* to help to write.

A True Story

Just half a century ago a young Englishman named Theobald Adrian Palm, having graduated in medicine in the University of Edinburgh, elected to serve in the mission field, and went to Japan under the auspices of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. There for nine years he worked in the little town of Niigata. In Edinburgh he had done his "dispensary work" as a student—like so many of us before and since his day—in the Cowgate, once the habitation of the aristocracy of the Scottish capital, but destined to become a shocking slum district, in whose tall houses, built for such different purposes, vast numbers of the poorest and their children are congregated. There the young medical student in the early 'seventies saw many cases of rickets, a notorious disease of childhood, first described by the great English physician, Dr. Glisson, in 1650. In the Cowgate, half a century ago, and now, scarcely a child escapes a period of rickets, often leading to death, and always with lamentable lifelong consequences. I have worked there by day and night myself, both as a student and as resident in the Royal Maternity Hospital, Edinburgh, and the memory of those years is not to be forgotten.

But when Dr. Palm worked in Japan he found no rickets; the contrast was marked and extreme. Other diseases he met, doubtless, of which he had only read in Edinburgh, but no rickets. He pondered upon the fact. After his term of service in the foreign mission field, he returned to his native land and entered into country practice at Wigton, in Cumberland, a little place of some three thousand inhabitants. Very little rickets was there as compared with "Auld Reekie"—Old Smoky being the English equivalent of that name, applied with fond affection to Edinburgh by its

citizens. Then, in 1889, the British Medical Association published a geographical study of rickets in our own country—the "English disease," as they call it on the Continent.

When Dr. Palm read this he realized the next step that must be taken. He prepared a letter and sent it to medical missionaries in India, China, and elsewhere, asking them for their experience of rickets. He collected all their evidence, put it together with the study made in our own country and with the statements made by observers in other countries, and then he asked himself what the facts meant—for the origin of rickets, after nearly two and a half centuries of inquiry since the time of Glisson, was an entire mystery.

Sunlessness—not Poverty

Rickets and poverty seemed to go together—in Edinburgh, for instance. But observe the value of widening our view. The returned medical missionary, well knowing the East, had obtained records from India. But, as he says, "Great Britain is one of the wealthiest countries of the world and yet rickets abounds. On the other hand, India is one of the poorest countries in the world and yet enjoys a practical immunity from the disease." But I will cut short the rest of the careful argument and quote its memorable conclusion—the truth, discovered and stated for the first time:

"The most salient fact with regard to the climate of those countries which enjoy immunity from rickets is the abundant sunshine and clear sky. On the other hand, the feature of our British climate, which is most striking to anyone who has lived for some years in the East, is the want of sunshine, and the dull grey skies, or frequent fogs. It is this which is most intensified in our towns, which are under a perennial pall of smoke, and where the high houses cut off from narrow streets a large proportion of the rays which struggle through the gloom. It is in the narrow alleys, the haunts and playgrounds of the children of the poor, that this exclusion of sunlight is at its worst, and it is there that the victims of rickets are to be found in abundance. Another reason why the poor suffer more than the rich is be-

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cause they cannot afford to send their children out in the air and sunshine. The mothers are taken up with household work, and themselves suffer from the same cause."

These remarkable sentences are taken from a paper published by Dr. Palm in a great journal, *The Practitioner*, under the editorship of a famous physician, Sir Lauder Brunton, in 1890. But in a sense I am spoiling my story, for nobody took the slightest notice of this paper, which it is my pride now to have made historic. It was written by a country doctor; it did not come from a celebrated metropolitan hospital or laboratory. It might have been burnt before publication for all the attention that was paid to it. I have sat for years on a committee in the interests of mothers and children in the company of Sir Lauder Brunton, and he never mentioned Dr. Palm's paper to me. In recent years we have had two "schools" in this country, the southern school, which referred all rickets to food errors, and the Glasgow school, which blamed lack of fresh air and exercise. No one mentioned or remembered the light of day.

A Discovery

Finding myself in sunny, smokeless New York whilst studying sunlight in 1922, I came across some quotations from Dr. Palm, of whom, of course, I had never heard, though I had listened to many dissertations on rickets in Edinburgh itself in the late 'nineties. His paper had been found and read and appreciated by some American bibliographers, of Yale University and Johns Hopkins Hospital, who had found that artificial light will prevent rats from getting rickets, even though their food is poor, and who had then set about to find what earlier students had discovered. Our own elaborate official bibliographies, on which I had naturally relied, had no mention of the true discoverer.

But lo and behold, when one mentioned Dr. Palm in English journals it came to light that he was still alive and vigorous, practising now in the Garden of England, at the little spot called Aylesford. He was good enough to send me his own copy of his paper, and I have had it bound in the brightest yellow silk with a violet edge, and inscribed "Britain's Palm" between a pair of palm branches in green. Dr. Palm was good enough to allow Messrs. Elliott and Fry to photograph him at my request, and I have shown his portrait, with that of

Dr. Finsen (1860-1904), the great Danish pioneer of light, before many scientific and popular audiences.

A little while ago a lady, Miss May Scanlan, came to me with the suggestion that the time had come to form a Sunlight League. A meeting was called for the purpose, and Dr. Palm—now in his seventy-seventh year and still going his rounds on his bicycle, for "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her"—came up to London, gave us the honour of making his personal acquaintance, and supported the resolution which I had had the privilege of proposing.

The Work of the League

The next thing, evidently, was to ask the League, constituted by the acceptance of the resolution, to elect Dr. Palm as its joint president, together with the Duke of Sutherland; and this was done. When I was asked what such a League should do, the reply was very easy: scarcely a word could be added to the final page of our venerable president's paper, written a generation ago. Here, in abbreviated form, are those proposals—ignored for thirty-four years at what awful cost:

The recording of sunshine in the streets and alleys of smoky cities, as well as at health resorts; using means to indicate the chemical activity of the sun's rays rather than its heat.

The removal of rickety children from large towns to sanatoria in sunlit places.

The systematic use of sunbaths as a preventive and therapeutic measure in rickets and other diseases.

The education of the public to the appreciation of sunlight as a means of health: teaching the nation that sunlight is Nature's universal disinfectant, as well as a stimulant and tonic.

Such knowledge will also stimulate efforts for the abatement of smoke and for the multiplication of open spaces, especially as playgrounds for the children of the poor.

In this year of grace 1924 has been begun the making of exactly the records demanded by Dr. Palm in 1890. At the National Institute of Medical Research, Hampstead, the chemical, as distinguished from the heating, power of the sunlight is daily recorded, and the reading is to be found in *The Times* the following morning. The records are easily and inexpensively

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made; we must ask all cities to make them, within their poorest as well as their pleasantest districts.

The Infants' Hospital

Again, the removal of rickety and other children to the country is beginning. At the Infants' Hospital in Vincent Square, where I lectured on this subject last year, the babies are put out on the iron fire-escape whenever the sun shines, and the hospital is appealing for money to build a balcony where many babies can be sunned together, as the foundlings of Florence have been sunned for nearly five hundred years on the *terrace* of their lovely hospital. But our shameful smoke scarcely allows the sunlight to reach London; we lose even far more than our eyes tell us about, for the most valuable rays, the chemical rays, to which Dr. Palm rightly pointed long ago, are invisible; they are the "ultra-violet," of which we are beginning to hear so much and shall hear so much more.

Moving the Hospitals

Therefore the hospitals, and especially those devoted to children, are fleeing from urban smoke to the sunlit country just as fast as they can get the money. The Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital in Great Portland Street has made a "country branch" at Stanmore, in Middlesex. The readers of *Little Folks* have enabled the Queen's Hospital, of Hackney Road, to equip and maintain a convalescent branch—the Little Folks Home—at Bexhill. The authorities of Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, with its noble record of seventy years, are asking for money to make a move into Buckinghamshire, for the doctors say they are tired of watching their little patients choking to death in our London fogs. Not a month will now pass without advance in the movement to do what Dr. Palm asked for thirty-four years ago. The children go into the sunlight and they recover; perhaps after lying for years in urban shadow, slowly travelling towards the grave. Results like these, which are constantly met, cannot be resisted by anyone who has any trace of either head or heart. I rejoice that the great institution of Dr. Barnardo's Homes has taken a notable lead in this movement.

But I could write for hours about that wonderful last page of Dr. Palm's paper, and I must hasten on. My readers well know that a Swiss doctor, who works at Leysin, and whose name is Auguste Rollier, is the greatest living master of the sun cure. (We should still have Dr. Finsen with us, but he died twenty years ago, though the Finsen Institute in Copenhagen, which I visited last year, thrives and grows and saves many lives every year.) Dr. Rollier is fortunate, for he chose a place with a very lovely supply of sunlight when he began his work in 1903. He has had more than ten thousand patients, and his results almost surpass belief. No one knows better than he that the real meaning of his work is not cure, but prevention. His school in the sun, to which I paid my first winter visit this January, has been running since the year 1910, and is the model of all such places.

Dr. Rollier came to England in May to speak for some of us who have seen his lovely work and wish our country to profit by it. By great good fortune he was able to attend the first public meeting of our Sunlight League, to which we had elected him as our first vice-president; and it was my rare delight, as chairman, to introduce him on the platform to our own pioneer, Dr. Palm, of whom he had read in my writings, but whom he had never met. Would that Dr. Finsen could have been there also! But, at any rate, Queen Alexandra, who gave the first Finsen lamp to the London Hospital in 1900, has consented to become our patron.

Join the Sunlight League

Whilst Dr. Palm and Dr. Rollier live let us learn from their wisdom and their work. I ask my readers to join the Sunlight League* for their own sakes and for our nation's sake. Let them learn to use sunbaths, such as I described in these pages last summer, so as to store up some of the summer's sunlight against the darkness of next winter; let them support the Minister of Health in his intention to legislate against our urban smoke; and let them rejoice that the newest and most exact word of science is but a repetition of the first word of creation, "Let there be light."

* Annual subscription five shillings, children under sixteen one shilling, to be sent to the honorary treasurer, the Marquis of Graham, at the office, 37 Russell Square, W.C.

PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING

Everyday Stains—and Their Removal

By J. S. Bainbridge, B.Sc.

EVEN with the best of care clothes and linen are bound to become dirty and to acquire various stains. Tea or fruit juice is spilled on a dress, or linen picks up rust marks; and the housewife, after trying one of the old-fashioned "secrets" handed down from generation to generation, is apt to heave a sigh of regret and consign the spoiled article to the nursery or old-clothes basket. Stains are indeed the bogy of the housewife, but with prompt attention most of them can be treated quite successfully. Many stains, of course, are quite easily removed by the use of hot suds. Thus cocoa and egg stains, and mud marks, etc., cause no anxiety; but others, such as perspiration and coffee stains, are more difficult to remove.



Taking out grease marks by means of clean white blotting-paper and a hot iron, finishing off, if necessary, with benzene



The "Home Laboratory," a useful selection of chemicals for removing stains and renovating clothes

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Although many of the old-fashioned household "hints" (the use of lemon juice, for example) can be quite efficacious, it is easier and more satisfactory to make use of what might very appropriately be described as the "laundry laboratory"—a few well-known solutions, easily applied, which ought always to be kept in stock. These solutions, together with the method of using them, are described in the following paragraphs. All the chemicals are well known and cheap,

PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING



Removing old ink or rust stains:—Hold the stain over the basin, sprinkle with a few crystals of oxalic acid and pour boiling water over

After the stain is removed, take out all traces of acid by rinsing thoroughly in a solution of washing soda



and can be obtained from any pharmacist or druggist, but in their use one or two general rules should be observed.

The first attempt at removing stains should be to steep the article for a few hours in soft water. Even if this does not remove the stains it is an advisable proceeding, since chemicals are less likely to harm a wet fabric than a dry one. Coloured materials ought first to be tried to see whether the particular cleanser decided upon has any effect upon the colour; and in no case must solutions of too great strength be employed, otherwise the fabrics may be permanently damaged. Convenient strengths for the solutions are given below, and if these are not exceeded no harm will result. Notice, by the way, that the treatment for cotton and linen articles is usually different from that applied to silk and wool, the latter being treated with hydrogen peroxide or warm oxalic acid, and never with bleaching solutions, such as Eau-de-Javelle.

Label the Bottles

Bottles of the following should be kept

handy, appropriately labelled. One or two, it will be noticed, are poisonous, but they are already familiar to most people. They should, however, be kept safely under lock and key, duly labelled "poisonous," since the best cure for accidents is to prevent their occurrence. Smaller quantities than those given can easily be made by taking proportionately smaller quantities of the materials:

Caustic Soda.—One ounce is dissolved in 20 ounces of water. A bottle furnished with a rubber bung should be used for storing this.

Eau-de-Javelle.—If this is unobtainable locally it can be made by adding a solution of 1 ounce of bleaching powder in 2 pints of water to $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of washing soda dissolved in another 2 pints of water. The mixed solution should be filtered through fine muslin or blotting-paper to remove the precipitate of calcium carbonate, and can be



Fruit, tea or wine stains:—Spread borax over the stain and pour boiling water through it, repeating two or three times if necessary. Should this fail, try oxalic acid

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kept in bottles for a long time without losing its strength.

Hydrochloric Acid (poison).—This is also known as "Spirits of Salts" or "Muriatic Acid," and should be diluted to twenty times its volume as bought.

Hydrogen Peroxide.—Use as bought.



Gloves being washed in petrol

Oxalic Acid.—One ounce of oxalic acid should be dissolved in a gallon of water.

Potassium Permanganate.—One ounce of potassium permanganate should be dissolved in a gallon of water.

Washing Soda.—An ounce of sodium carbonate is dissolved in 20 ounces of water.

In addition to these, various organic solvents are very useful for the removal of greases, etc. The more important are the following, and small bottles of these should be stored: Alcohol (ethyl), methylated ether, benzene, carbon tetrachloride, acetone, and turpentine. Ammonia, french chalk and glycerine are also useful; and clean blotting-paper, a small sponge, and a hot iron should also be available.

White goods are sometimes coloured by the running of a ribbon or a coloured garment which has got among white ones. In

this case, if the stain is on linen or cotton, Eau-de-Javelle followed by warm oxalic acid or caustic soda solution (5 per cent.) might be tried; while if it is a silk or woollen article which is affected, the use of permanganate solution or hydrogen peroxide will probably be successful.

Keep this List

The treatment for most of the stains which are likely to occur is given in the following list, which is arranged alphabetically for ready reference.

Blood.—Stains resulting from blood contain the two constituents of blood—that is, the red colouring matter or hæmoglobin and a colourless albuminous portion. Lukewarm water washes out the albumin and the hæmoglobin remaining is removed by the same treatment as that described for tea.

Coffee.—Eau-de-Javelle will effectually remove coffee stains.

Fruit.—If these are on wool or silk, warm oxalic acid solution should be used, followed by permanganate if the oxalic acid is ineffective. Fruit stains on cotton and linen will easily wash out with Eau-de-Javelle.

Grass.—If washed without delay warm suds will take grass stains out, otherwise some solvent is necessary to remove the green dye. For this purpose alcohol or colourless methylated spirit may be used with silks and wools, and Eau-de-Javelle with cotton or linen.

Grease.—Any suitable grease solvent such as acetone, benzene or alcohol may be used with woollen or silken goods. On linen and cotton the grease spots should first be softened with lard, and afterwards washed out in a hot 5-per-cent. solution of washing soda.

Inks.—The treatment for an ink stain depends on the composition of the ink, which is usually unknown to the user. Warm oxalic acid solution should first be used. If the ink is an iron one, it will yield to this treatment. If the mark is not completely removed by the oxalic acid, a second treatment with Eau-de-Javelle will be necessary, since the ink is probably a mixture of an aniline dye and an iron ink. Indelible pencils contain an aniline dye and graphite. The dye can be taken out by means of Eau-de-Javelle, when the residual graphite will wash away.

Paint and Varnish.—Paints and varnishes consist of a "vehicle" which causes them to harden on exposure to air, and a coloured body. Any suitable organic solvent, such

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as turpentine or benzene, will remove the vehicle, and the pigment remaining will then usually wash out by the ordinary process.

Perspiration.—Coloured fabrics which have become discoloured by perspiration may sometimes be restored by sponging over with a weak acid or alkaline solution. For this purpose acetic acid or caustic soda may be used.

Rust marks easily yield to treatment with dilute hydrochloric acid, which should be thoroughly washed out of the material by continued rinsings.

Scorch.—If the material is of silk or wool, a light mark can easily be removed by treatment with permanganate solutions. Heavy marks, unfortunately, cannot be removed. On cotton and linen, if the fabric is not actually destroyed, alternate treatments with Eau-de-Javelle and warm oxalic acid will probably be successful.

Tea.—Tea stains on cotton or linen will yield to Eau-de-Javelle, and hydrogen peroxide or permanganate will remove those on silk or wool.

Verdigris or Copper.—A dilute solution of hydrochloric acid (spirits of salts) should be used in this case, care being taken that all traces of acid are afterwards removed from the material by continued rinsing.

Walnut.—This is the most difficult stain of all to remove. By repeated treatment with Eau-de-Javelle or warm oxalic acid solution they can be reduced to a light grey colour on cotton and linen, but stains on silk or wool cannot be removed at all.

Wax.—That part of the fabric holding the wax spots should be placed between clean sheets of blotting-paper, which is then pressed with a hot iron. The wax is liquefied by the heat and is absorbed by the blotting-paper. If any traces still remain they can be taken out with benzene.

The Right Height for Housework

(Photographs by Technical Editorial Service)

By
Agnes M.
Miall

NOWADAYS the housewife performs an art of labour-saving. In the last few years she has considerably diminished the number of daily and weekly domestic tasks, and she has found ways of simplifying many that remain. But one comes at last to the irreducible minimum, at least as far as our present knowledge of household machinery goes. Every job is essential; each one is done as speedily as possible.

Ease Before Speed

And then comes an equally vital question, "Is each one accomplished with as little fatigue as possible?"

Speed and ease are not necessarily synonymous. In fact, in many cases more haste means more energy and concentration, and may prove as tiring in the long run as when the task was accomplished in a more cumbersome but leisurely way.

Every housewife who has simplified her home and its routine as far as she can and has all the labour-saving appliances she can afford should ask herself if some of her necessary jobs cannot be done so that they will take less of her physical strength and vitality. There is so close a connexion be-

tween bodily well-being and such fundamentals as sane thinking and good temper that the problem is well worth attacking.



Ironing while seated is rendered possible by the use of a little platform to raise the chair

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In this article I am describing and illustrating some simple methods of making various domestic labours less tiring. They are not necessarily the newest ways; they are certainly not the only ways. But they are methods which have been tried and proved efficient, and for those whom they do not happen to suit exactly they may be useful in showing how the problem can gradually be worked out.



A sink high enough to obviate any stooping is worth striving for

Two Great Physical Ills

There are two great physical evils from which the housewife is particularly apt to suffer. These are, first, tiredness and foot and leg troubles, such as flat feet, varicose veins, etc., all caused by too much standing; and secondly, that feminine bugbear backache, which in the vast number of cases is produced and fostered by perpetual bending and stooping.

An ancient and tiresome tradition decrees that almost all household operations must be done standing. There is hardly one at which the domestic worker is allowed to sit without being immediately dubbed inefficient and lazy.

And the reason? It is not, I am con-

vinced, because such things as ironing, the preparation of vegetables, pudding mixing, and even washing-up, cannot ever be done properly seated, but rather owing to the sad fact that one is not high enough to obtain proper command over one's tools *when one sits in the average kitchen chair.*

Why Stand for Typewriting?

But, after all, exactly the same drawback applies to the use of the typewriter. And do typists undergo the fatigue of clicking the keys all day long while standing on that account? Certainly not. They raise themselves to the proper height, as I am doing while writing this on my machine, by means of a bentwood chair—the highest kind made—and then a cushion.

A Kitchen Platform

In the kitchen, as in the office, the difficulty can be simply overcome. Photograph 1 shows how a housewife has conquered it by the use of a little platform, made to her own design by a village carpenter, on which she sets her chair whenever tasks at the kitchen table, such as ironing, are to be done. By this means the extra height necessary for good work is achieved in a moment.

Such a small platform can be made by a carpenter for a few shillings, or the handyman of the family can be coaxed to undertake it. Useful dimensions are 18 inches square and 2½ inches high. It should have a beading or rim round to prevent the chair slipping off as a result of some chance movement, and a metal tray handle fixed to one side so that it can be easily carried from one room to another.

Its household uses are numerous, and it is just as convenient for working a hand-sewing machine, playing the piano or typewriting. If used at the average low sink the washing-up can be done from a chair, provided draining-board and plate-rack are within reaching distance.

A Domestic Heresy

I am well aware, of course, that to wash-up seated is a heresy many housewives will never approve. Yet there is no more back-breaking three-times-daily task than dish-washing at that same average low sink.

Post-war houses usually do have sinks placed the right height for standing at, like the one shown in photograph 2. But in older residences there is nearly always that inch or two too little which means a stoop that is scarcely perceptible at the time, but

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A long-handled mop for washing windows



adds noticeably to the sum total of fatigue at the end of the day.

In such cases it is worth while, if the expense can be managed, to have the sink raised the necessary inches on wooden supports. Failing this, sit down to wash up, or have a white wooden framework nailed together on which the basin can stand. If this is not planked, but is simply a framework, the water can circulate freely underneath, and scrubbing from time to time will keep it spotlessly clean.

Long-handled Brooms

Of late years women have found how the use of long-handled tools saves stooping and enables housework to be done just as efficiently at the natural height. Long-handled floor mops are an old story now, but not so familiar to most housewives is the new long-handled window-cleaner, with which panes

can be kept bright without any dangerous stretching or sitting on window-sills.

In the country professional window-cleaners are often difficult to get, and even 'n town their visits are erratically timed, and rain between whiles spoils the look of the casements. This new apparatus, costing only 3s. 9d., consists of a stick with a grip that holds two different tools—a cotton mop for washing the panes and a chamois pad for polishing them. Each slips on and off in a moment. Tall mirrors stretching from mantelpiece to ceiling can be cleaned, without mounting on steps, by this method.

Photograph 5 shows another useful long-handled implement at the same price—a rubber wedge, set in a wooden frame, for scrubbing down steps and yards. The long-handled dustpan is also on the market at last, and so is an ingenious floor-scrubbing apparatus that ought to banish housemaid's knee once and for all. Then, too, the various makes of hand vacuum cleaners do not involve stooping.

Naturally, expense is a consideration when buying improved types of household tools. But nothing is dearer in the long run than the depressed vitality caused by always being over-tired; and besides, less fatigue in the daily round is by no means always dependent on the spending of money.



Scouring steps over a paved yard without backache



A HUNDRED MILES FROM WEMBLEY

THIS article was to be about Wembley. Everybody has been to Wembley, everybody has revelled in the glories of the Great Exhibition. I, too, was to have gone. I had bought a Guide, read the Preface, fixed a day—and promised the printer faithfully to deliver the “copy” for this article, long overdue.

Then the unexpected, the incredible happened.

Really there is no excuse. The printer says I always (more or less) keep my dates. I had promised to go to Wembley, and meant to have written wisely and wittily about it all. And then—



The Vision of the Poppies

It was a Thursday morning, and as I walked to the station a field of bright poppies, growing by the hillside on the downs, struck my vision and turned my brain. A field of poppies—and I had a vision of East Anglia—Cromer and Sheringham, Overstrand, Poppyland. The West has its charms, London is full of people and of noise, but the East Coast and the air of the North Sea: years and years have passed since the glories of East Anglia possessed my soul—and the sight of a field of poppies brought it all back again.

Of course it is inexcusable, but that morning, going up by train, I threw my morning paper on the rack, dreamed of Poppyland—and went to the office and arranged for a week-end out East instead of at Wembley.

Mrs. Editor said she could not come, that I should find it very dull motoring alone, that the roads were flat and I should fall asleep at the wheel. Then it was that I made the extraordinary decision to leave the

car at home, go by rail, and see new country in a new way.

On Friday I finished up work and boarded the dining-car express at Liverpool Street. What a marvellous place is Liverpool Street, anyway—and the most marvellous part of the whole business is that one train at least can find its way out of the huge web of suburbia and wend its way to Poppyland and the sea.



Eastward Bound

We started to the minute. The meal in the dining car passed the time nicely, and in a short while Norwich was reached.

I spent the night at Norwich, because I wanted to see something of that quaint and ancient City of Churches. But early in the morning I was up and off, and not so very long after was delighted with the sight of the sea. Mundesley was the first place I alighted on, and, after a morning there, I took the train on to Cromer, through Overstrand. But it was at Mundesley that I finally stayed over the week-end. Now, the fascination of a place like Mundesley is a curious one. I wandered up and down first of all, trying to find the town. A youth along the cliff by the south told me that the “town” lay “over there,” pointing to the south. And when I went south an old man working on the hedge told me the town lay “down there,” indicating the way I had come. But one and all were wondrous polite. Politeness is one of the features of East Anglia. The hedger stopped his work and chatted about the antiquities of the place, the milk boy proved to be an encyclopedia on hotels and boarding houses. Finally, I never found the “town,” as there wasn’t any, but put up at a bright little “Guest

BETWEEN OURSELVES

House" on the cliff and chatted away to the proprietor. He was typical of many. A worker in the East (that is, the tropical East), he had broken down after fever, and to East Anglia he had come for the sake of his health. True, he was a born East Anglian, and mighty proud of the fact, too. Indeed, they all were. The fishermen on the beach spoke a language of their own, and traced their descent back to the time of William. Not that they came over with the Conqueror. No. Nothing so common. They were blue-blooded Saxons, or Vikings, unmixed by any "foreign" element. Humble fishermen—but they earned good money, too, and enjoyed it. Indeed, the air of East Anglia makes one do one's work and earn one's money with the minimum of trouble.



Turning Ozone into "Copy"

And here it is that I grow envious. On Sunday afternoon I walked over to Bacton—a few miles along the cliffs—but a few miles are as nothing with the ozone impelling you along all the time. There I met an author—a writer who in old times found his inspiration in Fleet Street. Now, by peculiar cunning, he has given up Fleet Street, lives inexpensively at Bacton—and writes twice as much with half the trouble. Imagine the envy of a poor editor cooped up in stuffy London: here is a fellow writer who can walk out of his bedchamber down to the sea, bathe before breakfast, write his few thousand words in the morning—and spend the rest of the day chasing butterflies through the poppies, or cashing the cheques as they arrive from town; whilst we other poor scribes, with wet towels round our heads and strong coffee at our elbows, try amid the clamour of Fleet Street to fill our pages and finish our task. Surely the Trades Union of the scribes ought to take the matter up and prevent such unfair competition!



Across Unknown East Anglia

Thirty-six hours of the most wonderful air in the country—and the time came for return. But here it was that I made the boldest and the most daring of experiments. With the map in one hand and the timetable in the other I deliberately set to work to do what no man has done—to launch out into unknown East Anglia, cut right through the virgin country from east to west instead of north to south, find out what lays "in

between," and alight at London by way of the unknown—and Ely.

I started from Mundesley, hied to North Walsham, and then stepped out into the unknown—a venture of faith and a single line of rail. The honest guard of the train assured me that all would be well, and off we went—to the minute. The solitary line wended its way across a great flat land, past hedges and farms, lines of trees, single houses. Never a town, and never a village, as far as one could see. The little stations stood out as sentinels of civilization. Schoolgirls boarded the train to be taken to school. Farmers came along for the morning paper and the goods of merchandise. The train was lit by gas, but the stations with their little oil lamps spoke of a different and an earlier order of things—the great wilds of pre-Victorian England!

Cawston and Reepham and Foulsham—has anyone heard of these places? Yet doubtless they have their war memorials—and maybe readers of *THE QUIVER* live there and beguile the long winter evenings with these pages.



A Ship on a Hill

At the furthestmost orbit of the loop line I alighted at "County School." The station is called "County School" because a county school existed there some fifty years or so ago. Now one comes across one of the paradoxes of the twentieth century. For here, in the heart of rural England, is a lonely ship, cast up on a hill, an ark away from the sea, from which the waters have receded for ever and ever. A lad in naval uniform met me at the station, and we climbed the hill together. The building seemed quite all right on the outside—with ordinary walls and roof and so on. But inside one suddenly found oneself on the quarter-deck of a fair-sized battleship. An "Engineer-Captain" was in charge, and a good and worthy seaman took me up the deck to the officers' mess, the starboard, and all the other compartments of the vessel. Cadets were running about climbing ladders, boxing the compass, and generally behaving as if they were miles and miles away out at sea. And a happy and merry crew they appeared to be. Inquiring into the meaning of all this, I discovered that there was sanity behind the paradox. The good "ship" was the Watts Naval Training School, belonging to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and these gallant youths were being trained

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for service in His Majesty's Navy. And it wasn't so paradoxical after all. Away there in the heart of the country, seven miles from any town, they were as much isolated as if they were on the great ocean—with the added advantage that they could grow their own vegetables.



The Spirit of the Fens

The worthy Commander provided me with a fitting repast in the Captain's cabin, and, when six bells struck, invited me to stay the night. But with regret I tore myself away, and once off the quarter-deck the illusion was dispelled and East Anglia found again. I boarded the train and on we went, changing now and then at wayside junctions, until at last the tall, graceful spires of Ely's cathedral greeted the travellers. Here we were in the Fens, where, of old time, gallant Hereward the Wake, the last of the English, defied Norman William and his French hordes, and died fighting gamely.

The spirit of the Fens brooded over the land and called to the lingering traveller—and just then the London express thundered in, with dining car complete. We took our seats for the evening meal, but before the first course was reached Cambridge and its colleges came into view, and the train was boarded by Americans with tortoiseshell glasses and guide books. The talk drifted from Queens' College to Wembley, and a guilty conscience awoke within me. Wembley, and all the wealth of the Empire—and here was I lost in lonely East Anglia. Never mind, one will reach Wembley even yet; meanwhile the smell of the sea, the sight of the poppy, and the memories of the East Coast: after all, it was worth it for a week-end—and may my next stay be longer!

The Editor



£250 PRIZE WON!

RESULT OF "TRAVEL" COMPETITION

This contest appeared in "The Quiver," "Little Folks," "Cassell's Magazine," "The New Magazine," "The Story-Teller," "The Corner Magazine," "T.P.'s & Cassell's Weekly," "The Picture Newspaper," "Chums," and the "P.M."

The correct names of the places shown in the twenty photographs were as follow:—

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Harrogate. | 8. Bridlington. | 15. Cauldron Snout. |
| 2. Lincoln. | 9. Whitby. | 16. High Forse, Teesdale. |
| 3. Lowestoft. | 10. Felixstowe. | 17. North Berwick. |
| 4. Peterborough. | 11. Southend-on-Sea. | 18. Rievaulx Abbey. |
| 5. Fountain Abbey. | 12. Aysgarth Falls. | 19. Scarborough, North Side. |
| 6. York. | 13. Ripon. | 20. Knaresborough. |
| 7. Edinburgh. | 14. Coltishall Lock. | |

Absolutely correct lists were received from 204 competitors, and the Prize of £250 has therefore to be divided amongst the senders. Space will not permit the printing of the names and addresses of the winners, but a full list will be posted to any competitor forwarding a stamped addressed envelope to "Travel," The Competition Editor, Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.

Wives—on Toast

A Married Life Story
By
Ethel Talbot

"**A**NYTHING you'd like *better*?" I said. I'd meant it to sound sarcastic, I suppose; but evidently it didn't. Bobby looked up and smiled: "What about mushrooms - on - toast—sometimes?" said Bobby.

I ask you.

To begin with, he'd never kissed me good morning. To go on with, he'd turned his fried egg over on his plate in the rudest way—almost as though he didn't exactly know whether it was a fried egg or not. It was after, too, a whole half-hour that I'd spent in trying to manage the gas-ring.

"Anything you'd like *better*?" I said, as I've mentioned before.

I have also told you what Bobby said in reply, so I needn't repeat it.

I repeated his words, however, quite half a dozen times to myself after he'd banged out of the front door. Yes, he *did* kiss me before he went—I'm going to tell the story absolutely sportingly—but I turned him the very edge of my cheek, so I suppose *that* was the reason of the bang. As I heard it my heart hardened.

"Why should I fry eggs?" I began to ask myself. "*Why?*" Then I began to weep a little and to look at my burned finger, for I *had* burned it on the gas-ring and tied a hanky round it on purpose that he shouldn't miss seeing it. But he *hadn't* seen it, and he *had* said those detestably selfish words about mushrooms on toast.

I got up and began to clear the table, looking angrily at the congealed half of the fried egg that Bobby had left. The egg I had fried for him.

"I remember the days," said I, trying not to weep—but it was difficult not to—"when he wouldn't have let me carry in the dish. But now . . ."

It was at that instant that Gina rattled on the letter-box.

Gina lives next door. She is married to David Pollitt, who is in Bobby's office. It is fun having the Pollitts next door, because Gina and I are great friends. I was thankful to hear her rattle, and I went out. "Whatever's wrong?" said Gina.

She saw the hanky on my hand, also the tears in my eyes, though Bobby hadn't. She sympathized, too, with all her heart.

"Mushrooms-on-toast!" said Gina, staring. "I wonder what men are coming to?"

"I suppose he got used to them before he was married," I said; "but, Gina, they *are* so hard to cook! Not that I've ever done them, but they sound as though they are. Almost like a chef-breakfast, don't they? And then—to ask in that way! And with an egg on his plate! And I *had* tried over it, and burned my hand, too!"

Gina nodded.

"Serve *them* right," said Gina, "to cook their own breakfasts." She kissed me and left me, and I went on with the housework feeling rather cheered. Not so very much cheered, however, for suddenly I began to feel a bit unsporting at having told Gina. Bobby always said that he'd loved me first because I was a sport. Well, sport-wives don't . . . tell tales. I was beginning to feel horribly ashamed of myself by the time Bobby came home.

I was quite nice, too; I wouldn't have been upset again, not even if he'd turned over his egg on his plate next morning. But he did something *worse* than that. "I say," said Bobby rather shyly, carrying in a parcel.

"Yes?" I said, trying not to hear the crackly noise of the paper before he properly gave it to me, for I was sure, so *sure*, that it would be a make-up present.

"I've brought these," said Bobby, awfully shyly holding out a parcel, "for breakfast to-morrow. How about . . . mushrooms-on-toast?"

I don't think my eyes blaze much, but they blazed *then*. "I can't imagine *how*—" I began. Then I cried.

I was crying when Bobby went out. (Friday is his late night, and that was Friday.) I was crying when Gina came in—without rattling. *Her* eyes were blazing, too.

"*Well!*" said Gina.

I had meant, the very next time I saw Gina, to explain to her that, after all, I

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wished I'd been more sporting and not mentioned those mushrooms-on-toast. I might still have explained to her, in spite of the fact that a bag of them lay on the table. I didn't, however, partly because I was sniffing, and partly because she simply pounced on the bag.

"Well!" said Gina again.

"What?" I said.

"I don't wonder you're crying," said Gina; "for, fortunately, I *don't* cry. But what do you think's happened? Why, David came in half an hour ago, and what do you think his first words were? 'How about mushrooms-on-toast for breakfast tomorrow?'"

"What!" I rose from my chair and quite stopped crying. Sport, indeed! If men could talk over their wives with each other, then they deserved it if their wives talked *them* over, too. "What! Why, they've been saying——"

"They've been saying," went on Gina, "that we can't cook, have they? David and your husband have been criticizing our cooking, have they? While we burn our fingers to the bone. Not a mushroom will I cook! Not *one*! There's a bag in our kitchen of the same identical shape and size, Nancy, as this one here. Well, now, *listen!*"

I listened.

"We'll strike," said Gina; "that's what we'll do. We'll let them cook their own mushrooms. Mushrooms-on-toast, eh? Well, David is welcome to his, *but* he fries his own himself. And if you're such a silly little sentimental piece as to——"

"I'm not silly or sentimental," I said. "And, besides, I couldn't cook them if I wanted to; I don't know how."

"Well, then," said Gina more kindly. Then she lowered her voice and we talked it out.

We were both to stick together, Gina said, and to *promise* each other. "If we give them *one* lesson," said Gina, "they'll never forget. That will teach them that if husbands can band together, well, then, that wives can band together, too. A sort of trade union." Gina is very clever, and I am not, but I *did* understand before she left that I had promised honour bright not to cook those mushrooms for breakfast next morning, and that she had promised, too. I felt quite brave and angry while Gina was with me, and it wasn't until she'd gone and it grew nearly time for Bobby to come home that I began to pity the poor boy.

I'd promised, however, so I stuck to it, of course.

"Mushrooms-on-toast for breakfast, eh?" said Bobby as he turned out the hall light.

I was glad that he had turned it out. It was easier to say what I'd promised Gina to say without Bobby's eyes looking straight into mine. But I knew what they were looking like even before he whistled.

"I'm not going to cook mushrooms-on-toast!" I said.

"What's that?" said Bobby.

"Not now, nor ever," I said. "I've made up my mind. I've cooked breakfasts and breakfasts until I hate cooking them. And now——"

My voice shook, but Bobby didn't seem to hear it. Neither did he take my arm to help me up the stairs as he always does after he's turned out the hall light.

"There's no need for you to cook breakfasts for me if you loathe doing it," said Bobby in a horribly new sort of voice.

"I didn't say——" I began.

"You've said quite enough to make me realize it, though," said Bobby. Then he didn't say one other word.

Not one. Not one single one. Not even good night.

I must say I pity strikers. If they feel like I felt that night I wonder there are ever any strikes at all. I waited until Bobby was asleep, and then I cried and cried. I was so unhappy that I didn't know what to do. I wondered if Gina was feeling the same. And I wondered if I could hold out, as I'd promised Gina. I even wondered if I'd get up in the middle of the night and go downstairs and learn from Mrs. Beeton's cookery-book how to cook mushrooms, and give them to Bobby after all. I went on wondering until after the clock struck two. I'd never heard the clock strike two in the night-time before, and it simply terrified me. Then—well, I didn't hear the clock strike three, and so I suppose I went to sleep. Of course I went to sleep, because I dreamed and dreamed.

All about mushrooms-on-toast.

I was cooking them in my dream, and they wouldn't cook. I was cooking and cooking, and suddenly, in my dream still, they *began* to cook. They must have, so I thought, because of their heavenly smell—just like the smell in a restaurant when you are eating mushrooms. Even in my dream I thought how delicious it was. "Oh, I wish—I wish——" I said right out loud.

Then I sat up and gazed.

WIVES—ON TOAST

For the dream—at least part of it, at any rate—was coming true! The mushroom smell was real, as real as could be. And, just as I was wondering however that could possibly happen, whether the mushrooms had cooked themselves because I was—yes, I was!—such a selfish little thing, "Hulloa, Babs!" said a voice.

No one calls me "Babs" but Bobby. And Bobby only calls it me when he's very, *very* sweet. I sat up and looked at his pillow. He wasn't there. It was from the door that the voice came, and the mushroom smell was coming through the door, too.

And after it came—a tray, and then Bobby's darling hands.

"Hulloa, Babs," said Bobby, and he sat on the edge of the bed. "You

were sleeping so soundly that I went down. I got up a bit early on purpose, and I think they're *fine*! Taste and see."

Oh, the joy! Bobby fed me with the first one, so how could I refuse? The next one he shared with me, and I fed him with the third. "Oh, Bobby, Bobby! I've been so unhappy," I said, "and such a little beast!"

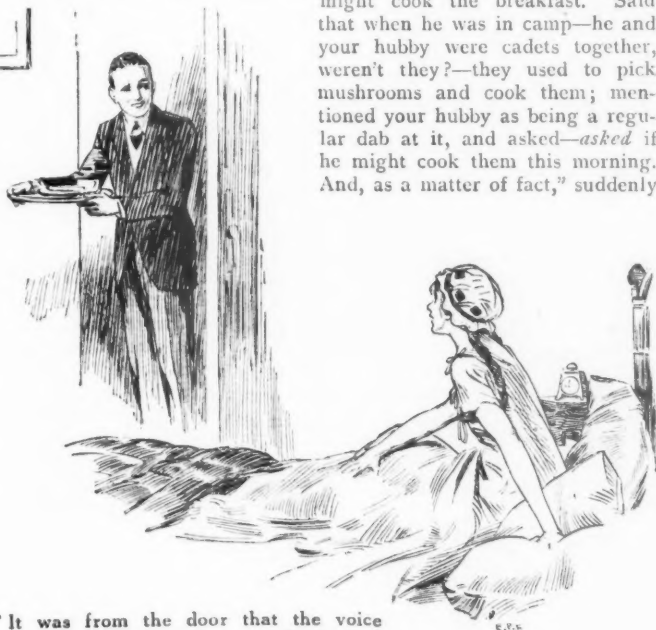
"*Bosh!*" said Bobby, as we shared the rest of the mushrooms. "Only don't forget, old lady, that you've got a hubby who's been camp-cook when he was one of the cadets, you know, and whose *chef d'œuvre* was mushrooms-on-toast! And when you want a morning off, just say the word!"—and he kissed me—"and I'll take on the breakfast job," said Bobby.

Then he flew to catch his train, leaving me feeling like a worm.

I felt more wormy presently. Along came Gina, looking rather crestfallen, somehow, and unusual. "Hulloa," said she, looking at my eyes, "how did it work?"

I was beginning to try to tell her, when she suddenly rattled on without listening.

"As for me," said Gina, "I'd better make a clean breast of it—it never came off. David had hardly got inside the front door last night when he asked—*asked*—if he might cook the breakfast. Said that when he was in camp—he and your hubby were cadets together, weren't they?—they used to pick mushrooms and cook them; mentioned your hubby as being a regular dab at it, and asked—*asked* if he might cook them this morning. And, as a matter of fact," suddenly



"It was from the door that the voice came. 'Hulloa, Babs,' said Bobby"

said Gina, "I don't believe the pair of them have hobnobbed over it at all. David wasn't at the office yesterday; he said he saw the mushrooms on a stall near the station coming home, and remembered his camping days and so brought them in.

"So—they've got the better of us every time," whispered I, scouring out the mushroom pan.

"So—it's a case of wives, instead of mushrooms, on toast was what I was going to say," said Gina. "But, any old way, I rather think we both mean the same!"

"How did you get on?" added she.

But I didn't tell her. And to this day I believe she thinks I knuckled down and did it, and I mean her to think that. Because—well, because what *did* happen is Bobby's and my secret, and so long as we have it for our own, it is a sweet secret; but nobody shall share Bobby's and my secrets—not even Gina—never, no never, again.

Hold Fast Hope

Good Cheer for Critical Days

By

Edward Shillito

IT is told of a famous philosopher that, being ordered by his doctor to ride on horseback, it was his custom on certain afternoons to take his students for a canter. So far as Ward was concerned—for it was "Ideal" Ward, famous in the Oxford Movement, of whom the story is told—it could scarcely be dignified by the name of canter. Ward was a heavy man, for whom it was difficult to find a horse equal to the burden. Once Ward with his men came to a narrow gully, which it was quite easy to jump. The students crossed easily. Ward shook his head and spoke to this effect: "I believe that the jump is possible. But I am not going to attempt it. I am a sad example of the failure of faith without hope." So he made a detour, and joined the others by a safer road. *He had faith, but he had not hope.*

That is a phase of mind not uncommon in these days. It may be said that there is nothing more needed by many people of goodwill than a re-supply of hope. They are in danger of making their faith ineffective, and their love of good an idle dream, because they lack the emotion of hope.

The Tide

This is a reaction which is not strange when it is remembered through what a gamut of emotions we have passed of late. During the war every emotion from confidence to despair became known to us. Nothing at one time seemed impossible. Men were lifted out of themselves and carried to levels of sacrifice and devotion to which they had never before attained. "They shall not pass," the French cried at Verdun; and they did not pass.

But the tide ebbed. Men came back with a start of surprise to discover that they were upon the same earth with the same tasks, and the same foes within and without.

From the summit of hope down to the abyss of despair they fell. Now many of them are in the mood of those who are not willing to be taken in again by dreams.

They have not changed their ideals or their desires, but they have lost hope. They do not hate war less or love peace less, but they are anxious or despondent or despairing. They need hope.

The "Forlorn Hope"

They desire the League of Nations still as they desired it when they first heard of the ideal. They believe in it as a good thing; they are even prepared to work for it, but they do *not hope that it will be firmly established*. They work for it as men work for a "forlorn hope." Now a "forlorn hope" is not in reality a hope at all. It is possible for a time to carry on the work of the League without hope. But only for a time. It is a warfare for peace; and in warfare the nation wins that clings to hope longest. "The nation that keeps its nerve longest will win." Hindenburg said this during the war. The war ended as soon as the Germans lost their hope, and with it their nerve. Now it is equally true of any good cause, whether it is the fight for peace or for the abolition of some wrong, that its soldiers are never beaten till they come to think that they cannot win. I ought; I desire; I can; I will. These are four stages. They win who can say all four.

Let them once think victory is impossible, then the end is only a matter of time. However strong their desire may be, they will never have it when they have lost their hope. It is true still that "We are saved by hope." Whenever there creeps upon a company the fatalism that whispers, "The enemy is too great for you," it is then the enemy grows in stature and in terror. Fatalism has the power of magnifying the enemy. "The man is too great for you," one of the sages of Europe said of Napoleon. To create that impression was worth battalions to him. If there are any who desire the downfall of the League of Nations they could do nothing more effective than to rob its friends of hope. If these idealists can be led to feel the "task is too great for mankind," then their swords lose their edge. There is a good fight to be waged for peace,

HOLD FAST HOPE

and it will be won only as other battles are won.

"God shall forgive thee all but thy despair."

It is well to remember what is the place of hope in the movements of the human spirit. One of the greatest of modern psychologists, Dr. William McDougall, puts it among the *derived emotions*. First there is a strong impulse or desire. It may be a desire for many things, good or evil; but it is in the working of this desire, whatever it may be, that the emotion of hope is experienced. It is one of five—confidence, hope, anxiety, despondency and despair.

From Confidence to Despair

An illustration is taken by the philosopher from the experiences of some polar explorers. They have used up their food in returning on foot from the Pole. They have still fifty miles to cover before they reach the food. They have a strong desire to reach it; they have the food-instinct to urge them; they know that unless they reach food they will die and pass out of the warm, pleasant life of earth with its homely joys and its tasks. They are strong, and the conditions are good. They march first with *confidence*, they see no reason to doubt that they will reach food and safety. But halfway to their goal an adverse wind springs up and clouds gather. Success no longer seems certain. Their confidence is no longer sure and untroubled. But they hope for the best. That is to say, the prospect of possible failure converts confidence to hope. So through the descending scale the philosopher traces his travellers till he leaves them in the despair which may be the end, under the hazards of their way.

In our human enterprises, as in the hazards of our human life, it is not always possible to keep the mood of confidence. But we need not yield to anxiety or despondency or despair. It is more within our compass to keep fast hold of hope. Man cannot hide from himself that there may be failure; but he labours in hope. The Divine Master was greatly concerned to warn His disciples against anxiety, and to teach them the mood of hope and courage. He knew that it is not enough for men to desire something; if they are to reach it they must be reinforced by this powerful emotion. "Courage! Be of good cheer!" was His word, and a word not without reasons for it offered. "I have overcome the world."

In his studies of "The Pilgrim's Progress" Dr. Whyte shows how Bunyan, unlike many

other teachers, did justice to this grace of hope. Faithful went through death, the short way to the city; but another pilgrim named Hopeful joined Christian and travelled with him to the river, and on its dark water lifted up his companion's head. Bunyan, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has said, knew the supreme glory of courage. He could not draw a coward; when he tried he drew Mr. Fearing, one of the noblest of his characters. No less did Bunyan know the place of hope in the journey to the city. In this he was true to the spirit of the early Christian apostles. What a glorious hope pervades the New Testament! It seems as if to men and women who had almost lost heart there had come an emotion which they had never dreamed would be theirs.

It was their blithe and cheerful lives that impressed the world. In that beautiful book "Marius the Epicurean" there is the picture of an early Christian community as it struck a thoughtful pagan. Marius found in their treatment of the dead an audacious hope. The day of their death was called their birthday. A strange new hope had dawned upon men. There was in the Christians a kind of heroic cheerfulness. They had been quieted by hope. They had received from some source a message which assured them of victory. They not only had their ideal, they were pressing towards it with the patience of hope. It is this emotion which we have to recapture if ever we are to make good our pilgrimage to a nobler order of things.

Needed Every Day

It is needed no less in the everyday experience by individual men and women. In the hour of struggle with sickness the hopefulness of the patient is half the battle. The good physician as soon as he enters the sick-room brings hope, and this is the most telling of all his medicines. The man who has lost heart is going over to the enemy. This is not an assumption of religious faith; it is a fact verified by scientific experiments. Dr. Hadfield, one of the leading psycho-therapists of the day, has written of the value of hope in the most emphatic fashion.

One experiment he describes at length. A patient under hypnotism was told to grasp the dynamometer, the instrument which registers the power of a man's grip. One minute he was able to do only 29 lb., and a few minutes later 142 lb. What made the difference? In the first attempt he said,

THE QUIVER

"I am weak, I cannot grip it any harder." In the second he said and believed, "I am strong and powerful." The thing that made the difference was confidence or hope. For him whose faith rests upon the greatest of all experiences, the experience of God, this is an emotion which need never be lost. Hope which is linked to faith is a factor which no doctor can ignore.

"Speaking as a student of psycho-therapy, who, as such, has no concern with theology, I am convinced that the Christian religion is one of the most valuable and potent influences that we possess for producing that harmony and peace of mind and that confidence of soul which is needed to bring health and power to a large proportion of nervous patients." In support of this Dr. Hadfield quotes the testimony of well-known scientists, several of them agnostics. They agree that hope is a powerful preventive against the maladies which afflict humanity. The Christian hope cannot be neglected by them, since it is able to effect changes that are within the province of the physician. It is certain that the physician of to-day would agree with the Apostle when he declared that by hope we are saved. Once let a man say with a good reason for his saying it that the thing is possible, whether it be the healing of his body or the building up of his business, then there is an accession of power for which there is no real substitute. *According to your faith be it done unto you.*

The Hopeless Battle

Even when there is a battle to be fought, which must end sooner or later in defeat, the spirit of hope will enable a sufferer to win some victories in the engagement. Robert Louis Stevenson fought for years a hopeless battle, as it would have seemed to others, against tuberculosis. Most men would have yielded. He fought on blithely and did work which lives. Because of his spirit of hope he made his body do service beyond all expectation. His cheerfulness had a physical effect.

"By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one

brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. . . . Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world and bettered the tradition of mankind." It was given to R. L. S. to be the prophet of hope, "sane and sweet and sudden as a bird sings in the rain." From his Samoan home, to which the Way of the Living Heart led, he, the condemned victim of tuberculosis, sent forth his brave words of good cheer. When we read his "Weir of Hermiston," and those other later works of his, his letters and even his prayers, we are reading work saved for the world by hope.

Only One String

There is a meaning in the familiar picture of Hope, which Watts painted in days when the Christian faith was fighting a desperate fight with a boastful materialism. Sometimes it seemed as if only one string were left. Watts has painted the blindfold figure seated on the globe in the twilight, and with only one string left. That emblem he called Hope, and they who were of his age understood.

But that is not the only word to be said of Hope. To others the vision would come of a host of pilgrims, moving with the light of the city upon their faces, to lands which at their coming blossom as the rose. They have had a word spoken to them; they have heard a call; they desire the better country, and with that divinely prompted desire there has come the mighty emotion of hope. "And these, the ransomed of the Lord, return and come to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon their heads." They are the bearers of an immortal promise. They have a hope that lives, and carries them through all their days. It makes their lives rich in eager and fruitful toil. Their bodies respond to the re-supply of power. It is such a spirit that men need; and their spirit can be had with their secret; and their secret is no new thing, but a word which we have had from the beginning.





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Red Raspberry grub in Loganberry shoot

AT this season the fruit bushes will well repay a little consideration and care with regard to their insect troubles. Small pests continually prevent our reaping full harvests of currants, gooseberries and raspberries. The flower buds form, but fail to set their fruit; the fruitlets drop off before reaching maturity; or the foliage shrivels and dies, thus depriving the stricken bush of the lungs wherewith it breathes.

Many of the pests that cause these misfortunes can only be dealt with in the autumn, when fruiting time is over, or when they themselves have reached a stage when they are easily destroyed.

One of the most tiresome of these small creatures is the red grub of the raspberry moth (*Lampronia rubiella*). The eggs are laid in the blossoms in spring, but it is practically impossible to find or destroy them; the grubs do little damage when they hatch out and the fruits ripen in due course. At the end of the summer they make winter cocoons in the soil, in any old rubbish round the roots, and in broken canes, and then is the time to prepare for an attack on them. The soil and the canes and any stakes supporting the canes should be

Take Care of the Fruit Bushes

They are both Useful and Ornamental

By M. H. Crawford

thoroughly sprayed with paraffin emulsion, made with one gallon of paraffin oil, about two pounds of soft soap, and ten gallons of water. A good alternative remedy is to hoe over the ground with the Dutch hoe; the rake is rather apt to injure the delicate surface rootlets, but the hoe will do only good; it will bury the grubs so deep they will not be able to get out in the spring, or it will turn them up and give the tits and other insect-eating birds a chance to get at them. It is in the spring that the grubs do the real harm to the canes; they burrow into the young shoots, feeding there for about six weeks and then changing into brown pupæ. As caterpillars they are pink or



Shows the Nut Weevil and the damage it does

Photo: Mrs. M. H. Crawford

THE QUIVER



A drawing of the Gooseberry and Currant Sawfly grub and its cocoon



1. An insect from a "big bud" or Currant Gall, one-hundredth of an inch in length



2. A "Currant Gall" on a twig

bright red, hence their popular name. They attack loganberries as well as raspberries, and I have found canes perfectly hollowed out and containing young pink grubs, older red ones and brown chrysalides.

The night-feeding, clay-coloured weevils will also be turned up in this way by the hoe. These are most destructive pests. It is almost impossible to find them, as they are exactly the colour of the soil, but, if your raspberry plantation is near woodland or uncultivated ground, you are sure to have

visits from these weevils; they feed on the fruit-buds, blossoms and young shoots, and during the winter the grubs feed on the roots. Tits, thrushes and black birds all hunt for these grubs. Strawberries are often attacked as well as raspberries. The grub has a white body with black dots on the head. Soil insecticides are almost useless against this sturdy foe, but the birds will make short work of them if they get the chance.

Then there are the gooseberries. No fruit is more delicious and useful than this, and it is very easy to grow. I have had goose-



Magpie or Currant Moth



Five Sawfly Grubs on Gooseberry Leaf

berries as big as small plums from bushes that have demanded the very minimum of attention. I have always taken care, however, to see that they were as free as possible from the gooseberry and currant sawfly (*Nematus ribesii*), one of the commonest and most destructive pests in Great Britain. The autumn is the best time to fight this pest, for then the grubs are burying themselves in the soil and pupating. They only go a very short way below the surface, and if the top soil is scraped off and burned or buried all the grubs will be caught. Insect-eating birds will follow you when you are doing this. Thrushes like these grubs almost as well as they like snails.

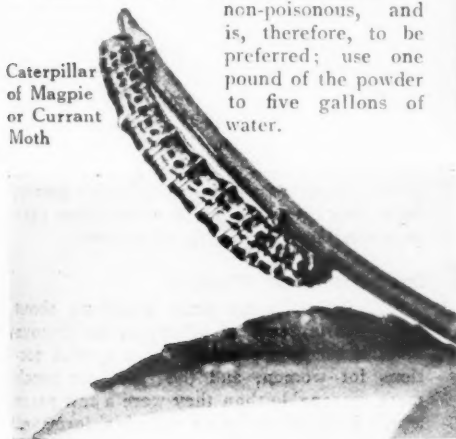
Currants and gooseberries both suffer from the attacks of the all too common magpie

TAKE CARE OF THE FRUIT BUSHES

moth caterpillars. The moths lay their eggs on bushes in confined places, and the ordinary little fruit garden of a small house is just the situation for them. The eggs are laid at the end of the summer; the caterpillars feed for a week or so, and then seek quarters for hibernation. They hide among dead leaves or in moss on the stems. I have found them still on the bushes in September, and, as there is at that time no fruit to spoil, a lead arsenate spray could be used with advantage. This is made of lead arsenate paste, half a pound to ten gallons of water. It is poisonous to all animals and to human beings.

Pyrethrum powder is non-poisonous, and is, therefore, to be preferred; use one pound of the powder to five gallons of water.

Caterpillar of Magpie or Currant Moth



The black currant is always more or less a prey to the pest known as "big bud." Bushes planted this autumn should be carefully examined, for "big bud" persists through the winter and is easily recognizable. Bushes that are badly affected should be pulled up and burned; there is no known cure for this disease when it gets a firm hold. When it is not wished to destroy the bushes very drastic pruning may be tried; after the fruit has been gathered all the old wood should be cut out.

The pest known as currant scale (beloved by all tits) demands a thorough cleansing of the bushes. This may be done any time from October to early spring with a paraffin-oil emulsion. It is made as follows: dissolve one pound of soft soap in boiling water and mix half a gallon of paraffin oil into it, emulsifying with a hand syringe; then add nearly five gallons of water. The cleaning must be done properly or the eggs that lie under the scale will not be killed.

The leaves of currants are very frequently



An interesting enlarged photograph of mussel scale and eggs, which appear to the naked eye like fine white dust

distorted and blistered by aphides. There is very little to be done during the summer, but bushes attacked in this way should be well sprayed in very early spring before the leaf-buds break. Strong contact insecticides should be used, such as paraffin and nicotine. Also all prunings should be burned this autumn. The great tit is an inveterate hunter after all species of greenfly, and with a little encouragement he will do a great deal towards lessening this pest in the fruit garden.



Currant Leaf blistered by Greenfly

Problem Pages

Keeping Young—Insurance for Women —The Reserved Man By Barbara Dane

Selfish Parents

DURING the last few weeks I have received letters from girls which make me wonder if real harm is not often achieved by the too-loving devotion of mothers to their children. All who are mothers know how hard it is to see an empty chair at the table, to know that some dear member of the family has left the old home to make a career. But while the separation is frequently painfully acute, I notice that when the child is a son a mother regards his departure as natural, as inevitable, and that she will fight her sorrow to make things easy and happy for her boy.

This seldom happens in the case of a girl who knows that she must earn her living. There came to my notice a little while ago the case of a very clever young woman who was offered a position abroad with brilliant possibilities. But because she was the only child then left at home her mother begged her not to go. Being of an affectionate and sympathetic nature the girl refused the post, and so robbed herself of a future of glorious promise. Long after the mother of this girl is dead there may be regrets in the daughter's heart that she did not accept the work offered. I don't know. But I do know that I have met many middle-aged women who are following badly paid occupations to the detriment of their health and spirits who might be living very differently had they obeyed an early prompting to seek a fuller life in some distant country.

Mothers to-day insufficiently realize, I think, that if women are to earn their livings they must have not only the same educational chances as men, but the same freedom to develop their own futures. There are great chances for women in the Dominions to-day, but women are not taking them because of their home ties. I know that it is bitterly hard for a mother to have to look to empty years, knowing that she may perhaps not see her far distant daughter again, but this heroic sacrifice ought to be made when the life-long happiness of a child is the issue.

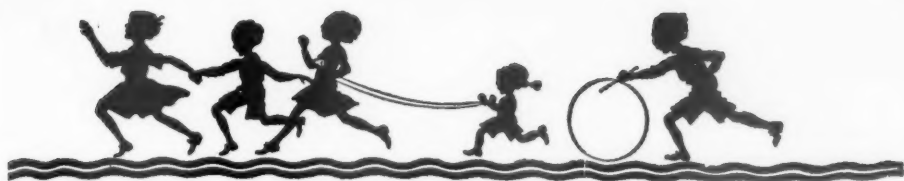
Two young musicians wrote me some time ago from the North of England telling me how anxious they were to make careers. But their parents wish them to live at home. The mother is delicate. The father has objections to concert engagements on a music-hall stage. Now, what sort of advice can one give in such cases? Men would see at once that if they were to make good they would not be able to allow such home demands to stand in the way. Yet women are expected to do as well with all kinds of home disadvantages. If parents are not in a position to assure their girls independent incomes until they marry, then they surely ought to help rather than to hinder in the making of careers.

Insurance for Women

"A. P." asks me some questions about insurance for women. Many of the famous insurance companies now have special sections for women, and the rates are much more reasonable than they were a few years ago. One of the most popular forms of saving is an endowment policy, which means that while putting by so much every year to mature at the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, the death risk is covered. At the end of the term agreed upon the deposits are returned with interest, so that a substantial sum is available either for the purchase of a little house, or for the starting of a business, or for any other purpose the insured person desires. Many women who find it difficult to save in any other way find that they can meet the quarterly or yearly premiums, and it is very comfortable to know that when one gets to the middle or later years in one's life a few hundred pounds will be available. The earlier one begins to save the better, as naturally the premiums are lower.

Village Life

I am sorry you find village life so disappointing, "H.," but perhaps you expect too much. Country people are often more reserved than town folk, and you cannot



The Shoe that Tends the Foot

CHILDREN'S shoes should do more than just cover the feet; not only should they protect the delicate skin from the hard pavement, but they should assist the tiny muscles and bones to set straight and strong. The usual child's shoe merely protects the sole of the foot—not so START-RITE. A simple extension of the inside leather stiffener—too short in the ordinary shoe—forms a natural arch which prevents the development of flat-foot. With this continual support the arch in the child's foot is gradually strengthened until it becomes self-supporting. In the same

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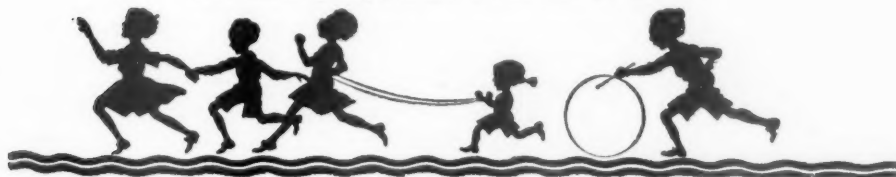
This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.



We still have a few copies left of the Prince's Zoo Book, which also gives full particulars of START-RITE Shoes. If you have not already had a copy send a post card for one to-day, mentioning this magazine. Also for name of nearest START-RITE Agent.

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Quiver, Sept. '24

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expect, going as a stranger to a little village, immediately to feel that everyone loves you and is glad to have you in their midst. Wait a few months, be kind and gentle and civil, and don't worry. Try to understand the point of view of village people without patronizing them, and in time you will grow to like them, and they to like you. One may love the country dearly without understanding country people; you must not expect to get in a few weeks the results that generally come only after years. And don't let tales of gossip worry you. Of course, there is a good deal of gossip in a little village, but often it is quite well-meaning, and I have known village women with sharp tongues to have very kind hearts.

Self-consciousness

"J. A." writes:

"There is no one amongst the people I know to whom I could go for advice, and you write such helpful, and, may I say, such common-sense answers to questions in *THE QUIVER*, that I feel I should like to write to you, and I think you will understand and not mind. I am twenty-three and am an only child, and my parents are most awfully good to me, yet I am not happy because I have a facial disfigurement which makes me very self-conscious and shy. I am honestly striving to conquer myself, but I hate going amongst people—especially people of my own age—and being sociable in general. I feel I would rather go and hide myself away. I know this is weak, so I don't do it, although it takes so much out of me. It breaks my heart that people should laugh and joke about me."

My dear, you can afford to despise any people, if, indeed, there are such, who laugh at you. They have a disfigurement of the soul infinitely worse than any facial disfigurement could ever be, and if they do not realize it now they will assuredly do so one day. Your letter shows you to be a brave girl, and I feel very much that I should like to know you personally. But take heart! Happily, thank God, one can and one does grow out of self-consciousness. The more you force yourself to be with others the easier it will become to forget your facial disfigurement. In these days, perhaps more than in any other, it is personality that counts. If you can only get into your dear head that people like you for yourself, for your ways, for your words, for your conduct, for the real spirit which is you, you will be able to forget your face—and others will forget it too. One of the happiest marriages I know is be-

tween a man and a woman whose facial disfigurement is very much worse, probably, than your own; but somehow, just because the woman is natural, no one ever seems to think of her face, and I think she has taught herself to forget it. As for a cure for blushing, well, may I suggest that blushing is often due to physical causes? Sometimes indigestion causes blushing, and I should like to know definitely that in your case your health is not at fault before advising.

I think that as you grow older and see more people you will without any effort on your own part become less conscious of yourself, but I shall always be glad to hear from you if you care to write to me.

The Reserved Man

"Helen" asks me how she can break down a barrier of reserve which she thinks is inclined to come between herself and the man she loves.

"My *fiancé* is terribly reserved," she writes. "He finds it almost impossible to express himself. I feel rather troubled about it, as I think I ought to be able to bring him out more if we are to hope for future happiness."

But why should you, Helen? I think we ought to respect the reserve of others. Those who are naturally candid and expressive so often fail to realize that it is an enormous effort for men and women of a naturally reserved nature to express themselves easily. Such people frequently can only show their love through the service and devotion of years. I remember, years ago, a mother who misunderstood two daughters. One daughter was easy of speech, very affectionate in temperament, eloquent, impulsive. The other daughter was shy, very reserved, unable to express herself. Yet when that mother was dying of an incurable disease it was the reserved girl who took upon herself the burden of nursing while the other sobbed about the house, and did little else. We must allow people to express themselves in their own way. The reserved ought to respect the candour of others, but the candid ought not to ask the reserved to try to change their temperaments. I think, Helen, that you ought to be happy in the love between yourself and your *fiancé*, to be very gentle with him, and to assure yourself that if he cannot give you the spoken word so dear to women, he is proving his love in all his actions, and in his every thought of you.

THE QUIVER

Keeping Young

This in reply to a correspondent in Tunbridge Wells:

You are making the fatal mistake which so many middle-aged women make when they say "I am too old." My dear, no one is too old to be interested in something. Men keep their youth longer than women because they keep their interests longer. In your busy life I quite see that you have not much time for games, but there are many fascinating hobbies which can be followed without a great expenditure of time. If you feel inclined to learn dancing for the first time at the age of forty-four, why not? What does it matter if your young relatives are amused? When they find that you can dance really well they will envy you, and many of the best dancers I have seen among women, as well as among men, have been more than fifty. Dancing is a very good exercise in addition to being a rejuvenating and delightful pastime. Make your husband learn, too, and you will soon see that life takes on a new aspect and that you have both become more alive and more vivacious than you have been for a long time.

Separate Holidays

I should not like to say that it is a mistake for married people always to make holiday together. I know many husbands and wives who find a joint holiday once a year something to look forward to long before, something which provides a joyous and a tender memory afterwards. But if there is the slightest feeling on either side that for once in a way a holiday apart might be more refreshing it is only common sense to follow one's instinct. It is very tragic to find people making holiday together without in the least enjoying themselves.

Disappointment in Love

My sympathies are very much with you, "Margery," but if you have lost the love of a man for whom you care, I do not, frankly, know how you are to regain it. You will wear yourself out in the struggle to do so, and perhaps feel that you have humiliated yourself a little as well. It is higher courage and deeper common sense to recognize frankly what we have lost, and to set to work to build our future on a new foundation. Nothing is so disturbing to one's mental balance as to be always dreaming of lost happiness. No one has ever been able to explain how love comes

or how it goes, and all the little plans you suggest for winning back the love of the man of whom you write to me seem to me to be pitifully futile. If I seem unsympathetic it is not that I am really so, but I do not want you to make yourself even more unhappy than you are by tormenting your poor troubled mind with plans for which I cannot see the least hope of successful fulfilment. If you have courage enough to face the fact that you have lost the love of this man, that it is extremely unlikely ever to return, and can plan to build your life anew, I am certain that you will get an almost immediate sense of calm. Your sorrow will remain, I know, for many a long day, but at least you will have a still mind, your self-control will not have disappeared, and happiness will begin to return as you realize that you have saved your self-respect from the wreck, and that you have not allowed an unhappy love affair to ruin your own life or to spoil the happiness of those around you.

Does Poverty Matter?

If you have a cheerful temperament, and are prepared to see laughter where others might see only inconvenience and discomfort, then by all means go ahead and marry the poor man whom you love. But don't let your feelings run away with you. You may be poor long after the first bright lights of love have merged into the grey tones of everyday life, and the test will come then. Were there ever any two lovers who were not, in the first glow of love, prepared to face anything together? But you must be very sure that you will feel as brave two years after marriage as you do two months before. Remember, too, my dear, that while it is often easy to bear poverty oneself, it is far harder to have to bear it for one's children. Go deep into your own heart; and if you can honestly say that your own cheerful disposition and sense of humour are not new developments but part of your character, then marry, and I wish you all the joy in the world, feeling sure that it will come to you. I have often said in these pages that love in itself is not sufficient to ensure the happiness of marriage unless it exists in its most perfect form. But good temper, cheerfulness, pluck, and the spirit of good comradeship have made many marriages supremely happy for which the world foresaw nothing but sordid misery. Let me know how you get on, for I shall be very much interested to hear.



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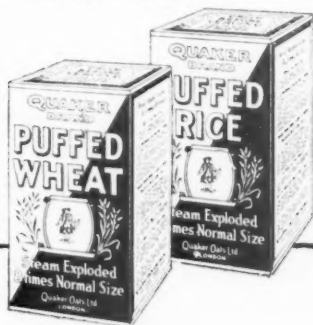
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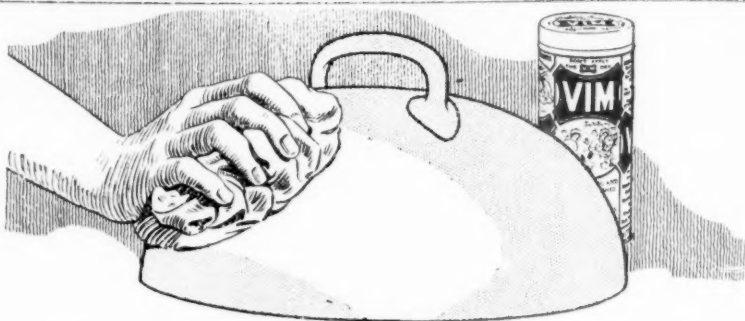
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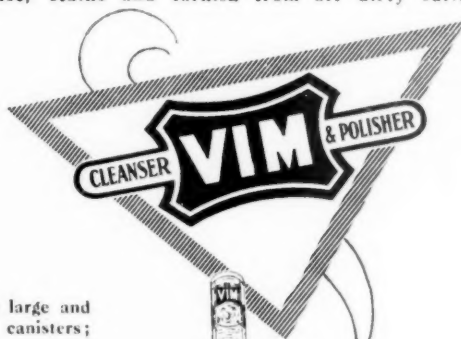


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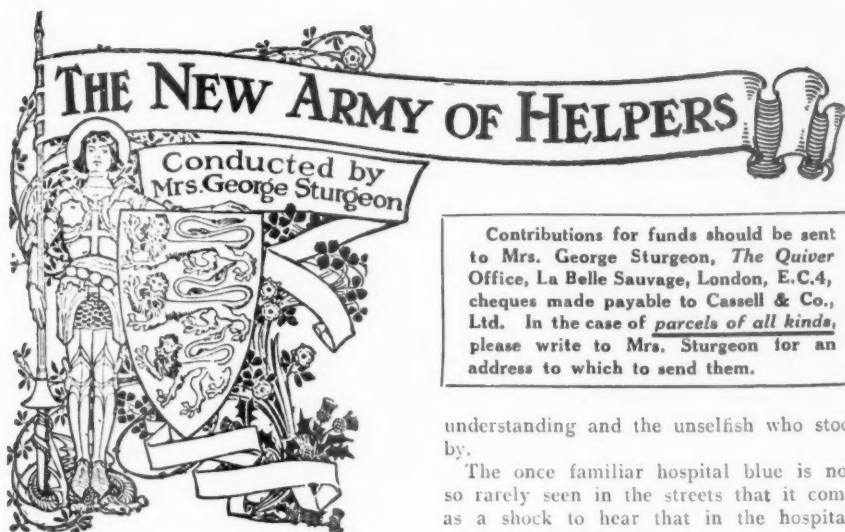


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"Someone Cares"

MY DEAR READERS,—The other day one of my Helpers wrote to ask after an invalid worker to whom she had given an order some time ago, and followed up the inquiry by sending her an anonymous gift and some cheering verses. The worker, who had suffered greatly and had considerable financial troubles as well, begged me to thank her nameless friend for remembering her so kindly. She wrote: "It made me feel that someone cares." Another invalid voices the same thought: "It is so cheering to get up in the morning and to find a parcel or letter from someone and to think they are thinking of you."

It is perhaps the hardest fate of all to be forgotten; and sometimes, I am afraid, when illness lasts a long time, perhaps a lifetime, the first flush of sympathy and interest passes and leaves a painful void. The understanding and the unselfish must then step in to carry on the attentions that the "temporaries" have discarded.

Six years ago the War was still everybody's occupation, the hospitals all over the country were filled with wounded soldiers and sailors, and there was no dearth of visitors, gifts and entertainments. But the War has receded, and a flood of amusements and interests has swept over the years that have followed. The wounded whom the War left behind—a tragic company—might have been engulfed had it not been for the

understanding and the unselfish who stood by.

The once familiar hospital blue is now so rarely seen in the streets that it comes as a shock to hear that in the hospitals of Great Britain there are some 20,000 wounded, and that in the London area alone there are about 5,000, of whom about one-third are cot cases (men still confined to bed). Five thousand is a large number in itself, but a very small part of London's huge population. When one is busy and well there is something stimulating in being one of millions, a nobody among swarms of other nobodies; the freedom and the lack of local gossip give breadth to the day. But it is a very different matter when one is ill. Then to be a passive and suffering spectator of the helter-skelter is depressing, and the member of the smaller community, who is one of his neighbours' concerns, scores. The days of illness and convalescence are long and empty, and the visit of a friend, a bunch of flowers, a new book are no longer merely pleasing incidents, but life itself.

Specially neglected might the five thousand feel if nobody looked after them, for they could hardly help looking back to the time when every "Tommy" was a hero, and to entertain him was considered a privilege. It still is a privilege to entertain a wounded soldier, and fortunately there are organizations that put this privilege within our reach.

The "Not Forgotten" Association

The "Not Forgotten" Association has a fine record. In four years 50,000 convalescents have been entertained in private houses, taken for drives or for river trips or to the theatre, and from 800 to 1,500 bed-ridden patients have been visited in hospital

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every week and received smokes, fruit, chocolate, butter and other gifts. Entertainments are also given from time to time in the wards. Through the agency of the association many hostesses this season, as well as the Lyceum Club, have invited "the boys" to delightful parties. And, indeed, a good example in this respect has been set all along by the King and Queen, who have repeatedly shown hospitality to wounded soldiers at Buckingham Palace. Nothing could have been more informal and enjoyable than the Christmas party in the Royal Riding School when the Prince of Wales came to cut the three monster iced cakes sent by Princess Mary, patroness of the association, and to welcome the guests and say many kind things to them. When they had enthusiastically cheered him and sung "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the Prince, with a characteristic feeling for the right word, said "Thanks; and you are all jolly good fellows, too." And so say all of us!

The medical superintendents of the hospitals assure the association that owing to their endeavours the entire mental attitude of the wounded has changed from one of dejection and indifference to one of hope and cheerfulness. There is something to look forward to now; still more, there is the knowledge that "someone cares."

When it comes to the question of practical help there are many ways in which this can be given. Personal service is required in the form of visits to hospitals; forty visits during the year constitute the qualification for an Associate. Private hostesses are asked to entertain in their own houses parties of from twelve to fifty men, the association undertaking the transport of the men from the hospitals and back. Gifts of concert and theatre tickets, of fruit, vegetables, butter, cigarettes, magazines and games, are much appreciated, while motor drives for delicate and feeble men in fine weather are very urgently solicited. That distance need not prevent participation in this magnificent work has been proved by the island of Ceylon, which has contributed more than £1,000 from planters and others in response to appeals in its newspapers. An annual subscription of a guinea carries with it membership of the association. The hon. organizing secretary is Miss Marta Cunningham, 86 Ladbroke Road, Holland Park, London, W.11.

The Adair Wounded Fund

Much excellent work for the wounded in

the London area has also been done by the Adair Wounded Fund, whose great speciality is a series of entertainments held at the Wigmore Hall in the week-ends from September to the end of May. There is a wonderful spirit about these entertainments, for no personal services whatever are paid for. The artists—and they include such great names as Gladys Cooper, George Robey and George Graves—the orchestras, film operators and transport drivers all in their respective degrees give generously of their talent, time and skill, as the case may be. Transport contractors lend their cars and lorries, film owners their pictures. It is an orgy of giving! It is no unusual thing for the driver of a lorry to spend twelve hours on the road in fetching a contingent of wounded from an outlying hospital, conveying them to the hall, then to tea, then back to hospital, and finally returning to the garage, perhaps at the other end of London.

Let us follow in imagination the man who goes to Wigmore Hall instead of spending long hours in the quiet and too familiar ward. He is fetched by lorry or char-à-banc and goes off with an eager crowd. At the hall he is given a warm welcome, cigarettes and a good seat. He sees an excellent show by the best artists. He is given the chance of securing useful gifts in the lucky draw, and whether he wins or loses he gets a great deal of fun out of it, for here are one or two specimen prizes—a York ham, a pair of trousers and a bottle of aspirin; a clock, half a pork pie and a sponge; a fowl, a fancy waistcoat and a jig-saw puzzle. The gifts are distributed by a well-known actress. Then follows tea, the party filling three of the Oxford Street tea shops. I must not forget to mention another original feature. A certain proportion of wives of the wounded are also invited, and this is a great joy to those who are separated all the week. The motto of the fund is "A good laugh is worth a donkey load of medicine," and the brightness and fun and kindness have an undoubtedly bracing effect.

The Adair Wounded Fund also organizes other entertainments both inside and outside the hospitals, and has installed wireless sets with loud speakers in numbers of wards, so that bed-ridden patients may enjoy concerts and lectures.

Funds are urgently required to meet the expenses in connexion with these concerts and teas. Five guineas buys the gifts for the lucky draw; three guineas provides all

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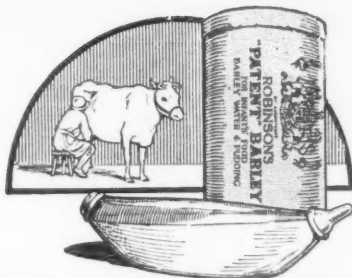
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THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

the smokes; tea costs 8½d. a head. All contributions will be gratefully received by the hon. organizing secretary, Mr. Basil F. Leakey, Somerset House, New Barnet.

Canteens for the Unemployed

The wounded in hospital are not the only ex-Service men entitled to our sympathy. Indeed, I am not sure that the men who tramp about from one district to another day after day looking for work and not finding it are not even more to be pitied. In hospital, at any rate, they are housed and clothed and fed; but the workless, even though they may receive the "dole"—and a great many do not—are faced with hunger, debt and hopelessness. A woman wrote to me through THE QUIVER the other day asking me to help her to get clothes for her little girl who was coming out of hospital—she had contracted pneumonia through being badly shod in wet weather. Her husband, she told me, had been out of work for two years and felt it keenly. I happened to see the man. He showed me excellent references from employers for whom he had worked before the War, and a first-class character on his discharge paper from the Army. But he had been badly wounded, and he was over 50, and although he tried the Labour Bureau and every other possible channel there was no work for him. Unfortunately, I could not hold out any hope of securing him any. This very moment a neatly dressed, well-mannered youth has called to ask if I can give him any jobs. He, too, will go on tramping until he is footsore and weary.

It is good to know that the needs of these "down-and-outs," as Sir Philip Gibbs has sadly called them, have touched the hearts of the League of Service and led to the establishment of canteens for the unemployed in different parts of London, where good food can be obtained for a very small sum, and with it the solacing knowledge that "someone cares." More than this, the League has been instrumental in finding work for over 100 men in the past year, in sending seventeen to hospitals or convalescent homes, in supplying clothes and in taking up pension cases and obtaining benefit.

I went to see the canteen in Page Street, Westminster, a poor street in a poor district. I had to climb a steep ladder to reach it. The place was formerly a pickle factory. Under the rafters between large airy windows were placed tables, and at them sat men, many of whom looked as if

this meal was the event of the day, and behind the counter voluntary helpers heaped up the plates with willing hands. Fivepence for a large plate of meat, two vegetables and bread; 2d. for a large bowl of soup; and 1d. for a plate of rice pudding or a cup of coffee—one would have to go far to get anything like the same value. I visited the kitchen, where men who were previously out of work are employed, and had an interesting talk with the manager, who showed me little books of tickets, by means of which it is hoped to do away with indiscriminate charity in the streets. Each ticket costs 6d., and gives a full meal at any of the canteens. It can be given instead of money, and the system has been found to work well. The minimum subscription to the League of Service is 4s. a year. Its address is 7 Burwood Place, London, W.2.

Sad News and Glad

Helpers will be extremely sorry to hear that William Wheeler, the wonderful ex-soldier, who, although he had lost several fingers of each hand through gangrene, produced the most beautifully made toys and window wedges, died suddenly in June from pneumonia. His poor wife, who helped him devotedly and went out to work as well, is terribly distressed. William Wheeler secured many orders through THE QUIVER, and was always deeply grateful for them.

Of another friend, Grace Holskamp, also known to many Helpers, I am glad to have happy news. She has been an invalid for years, and lived with her mother in the East End of London, earning what she could by needlework, which she did very well. Now she writes to me:

"I have some news which will surprise you all. In Australia I have two sisters and a brother, and for a long time they have been wanting us to go out to them—that is, mother, one sister and I. But they didn't think I would be able to go. The specialist at the hospital thinks a sea voyage will do me the world of good, and my brother has permission for me to land when I get there. So we are going in July. Would you kindly let THE QUIVER readers know and thank them very much for all their kindness to me? I've not been able to write to them all, but I will never be able to thank them for their kindness to me. Mrs. Beaver and Mrs. Grey have been so good to me and have just bought up all my work that I would have had to take with me, besides the large gifts they have sent me. Mrs. Grey sent me some nice clothes. Miss Gallaher, Miss W. Bull, Mrs. Hallet and Mrs. Turnbull, Miss Robinson and several others have been so good in giving me orders, Miss Roe and Mrs. MacDonald too."

It is delightful to think of the happy

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family reunion and the healthier life that await the travellers, and in the name of the Army of Helpers I wrote to wish them the best of luck.

What's Wanted

Here is another letter from an invalid worker, Miss F. E., conveying good news, and also voicing a need which I hope will be met:

"I'm just writing a line to tell you my good news. I have been having massage treatment for my back, and now the doctor tells me I will be able to have a support (felt jacket) later on, and can get from one room to another or sit outdoors for a little. He says I will never be anything but an invalid, but I do think it will be lovely to be able to even get up a little. I do not know how much the support will be, but am hoping to get plenty of crochet orders, so I can save up to pay for it. Clothes are rather a problem, as I haven't needed any since I was about 7, so haven't any of any description. I wonder if any readers of THE QUIVER have any old clothes they could spare?—I'd be so grateful. I am tall, about 5 ft. 5 or 6 in., and of medium size. I take 3 or 4 in shoes."

Another worker needs orders to help her to pay for a set of teeth, another asks for a dressmaker's dummy, another for orders for babies' white woollen jackets, which she makes beautifully for 7s. 3d. Clothes are urgently wanted, and a lady in Wandsworth wants to let a large, nicely furnished bed-sitting-room with use of bathroom and scullery. It is in a very convenient district and suitable for one or two ladies or a business couple.

The Versatile "Quiver" Worker

So many workers ask me to get them orders that I feel I must encourage prospective buyers by publishing this unsolicited testimonial from one of my Helpers:

"I feel I must write and tell you what splendid work I have had done by THE QUIVER workers. Mr. F. framed me a picture and some post cards which are very neatly done. He writes me most interesting letters. Miss F. knitted me a pair of gloves. Mr. G. made me a beautiful table centre and recovered two umbrellas very well indeed. Dear Miss H. I fitted me three pairs of ribbed stockings. They were most beautifully knitted—I could not do it so well. Miss D. H.'s booklets were much appreciated. Miss F. E. has done some crochet work for me to send to a sale of work. It is beautifully done, too."

Miss F. E. is the invalid in need of clothes.

Anonymous Gifts

The following gifts are gratefully acknowledged:

Children's Country Holidays Fund.—F. G., 10s.; M. G. S., £1; K. E. G., £1; Anon., 9s.; Mrs. Miles, 2s.

S O S Fund.—Joyce, 10s.; Anon., 5s.; Elsa (for a special invalid), 10s. This kind gift gave very great pleasure. Elsa will be glad to know that I secured two or three correspondents for her.

British Home for Incurables.—In loving memory, Brighton, 5s.; Ember, 10s.

Next month I hope to refer to many other kind gifts received. This month I have no space. I must just register my thanks to all in the following list for their good help, letters, etc.

Mrs. Parkes, Mrs. Newland, Rev. F. A. Smith, Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Annie Jack, Miss A. A. Hickson, Miss Mabel Griffin, Miss Billing, Miss Edith Brett, Mr. R. N. Foot, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Faunch, Mrs. Bridgewater, Mrs. Harvey, Miss Pye, Mrs. Stanford, Miss Edna Philipps, Miss Nancy Cull, Mrs. Gercke, Miss Wilcox, Miss F. Vernal, Miss A. H. Young, Miss L. A. Robinson, Miss Margaret Evans, Miss Dorothy Chandler, Miss Catherine Park, Miss Drake, Mrs. Court, Miss Ena Patterson, Miss Janie Williams, Miss Morrison, Miss Edith Helyar, Miss McPherson, Mrs. Close, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, Miss Mary Edgell, Miss Wates, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Sanders, Miss K. Cook, Mrs. Angliss, Miss Kate Whitehead, Miss Rickie, Mrs. Wootton, Mr. Sidlow, Rev. Charles Dyer, Miss Barbara Clifford, Miss L. N. Andrews, Miss E. Roe, Miss A. Brooker, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Waterman, Mrs. Butler, Mr. S. Wilson Dyer, Miss E. Blease, Mrs. Macrae, Miss Margaret Vernal, Mrs. Austin, Mr. William Gill, Miss Mary Johnston, Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. John Credland, Mrs. Acton Williams, Miss Drury, Mrs. Liddiard, Miss Tritton, Miss Mary Cotton, Miss G. Bennett, Miss McKenzie, Mrs. Drabble, Miss Loram, Miss E. Shirley, Mrs. Caudwell, Miss Esther M. Wood, Miss Annie Preson, Miss Boden, Mrs. Haworth, Miss Florence Graham, Mr. J. Watchous, Miss Shaw, Miss Mileson, Miss Hicks, and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment:

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.



"Quick Bobbie,—look
what's for dinner!

**Fruit Salad and
Bird's Custard!"**



**"The best fruit salad tastes better
when served with Bird's Custard."**

Summer offers nothing more appetising, refreshing and delicious, than Bird's Custard with Fruit Salad. Together they form a dish which is always welcome, and one so easy to prepare.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

goes like summer cream with all stewed fruits. It softens the sharpness of the fruit and adds real nutriment in the most digestible form.

Here is a recipe for Fruit Salad which everybody enjoys:—

FRUIT SALAD.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Sugar. $\frac{1}{2}$ tin Peaches or Apricots.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Strawberries or Raspberries.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ -pint Water. 2 Bananas (cut in rounds).
 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Cherries (white and black mixed).
One Apple, One Orange, (thinly sliced).

Boil the fruit for five minutes with the sugar and water; add any flavoring, liqueur or wine desired, and serve when quite cold with Bird's Custard well-whisked.

Whisk Bird's Custard!

As a delightful change, vigorously whisk Bird's Custard to a cream with a fork or egg-whisk. It then outrivals fresh cream when served with fruit salad, at only a trifle of the cost. *Unlike cream, Bird's Custard is always perfectly safe. It never disagrees!*

Tins, 1/6; silvered boxes, 1/1 & 6/d.; small tricolour pkts. 1/d.



Take the Baker's advice—

EAT plenty of good, nourishing bread. But let it be HOVIS because HOVIS contains full nourishment for the body.

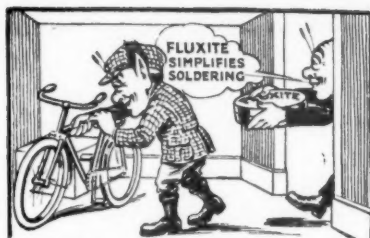
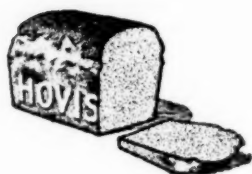
HōVIS

(Trade Mark)

is made only from wheat, like white bread, but with this important difference: it contains added quantities of the vital 'germ' which constitutes its most nourishing and vitalising part.

Your Baker Bakes it.

HOVIS LTD., MACCLESFIELD.



Jimmy's bike
Stone did strike,
Snapped a brake in two.
Jimmy said,
"Oh, Ginger Bread!"
As o'er the bars he flew.

Home again,
Not a pain—
"Fetch my Soldering Set!"
Solder bright,
The great FLUXITE—
A top-hole job, you bat!"

AFTER a little practice you will be astounded at the simplicity of soldering, and will wonder why you did not "take to it" before—it's FLUXITE that makes all the difference.

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

FLUXITE

BECAUSE IT

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/8. **BUY A TIN TO-DAY.**

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

FLUXITE SOLDERING SET

It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6. Write to us should you be unable to obtain it.

FLUXITE LTD., 226 Bevington St., Birmmngs, Eng.



**ANOTHER USE FOR FLUXITE—
HARDENING TOOLS AND CASE HARDENING**
ASK FOR LEAFLET ON IMPROVED METHODS.

Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—The other day I heard someone say in a tone of disparagement, "She is too much of a comfort-loving creature!" The words stuck in my mind, and I have been cogitating over them. Of course, if the "comfort-loving" person is one who seeks his own personal comfort only, and who will sacrifice that of others to attain and retain it, then to be comfort-loving is not at all a good thing.

I can, however, imagine conditions under which to be comfort-loving is not only sensible but right. All students of political economy know that it is desirable to raise the standard of comfort in any community. If that is low people are content with poor homes, poor living and but little comfort. They are not stimulated to effort nor encouraged to work hard in order to raise their standard of life.

On the other hand, the effort to raise the standard of comfort makes men work hard to earn a good wage, and women work hard to keep the home clean and comfortable. This may be described as "comfort-loving," and yet, far from being undesirable, this effort to raise the standard of comfort is a very potent factor in a nation's progress.

It stimulates individual effort, and it produces a healthy spirit of rivalry. One man, for instance, sees another reaping the reward of effort and enterprise in building for himself a better and more up-to-date home, and is himself constrained to make an effort towards the same success.

A housewife sees her neighbour's home—well built, well equipped, and the work well organized. She sees the comfort and well-being that result, and applies herself with renewed effort to the task of successful home-making. Indirectly it is the craving for more comfort that is the stimulus in each case.

This love of comfort is a very different thing from that which leads to indolence, leaves duties undone through physical lethargy, and makes mind and body subservient to a love of ease that is utterly demoralizing. Thus to love comfort may or may not be a bad thing. It really depends on the effect it has on the particular individual. Ever yours,

PAMELA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.

FOR POSTAL TRAINING. R. L. M. (Godalming).—You are right in thinking you can get postal training for the examination you mention. If you write to the Metropolitan College, St. Albans, they will give you full particulars of the course of study they recommend. You can take this in your own home, in your spare time, with every hope of success. A large number of students avail themselves of these postal courses each year, with the happy result that their efficiency is greatly increased, and they can demand higher salaries because after training they can undertake more responsible and skilled work. I shall be so glad to hear from you that you have arranged to take this postal course, for I am sure it will give you great satisfaction.

GIVING MEDICINE. M. B. (Banstead).—I think you are worrying yourself unduly. If you implicitly follow the directions given on the bottle I do not see why you should anticipate trouble. Read the label each time you measure the dose. This will do away with the risk of giving it from the wrong bottle, an idea which you say haunts you. You must on no account add anything to the medicine to disguise its taste, but there is no reason why you should not give a sweet after it to take away the taste.

STUDYING THE HAND. Petronilla (Ashford).—It is true that the shape of the hands and fingers is said to be an indication of character. Long, pointed hands are said to indicate a thoughtful nature but a lack of initiative. Square hands denote reasoning power, and the broad, spreading hand indicates an energetic and capable worker. Short-fingered people are said to be energetic and impulsive, and long-fingered folks are slow, careful and rather fastidious.

COMFORTABLE FOOTWEAR. Dandelion (Reigate).—Personally I think you will find September a very good month to take your walking tour. The weather is often good, and as you always make an early start and go to bed early each evening, the shortening of the hours of daylight will not affect you. You ask my advice about footwear. The main thing is

THE QUIVER

to provide yourself with hard-wearing soles and shoes that fit you comfortably. You cannot do better than write for particulars to Norwell's Perth Footwear, Limited. Their shoes possess unusual wearing properties and look and wear well to the end.

TRAINING COLLEGES FOR GOVERNESSES. Enquirer (Barnard Castle).—I am not quite clear from your letter exactly what you have in your mind. Do you want to know of any colleges which train girls in the care of children and fit them to give first lessons? You mention the "House of Education" at Ambleside. You could write to the secretary of the National Froebel Union, Norwich House, Southampton Street, W.C.1, and also to Mr. C. A. Bang, at 26 Bedford Street, W.C.2, for particulars about Dr. Montessori's Training Courses, which are held at intervals.

A QUESTION ANSWERED. Paul B. (Hammer-smith).—If you decide to convert your business into a company you will, of course, have to have a registered office and notify any change of address to the Registrar at Somerset House.

A DELICIOUS PUDDING. Caroline (Yarmouth).—It is quite true that the children often eat the meat course because they must and because grown-ups insist on it, but they eat the pudding because they like and enjoy it. Why not give them a hot pudding two or three days a week, and on the other days give them a cold sweet, such as stewed fruit and custard or a jelly? If you make the latter with 'Chivers' jellies flavoured with ripe fruit juices they will be delicious and wholesome, and you will find that the children will thoroughly enjoy them.

HOUSEHOLD HINT. Mimi (Raynes Park).—If you wish to do so there is no reason against your polishing the outside of your aluminium saucepans, etc., with an ordinary metal polish. Personally, however, I think it is rather waste of energy, for all that is really necessary is to clean them with an ordinary saucepan brush, and if you use them on the coal range be careful to remove all soot, as this keeps out the heat and delays the cooking process unduly. Of course, you can scour the inside of the pans with silver sand, but you must leave the surface quite dry before you put the utensils away.

TO WASH FINE FLANNELS. Doreen (Leamington).—Take a bar of white soap and shred it up in hot water. Add two tablespoonfuls of borax and make up to four quarts of warm water. This quantity can be further diluted for a big wash, or you can make a smaller proportionate amount and add it to a large tub of washing water. Do not use the water too hot, and rinse well.

FOR LOSS OF APPETITE. Worried (Highgate).—From what you tell me I imagine the trouble entirely arises from your having got so "run down." Your general health is not nearly as good as it should be, and what you need is a thoroughly good tonic. You had better take a course of Phosferine, which always gives splendid results and will soon make you feel quite a different person—full of vitality and energy.

The feeling of depression is due to your indifferent health, and when Phosferine has put that right you will have quite a different and more cheerful outlook on life.

A NICE SWEET. Bess (Ayr).—Here is another cold sweet which I think you will like. Take six bananas and strip off the skin and remove threads and any discoloured portions. Cover them with boiling water for a few seconds. Prepare an orange syrup by dissolving 1 oz. of gelatine in water, adding the juice and pulp of three oranges and juice of half a lemon and one breakfast-cupful of sugar. Boil this mixture for five minutes, strain it and pour over the bananas in a glass dish. Set on one side to get cool and firm.

INKSTAINS ON PRINTED PAPER. Topsy (London).—I am afraid you will find it rather a difficult matter to remove inkstains from the pages of your book. As they are of such old standing, only a strong bleach will remove them, and that is likely to damage the paper. If you do not mind taking that risk, you can try this treatment. Place a thick layer of blotting paper under the page you are going to treat to protect the pages beneath. Moisten the ink spot with water and place on it a tiny crystal of salts of lemon. Leave it on for a minute, then remove and carefully moisten the spot several times with water and absorb it off with blotting-paper. Remember that the salts of lemon are poisonous, so you must not leave them about—and wash your hands after handling them.

FOR BABY. B. M. N. (Bognor).—Probably your little daughter cannot digest ordinary cow's milk, and this makes her fretful and ailing. I suggest that you add pure barley water to her food, and I feel sure you will find this satisfactory. You must not, however, use ordinary barley as it is often dirty, but get Robinson's "Patent" Barley, which is perfectly clean and wholesome. It is also economical to use and requires less boiling to prepare a very nutritious and valuable addition to a baby's food.

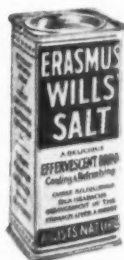
ADDRESS WANTED. Maisie (Edinburgh).—You will find this firm's advertisement in this number, and you cannot do better than avail yourself of their offer. Their goods are very well made and reliable.

FOR TIRED FEET. Peggy (Carnforth).—Add a cupful of vinegar to a basin of hot water and steep the feet in it. Then dry thoroughly, rub well with methylated spirit and dust talcum or boracic powder into the feet of the stockings before putting them on. Use cashmere in preference to lisle thread stockings, and change them frequently.

RECIPE FOR LEMON SAUCE. L. M. B. (Bristol).—Mix a teaspoonful of cornflour to a paste with a little cold water. Pour over this a teacup of boiling water. Put it in a saucepan, add two teaspoonfuls of white sugar and the juice of one lemon. Bring to the boil, strain, and serve at once. This is a nice sauce to serve with plain boiled batter and suet puddings.



Wise in his generation - sonny boy knows that the morning glass of Wills' Salt - "sparkling as the Sunlight" - floods Life with energy, vitality and Health.



WILLS' SALT

7d , 1/- and 1/9 Per Tin.

SOLD ONLY BY

The Boots
Chemists

SOLD ONLY BY

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD.



Nature's Summer Menu



The ripe luscious fruits which come in summer's train charm the eye and delight the palate. Eaten raw they may be delicious, but if ever so little unripe and tart it is safer to stew the fruit and serve with the glossy, creamy, ever welcome blancmange made with

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour



The Corn Flour and the fruit combine to make one of the most healthful of dishes.

Send 3d. stamps for "Simple Home Cooking," a beautifully illustrated booklet containing 70 recipes and many helpful hints. Here are a few recipes selected at random :—

Blancmange Sponge. Corn Flour Blancmange.
Creamy Custard. Natural Fruit Jellies.
Fairy Pudding. Corn Flour Custard Pudding.

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